SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXII NOVEMBER, 1927 NO. 5

The Democrats in 1928

BY FRANK R. KENT

ONE of the curious things about this country is the way in which ideas concerning politics, politicians, and political parties, in which there is neither substance nor soundness, gain currency and credence among the muggy minded masses. Our past political history is full of them. As for the present, there has probably been no time since the first President in which the public mind held a more distorted picture of public men or was less clear as to political and governmental facts. The amount of things people know these days that are not so beats all records. There is not space here to go deeply into the reasons. Partly it is due to their intense absorption in material things and the absence of anxiety among at least the urban average man as to food and shelter, which is one of the principal products of an industrial prosperity—beginning to ebb a little now—but still literally the wonder of the world, unapproached in any other country at any time. This happy condition has created a public indifference that renders people generally—except the farmer and the cotton planter who have not had their share—uninterested in change, and has developed an unprecedented credulity concerning the professions of the party in power. Partly it is due to the failure of the newspapers, some for one reason, some for another, to mirror accurately the principal players in the political game; partly to the vastness of the country and the incredible variety of the population, and partly to the amazing potency of Republican propaganda, developed through an extraordinary control over the channels of publicity.

This whole publicity-propaganda machine which has functioned so effectively since 1924 is operating to-day with increased force, not only to maintain intact the impressions already implanted but to implant a new lot designed for special use in the 1928 Presidential campaign. The purpose of this article is to discuss those dealing with the Democratic party, not the least of the troubles of which are traceable to the popular impressions that exist concerning it. This is not to say that a considerable part of the trouble is not due to Democratic ineptitude and asininity—or that at least some of the impressions are not well based. But not all of them are.

There is, first, the belief that the Democratic party has permanently lapsed into impotency and cannot find a vital and unifying issue.

Second, that a third national defeat will mean its practical end and a new party will edge it out of second place.

Third, that it is so torn by division and doubt, so weakened by defeat, so poisoned by prejudice, that no matter whom it nominates in 1928 it cannot win.

These views on the Democracy are very widely held. In one form or another they appear in the columns of every Republican publication and are widely and publicly mouthed by all the standard Republican sponsors and spokesmen from the noble and oracular Mr. Hughes down to the oleaginous Slemp and the unctuous

Copyrighted in 1927 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain by Charles Scribner's Sons.
Printed in New York. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fess. It is the reverse side of their picture of Republican power, performance, and prospects.

Now it is silly to assert that either the present condition or the future outlook of the Democratic party is bright. It may as well be admitted that there is much more truth in the above ideas than is usually contained in the output from Republican sources. There is at least vastly more accuracy in their description of Democratic distress than in the smug depiction of Republican virtues and achievements. For example, take the first count in the indictment—there is no sense pretending that the Democrats have a "vital and unifying issue" or have the least hope of finding one. They have none now and none is in sight—but that's true of the Republicans as well. In both parties the platforms in the last two campaigns wholly lacked in clarity, courage, conviction, even common sense. The single exception was the issue of corruption in government made by the Democrats in 1924—but the extraordinary capacity of prosperity and propaganda to absorb criticism made that issue singularly and shamelessly ineffective. For the rest, the platforms were composed of bunk, bluster, windy and meaningless words—and will be again. The reasons are clear. There is in the country to-day exactly one vibrant question capable of stirring the people as a whole, and that is Prohibition. On that proposition it is impossible for either party in its platform to be clear-cut and concrete without sectionally dividing and endangering local tickets—and they will not be. There is the possibility that the character of the opposing Presidential candidates may make the wet and dry issue a real one—but it will not be done in the platforms. And if it is done by the candidates it will divide rather than unite. As for the rest, there isn't a thing in sight, no possible line between the parties behind which party people in all sections could stand and fight, with the great body of independents holding the balance of power. Obviously no such line-up is possible—either on the tariff, taxation, foreign affairs and debts, agriculture or State rights. Even a surface analysis of the record and the facts is sufficient to substantiate this. Republican leaders and Democratic leaders can be found by the score on both sides of all these questions. There is no unity possible on any of them. More than that—there is no chance of an effective country-wide appeal on any of them. The Republican policy of a high protective tariff and their theory that if taxes are reduced first and most on the large taxpayer the small taxpayer and the country generally are bound to benefit, have apparently been established and accepted. Democrats in Congress threw away their chance of making an issue of either two years ago, and while the country is full of people who hate both, no clear-headed person thinks opposition to one or the other can be made a winning issue.

This absence of issues clearly is an advantage to the party in power and a handicap to the party out of power. Normally the Republicans are in the majority. They have the stronger party machine, the immense strength derived from the Federal patronage, better party discipline, an overpowering business and journalistic support, and more money—always more money. Add to this the inability of the other party to find a rallying cry with a genuine appeal, and the Democratic prospect seems black indeed. As has been often enough said, the natural division between the parties is along liberal and conservative lines. The natural rôle of the Democratic party is the liberal rôle; inherently the Republican is the conservative party. Eventually as, unchecked, Big Business grows bigger and bigger, and the high-bracket billionaires more numerous, pampered and protected, the reaction will come and the parties may again squarely face each other as such—but not now and not in 1928. The simple fact is there is no liberal programme in the country to-day and no room for one. For one reason, Woodrow Wilson in his first term did too complete a job—left too little to fight for. For another, in a time of prosperity—even "profitless prosperity" as Mr. Mellon's Senatorial spokesman so naïvely puts it—if the illusion can be kept up the great bulk of the people are moderate in tone and temperament, unhospitable to progressive or liberal appeals. The plight of the farmer is a real national menace, of which the thoughtful and far-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seeing take heed now, but it is not yet a political crisis or capable of being made one in the big pivotal States.

No wonder Democratic leaders are discouraged. To be sure, there are certain gleams of light—the third-term business will be mentioned later—certain possibilities in the situation, always room for a lucky turn of the political wheel, always the chance of a real "break," but normally these cannot be counted upon and, it must be repeated, the prospect for the Democracy is not pretty.

So much for the first count in the indictment. It amounts to a plea of guilty. As to the second—the belief that the party will be killed by another national beating and a third party arise in its place, that idea can be dismissed entirely. No posted person takes stock in it. It is complete bunk. So long as 15 Southern and border States are unshakably wedded to the Democratic party, the opposition to the Republicans in other States, with or without issues and regardless of the regularity of defeat in the national election years, will continue to call itself the Democratic party. That is the plain, practical, common sense of local politics, the absolute mechanical necessity of the local machines. The fact that the four border States—Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri—frequently go Republican in national elections is immaterial. They may continue doing that indefinitely without in the least weakening the Democratic party in these States in local elections. The same is true of New York and every other State. The majority of the Governors of the 48 States to-day are Democrats; 47 out of 96 members of the Senate are Democrats; 194 of the 435 members of the House are Democrats. It is absurd to talk about the disappearance of the Democratic party in the face of these facts. Another national defeat would not change in the least the local situation of the State Democratic organizations. So long as that is true there is no possibility of the rise of a permanent third party. No party can establish itself over a period of four years which is not built on State and city organizations capable of functioning in local elections. Local elections are far more vital to politicians than national elections, which really tells the story. Fifty years ago, before the modern State and city political machines were really developed, a third party conceivably might have taken real root—but not now. No one who understands precinct politics, which is the basis of all politics, thinks so. And how ridiculous it is to talk about a third or a fourth Presidential defeat putting the Democratic party permanently out of business as a national party when the lapse of time between Lincoln and Cleveland and between Cleveland and Wilson is recalled? The Democratic party has survived more than three consecutive defeats and then won great battles. It could do so again. Its roots are too deep to be pulled up, its traditions too fine to be discarded. There are too many voters who are "real Democrats at heart," who inherently and by inheritance love the basic Democratic doctrines and hate Republican doctrines, who glory in their party history and the great figures of its past, to permit its disappearance, whatever the 1928 result—even if there were not plenty of practical political reasons for its permanency. The trouble with the Democratic party to-day is that it is issueless and leaderless, up against a period of prosperity and political inertia, and with an intrenched opposition not yet begun to crack through the too long tenure of power. Ultimately the leader will arise, the issue develop, the crack come. No one knows when, but everybody knows some time. Its history proves it. In the meanwhile no one need worry about the disappearance of the Democratic party. It won't happen. The donkey is sick but he won't die, despite the doom pronounced on him by some of our highest-browed political diagnosticians.

We come now to the really interesting question of whether he can get well enough to win in 1928—or even to make of it a race and not a runaway. In discussing a horse race, a prize fight, or a political campaign it is always possible to contrive a plausible theory by which the favorite can be beaten—on paper. A combination of suppositions, sometimes highly ingenious, but admittedly possible, circumstances can always be set up on the basis of which the long shot ought to win. Once in a while these theories work, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

combination occurs, the long shot really does win. If that were not so there would be small sport or politics or fun in the world. Also there would be mighty little progress. If it were not for the long shots life would lag and there would be no advance along any line. Every successful pioneer, discoverer, and explorer in history has been a long shot. Lindbergh was one—and Byrd and Columbus. It is not meant here to liken the next Democratic Presidential candidate to these, either in the courage required to make his fight or in the beneficial results of his possible success. What is meant is merely to stress the point that conceding the 1928 candidate to be a long shot it does not do to too completely discount the long shots. Occasionally they win against heavier odds than here appear. In this case, regardless of who bears the banner, no one not silly would count the chances even. Still it is possible to make the set-up of "supposititious circumstances" fully as strong as that by which many a political long shot of the past has gone over—at least one of them a Presidential candidate too.

Three things can happen at the next Democratic convention—

Al Smith, outstanding Democrat of the country, four times Governor of its greatest State, the most vibrant and colorful personality in his party and its most effective campaigner, may be nominated; or, unable to get the nomination without the sort of bitterness that renders success impossible, Smith might prefer trying to make a Democratic President rather than wage a losing fight himself. In that unlikely event he would voluntarily withdraw as a candidate and throw his weight behind the man of his choice from the beginning.

Or, in spite of his lead, Smith may be turned down through the dryness and bigotry of the South and West, just as the wet Catholic delegations of New York, Illinois, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania turned down McAdoo in 1924—and a compromise candidate again emerge.

If the last of these contingencies occurs, there will be no use setting up the "supposititious circumstance." No theory for Democratic success at all plausible could be evolved. Resentment of the wets and Catholics in the States whose electoral vote is essential would wipe out the last hope. No clear-headed person in either party disputes that. It is too obvious to argue. A reasonable set of "supposititious circumstances" can be set up for the first or even the second alternative but not the third. If Smith becomes the candidate, or if Smith, without himself being rejected, names the candidate, at least an argument with a logical sound can be made, but hardly otherwise. To get down to the cold, electoral-college facts, it is perfectly clear that no Democratic majority in that cumbersome constitutional institution can be obtained except by combining the "solid South" and the four border States with the group of Eastern States, of which New York and New Jersey are the most vital. Even then it is necessary to pick up an additional State or two to secure the necessary 266. It is not possible, without being wildly fanciful, to figure it out any other way. Population growth and shifts of the last eight years, to detail which there is not space here, have made it utterly absurd to expect a repetition of the Wilson 1916 feat of winning without New York. One of Mr. McAdoo's press agents who got himself into a super-heated and highly feverish state about a year ago, did advance then the noble notion of ruling New York out of the nation altogether and winning with West and South, but even he knows better now. The thing is too plain to be mistaken. To have a fighting chance for an electoral majority —266—the Democrats must do two things—first, hold the South and the border States; second, carry the New York group in the East. If west of the Mississippi every conceivable Democratic electoral vote is added to the South and the border States, it is not enough without New York. With New York, the border States, and the South the 266 can be made. There is no other combination. It is a mere matter of arithmetic.

Now, admitting the truth of this—and every one not off balance politically will—an extremely curious condition is revealed. The candidate more sure to carry the New York group than any other happens to be the only one whose candidacy involves a doubt about the South, the solidity of which is of course basic. On the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exasperating other hand, of all the available men who could concededly hold the South not one approximates the strength of the colorful, popular Smith in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, which total some 75 electoral votes. The trouble with Smith in the South is of course his religion. If it were merely his wetness and Tammany affiliations, the South would gulp and swallow but there would be no chance of gagging. Add to these his Catholicism and it is idle to deny it raises a doubt in some Southern States—North Carolina, Tennessee, even Virginia, for example. Many practical fellows who know their South well are convinced that the inherent Democracy of that section and the racial antagonism aroused by the Republican party are sufficient to hold it safe even for a Catholic Democrat. Others, not so sure, maintain that the prejudice and bigotry there are almost beyond belief and way beyond control. The truth is, no one can tell what Smith would do in the South. He might easily carry every Southern State; he might lose more than one. There is no way to gauge the thing. It is just a guess.

But suppose it is, it still seems clear the chances are better that Smith, the best bet outside the South, will hold the South than that any candidate sure of the South can carry the outside States essential to success, if Smith fails in the convention. If there is a parallel to this situation in political history it cannot be recalled. It is true no Catholic has ever been refused his chance at the Presidency because he was a Catholic, but it is also true no Catholic prior to this has happened to get close enough to a nomination to raise the issue. It is not worth while blinking the fact that but for his religion the Smith nomination would even now be under the head of finished business—wet or no wet. Even making full allowance for the religious handicap, the logic of the situation is strongly with him. Aside from his personality and record a number of things seem to be swinging the nomination irresistibly toward him.

First, there is the attitude of various Southern leaders who because of local prejudice cannot openly be for Smith in the convention but who none the less want him nominated. Privately they make no secret of their feeling that his strength in New York makes him the one Democrat with a chance to win—and they want to win.

Second, there are Democratic leaders who believe neither Smith nor any other Democrat can win in 1928 but insist the sensible course is to nominate Smith this time and give him his chance. Not to do so, they argue, means that the party will retain in its system for another four years the religious-prejudice poison from which it now suffers. Nominate Smith this time, they say, and if he wins it will be a glorious victory; if he loses, as is likely, by 1932 the poison will have been shaken out and the party will be well again. He probably will be licked: any one else is sure to be. The common-sense thing is to take the chance with Smith.

Third, there is the fact that without a single overt act as a candidate Smith seems sure to have more votes in the convention at the start than all other candidates combined—some put the number between 450 and 500 after the first ballot.

Fourth, there is the further fact that the fading out of Mr. McAdoo eliminates the chance of a duel between two strong candidates and leaves the dry forces with no central figure around which to rally. Most of the McAdoo States of 1924 will send uninstructed delegations to the 1928 convention, which in itself is significant. Politicians agree you cannot beat "somebody with nobody."

Now, notwithstanding the two-thirds rule and the dry determination to block the Smith nomination, when all this is added up it is pretty hard not to believe he will get away with it. Certainly every Republican leader of any size or significance believes it, and the Republican National Committee which directs the Republican publicity machine has been proceeding on that assumption for a good many months.

Well, conceding for the sake of the argument he will be named, can he win? It is possible. A fairly good set of "suppositious circumstances" can be set up for him, but there is no use disguising the fact that as the candidate of the minority party, with the forces of intolerance

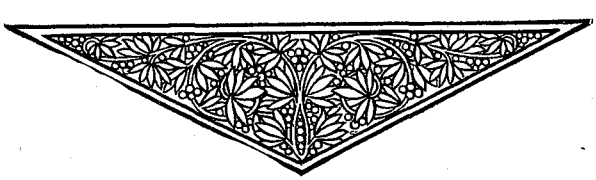
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against him with unprecedented solidity, he will need a lot of luck.

A great deal depends on the Republican nominee. Apparently Mr. Coolidge has definitely removed himself, and the Republican choice is likely to be Hoover, Lowden, Dawes, or a dark horse. For some reasons the Coolidge retirement diminishes the Smith chances. There is, for example, no other Republican with whose personality he would so favorably contrast. The virile, vibrant, colorful, salty Smith with his intensely human qualities, his sure-fire sense of humor, and his ability to sum up a situation in a phrase that rings, would have been wonderful in opposition to the flat, flavorless, timid, cautious, and supremely solemn Cal.

It would have strained every bolt and bar in the Republican propaganda machine to have kept the people from laughing at their candidate—which is of course fatal. Also the Coolidge candidacy would have presented the third-term issue, which, regardless of the contempt of the administration office-holders and patronage brokers, is pretty deep in the hearts of the people, and might have gone a considerable distance in offsetting the anti-Catholic feeling. The spectacle of a cunning politician twice using the great power of the Presidency and the vast weight of the Federal machine to force a nomination in clear violation of a basic American tradition, might have brought about a helpful revolt. There were, as the impish Senator Moses of New Hampshire recently pointed out, certain signs of sullenness within his party on this subject. On the other hand, no other Republican candidate will likely have quite the solid railroad, financial, business, and banking support of Mr. Coolidge. These "interests" have been frozen behind him for five years, and could not have been shaken. It is extremely doubtful whether they can congeal with the same solidity back of any other. There is no other who suits "Big Business" as well—and never will be. He was—and is—the Big Business idea of an ideal candidate. His very defects charmed them. With Mr. Coolidge out there is, however, no apparent reason why the Republican party will not be united behind its candidate whoever he may be, and certainly no reason to believe he will not as usual have the support of the bulk of the "business interests." It is, however, possible that the "profitless prosperity" which is the naïve name given by Senator David Reed, of Pennsylvania, to the slow-down of business now being experienced, may by 1928 have become much more uncomfortably pronounced. The ranks of the unemployed, already increased over last year, may be still further augmented. In that event the output of the Republican propaganda machine might very easily turn sour and soggy.

But beyond all this "might stuff" the real thing is the capacity of Smith to make a campaign. Time and again, fighting against odds in New York, he has shown a marvellous ability to reach the mind and heart of the average American in a way no other man of this generation has done. As a candidate for President it is conceivable he could do that with the average American the country over. In any event, it would be a different campaign from any that has been waged before—and more worth while. It would be a great test for the country. He might upset all political calculations. He's a long shot, but they sometimes win.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All in the Day's Riding

"DOWN THE WASH"

BY WILL JAMES
Author of "Smoky, the Cowhorse," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

IT always struck me sort of queer how sometimes things can happen when they're the least expected or thought of, and when just being able to live and navigate around seems the greatest privilege in the world something just seems to drop out from under you and of a sudden you're in a fix where you begin to count the minutes you've got left to live in. . . . It seems to me there ought to be some sort of warning so a feller can kind of prepare, or dodge, if he can.

I was riding along one day whistling a tune, my horse was behaving fine and all was hunkydory and peaceful. Ahead a ways I'd noticed a narrow washout and I kept on a riding. I'd rode over many a one of them, and nothing was there to warn me that I should go around this perticular one.

My horse cleared the opening and I was still a whistling, then, of a sudden my whistling stopped short as I felt the earth go out from under my horse's feet, . . . the next thing I know I was in the bottom of a ten-foot washout and underneath twelve hundred pounds of horseflesh.

I was pinned there to stay, and lucky I thought afterward that my whole body wasn't underneath that horse. It could of just as well been that way, only past experiences with horses had saved me and natural instinct had made me try to stay on top of the horse whether he was upside down or right side up. As it was, I was kind of on the side of him, my head was along his neck and only my left hip and leg felt the pinch of the weight.

The washout was only about three feet wide, at the bottom, just enough room for me and that horse to get wedged in nice. The old pony was fighting and bellering and kicking big hunks of dirt down on top of us. I was kinda worried that he might undermine the bank of the washout and have it cave in on us and bury us alive so I grabbed his head and hugged it toward me thinking that would quiet him down and keep him from tearing things up so much. I figgered that if there'd be any squeezing done it would be on the other side, for as it was I sure had no room to spare.

Well, he fought on for quite a spell, then he laid still for a while. If that horse had been good and gentle I could of maybe got him to lay still long enough so I could try and dig myself out with my hands, but just as soon as I'd move to try anything like that he'd let out a snort that sounded mighty loud in that perticular place and go to fighting again.

His hoofs would start flying and tearing things up and what little dirt I'd scraped away with my fingers would be replaced with a few hundred pounds of the side of the washout. I was having a mighty hard time keeping my head clear and out in the air and the dirt kept accumulating and piling up on top of us till there was nothing but part of the horse's legs, still a going, and our heads sticking out.

Then it comes to me that if that horse keeps on a kicking and bringing down more dirt he'd soon be in a fix where his legs would be all buried and he'd have to be still, but I was sure worried about a big hunk of overhanging dirt he might loosen up while doing that. It looked like it weighed at least five tons and I didn't want to think of it dropping down on us.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was one way where I could win out, and that was to dig for my six-shooter which it was lucky was on my right hip a horse wasn't appealing to me even in the fix I was in. It would of saved my carcass for sure but I was finding more

I'd rode over many a washout like it and I didn't see why I should go around this perticular one.—Page 521.

and possible to get at. With that six-gun I could shoot the horse, there'd be no more dirt coming down and I could easy enough dig myself out with the same gun, and I could take my time about it too.

That was one way and the best one, but I sure didn't want to shoot that horse and decided I wouldn't till I just had to to save him from suffering. Shooting pleasure in looking for other ways out than just that one.

I kept my eye on the hunk of dirt above my head, and while the pony by me would have another fit once in a while and small piles of dirt would keep a coming down I was finding my breathing capacity getting smaller and smaller. My body was beginning to feel numb from my chest on down

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and I felt that the only part of me that was living was from my chest on up.

I thought of the boys I started out from camp with that morning and wondered *when* they'd miss me and start looking for me, and then once again I thought of my six-gun. If I could get it out and fire a shot once in a while some of 'em would maybe hear.

I'd been digging pretty steady and with just the idea of keeping my right arm and head clear. I knowed that I couldn't get away even if all the dirt was off—the horse was on me and holding me down, but from then on I wanted my gun and I sure went to work for it.

It took me a good hour's time to get it out and my gloves was wore to a frazzle, but I finally managed it, and soon as I shook the dirt out of the barrel I held it straight up and fired. The shot echoed along the washout and sounded like it could be heard for many miles. I waited and listened for an answer and then I noticed where the sun was. It was slanting in where me and my pony was getting buried alive and it was making things all the hotter down there.

By it I figgered it was along about noon, all the boys excepting me would be back to camp from the first "circle" and wouldn't be starting out again for a while. I was about ten miles from camp and when they would start out again I knowed they'd go another direction as all the cattle in the country I was at was run in that morning. The shot I fired had been for nothing.

Riders was often late getting in with cattle and I knowed they hadn't thought anything had happened to me as yet. I also knowed they wouldn't think anything was wrong till that evening when they gathered in to eat, and till then I thought was an ungodly long time to wait.

And what was more, how was they going to find me if they did start looking. I was sure well hid and they'd have to pretty near know the exact spot where I was located, I could make a noise with my gun of course. . . . All them thoughts was mighty cheerful thoughts not to have, but I couldn't dodge 'em. If only that big ton of dirt above my head hadn't been so threatening things would of been easier, but there it was as big as death and I couldn't take my eyes away from it.

Finally the sun left us. It was going on west to its setting point and left me still doing some tall thinking. The big horse alongside of me was quiet for good—the dirt had piled up on top of him till his toes disappeared and he *had* to be still. But his breathing wasn't very good to listen to so close to my head, and I didn't find it at all inspiring as to ways and means of getting out of there.

Clods of dirt would still keep a falling off and on but there was signs of 'em quitting since the horse had got quiet. It was too late for me to try to dig out though, but I was still at it and at the same time watching that I didn't tickle or jar the side of the bank that held the all-powerful heavy piece of earth.

As I worked and clawed at the dirt and wished for badger claws instead of bleeding fingers I found that my resting spells was coming oftener and stayed longer. It was just as the sun was going down and when I'd took an *unusual* long rest that I realized I was holding something in my hand that I'd grabbed a hold of when I was ready to quit. It was a clump of rabbit brush that'd fell in from the top with the dirt that'd got loosened—more of it was a hanging up there.

My hand was on my chest as I studied where that piece of brush had come from. I felt a chill run up and down my backbone as I realized that it'd come from no other place than the big hunk of overhanging dirt. *It was loosening up.*

The thought of that near had me moving, my hand closed in on my shirt just for something to grab a hold of, and as I did that I felt something breaking in my shirt pocket. It was matches.

I held my hand there for a while and done some thinking. I noticed the clump of rabbit brush my hand was still holding and then I looked up ten feet above to where there was lots of the same brush hanging over the edge.

I couldn't think so very fast along about then and I only realized it was dark when I lit a match and it throwed a light, but the rest of the programme didn't need no thinking—everything was in front of me to follow and that's what I did.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Will James.

The sun was slanting in where me and my pony was getting buried alive and it was making things all the hotter down there.—Page 523.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I held the match under the piece of rabbit brush I had and it took holt and flamed like that kind of brush does. When I thought the flame was strong enough to stand a little breeze I heaved it as best I could up toward the other brush ten feet above me.

The first attempt wasn't much good, the little piece of brush came back on me, singed me a little and then died. I tried it again and finally landed it up amongst the brush along the top of the bank. Then I held my breath.

A little flame shot up and throwed a light on the opposite side of the washout. I watched that and seen where the flame seemed to gradually die down. "If that fire don't start," I says out loud, "I'm just as good as done for," which was the truth.

But it did start, slow and aggravating but sure, and pretty soon it gets lit up above, and I can see the sparks fly and some of 'em are falling down on me and the horse but it was sure good to see that light and hear that brush a roaring in flame. I knowed what rabbit brush would do once it got started to burning, I knowed it'd spread and throw a mighty good light for as long as any of that kind of brush was around. And if I remembered right, that kind of brush was plenty thick along that wash for a good mile or so.

From then on instead of digging I put my efforts to waiting and that was getting to be some painful too, but my hopes had went up a lot since I got such a good signal fire started. I felt sure somebody would ride up and look for me soon, and sure enough, after a while I hear somebody holler, my six-shooter barks out an answer and then I thinks, . . . what if somebody should ride up on that piece of country that's hanging over me and just waiting for some little weight to start it down.

The thought of that sure got my lungs to working. . . . "Stay back," I hollered, "stay back."

"Where are you, Bill," somebody asks.

"In the bottom of the washout," I answers "but don't come near the edge of where I'm at or it'll cave in—get in from some other place."

I didn't have to tell them to hurry, they was doing that a plenty and pretty soon half a dozen riders was digging me out with running irons, six-shooters, and everything they could get hold of that'd scatter the dirt. The horse was lifted off of me and I was pulled out to where I could work my legs and get the blood to circulating in 'em.

It took four saddle horses to pull my horse out and straighten him up to stand, and by the time I got through telling the boys what happened, how it happened and all I felt half-ways strong enough to stand up again. With the help of one of the boys I walked over to investigate the hunk of earth that'd been hanging over me and threatening all that long day. There was a crack in the ground and back of it which showed how ready it was to fall. I stuck my boot heel in that crack and shoved a little, and about that time I was pulled away.

The earth seemed to go out from under us as that hunk left, a big cloud of dust went up, and when we looked again the washout was near filled to the top.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man's First Great Passion

BY GUY LOWELL

ILLUSTRATION FROM THE DRAWING BY JOHN S. SARGENT, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. LOWELL

[This paper was read by Mr. Lowell before the Thursday Evening Club of Boston on December 16, 1926. It was his intention to revise it for publication in this magazine, and he took the manuscript with him on the voyage to Europe which ended in his death. In a letter written just before he sailed, he said:

"I am sending you the rough draft of my paper in the form in which I delivered it. I have not even attempted to interlard the anecdotes listed on the last page in the places where I put them. If the subject interests you and you think there is enough material to make it worth publishing it would have to be corrected, and above all I should look up my quotations so as not to be caught up on them by some more learned reader than I."

The paper expresses so much of his delightful personality that it is here printed exactly as he left it, with the footnotes that were to furnish him with suggestions for other anecdotes.]

IT was David Garrick who said, "Our first great passion is to eat," and though this remark about our infant passions refers to a simpler diet than the one I propose to discuss, it none the less calls attention to the fact that the necessity to obtain one's daily food begins early, only to end when life ends.

Now that we are living in an age when a scientific—that is to say a natural—explanation of many of the phenomena of life is possible, it is interesting to renew, though from a slightly different and more matter of fact point of view, the study made at intervals by writers, classical and modern, as to what the householder's answer has been throughout the centuries of man's existence to that daily question, "Mother, what is there for dinner today?"

In connection with an architect's studies of the habitations of man and of his household needs, I have been continually asking myself the question, "How did man live, and what did he eat?" It is astonishing how little information there is in a collective form to answer this question. Man has been devoting the greater part of his energies to obtaining food, and but little of his literary or statistical skill to describing what the results were. Whoever tries to piece together the facts about the dinner table through the centuries, or as Laurids Broun puts it, "from the age of the fig-leaf to the age of the Tuxedo dinner jacket," must build up the story from stray bits of information gathered at many sources; unfortunately for the student, the historian has always been too anxious to describe important events in the lives of the great, and not the lesser chronicles of everyday life, so that it is not by reading history, romance, or biographies, but by examining household accounts, custom house reports, tax bills, by studying the "gabelle" or salt tax, by measuring the size of the dishes and dinner-plates or by a careful interpretation of sumptuary laws—it is by a sort of back stairs gossip that we learn the interesting facts. We must leave the festive banquet hall and descend to the kitchen, the cellars, and even follow the cooks to the markets and the housewife to her larder.

The first and foremost fact that one realizes on taking up the study of this subject is that man, as a whole, has always suffered from unsatisfied hunger;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the drawing by John S. Sargent.

Guy Lowell.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the race has not until recently had what we should consider enough to be at all times well and healthfully nourished.

Memoirs, biographies, family letters and diaries, even the Bible, are misleading, because our literary tastes and our sense of the picturesque usually lead us to describe the unusual and exceptional feasts, and to give but little information as to the quality, the quantity, and the variety of the food of every day, and that which interests me to-night is what was eaten every day by the people at large.

There are frequent references we all know, in literature, to enjoyable Lucullean feasts, or to Gargantuan episodes, and Mrs. Clement Parsons has recently published in the "Nineteenth Century," an entertaining compilation of such references, but here again it is quite obvious from the context that these are the unusual and not the usual occasions that are being described.

There has been a vast change in the nourishment of the human race in the last few hundred years, but it is with the middle classes and the lower classes that the change has been made, for the working man to-day, thanks to better methods of distribution, and to scientific agriculture, has a more varied table, with food of better quality, than even our well-to-do ancestors had a century or two ago.

One of the most notable changes that has occurred as the result of all this progress, in the last century and a half, at least in the lives of the civilized portion of the human race, is the change in the attitude of mind toward the subject of obtaining food, because today, at any rate in Western Europe and in North America, there is little question but what all classes of society are going to be sufficiently nourished. The perils of hunger and of starvation are not as they used to be, always present in the thoughts of every one, and though there are a few exceptional countries, just as there are occasional homes where hunger and famine are still occurring to-day, it is due to the breaking down of certain forces of civilization like transportation and commerce, or to the lack of the will or power of the individual to find employment.

For instance in Russia to-day, it is the destruction of commercial enterprise and the disorganization of the railroad systems that are making the distribution of food difficult almost to the point of famine—which we had hoped would never recur in our present commercially organized world.

The processes of providing and distributing food may for our convenience be roughly classified as follows:

First:—The period of wild food, when man took his nourishment where he could find it as produced in a wild state by nature, before the development of the arts of the husbandman. That was in the days when the hunter and the fisherman of the nomadic races gathered wild food as they moved from place to place.

Secondly:—The period when the agriculturist cultivated food usually for local use; when he lived where the food was produced; and when his diet in consequence varied greatly with the seasonal changes.

Thirdly:—Our own period when transportation facilities and commerce have made possible the distribution of food from the centers of production to the farthest corners of the earth.

That these processes overlap is shown by the fact that we still, in the days of a high development of transportation facilities, consume much food that is as wild as in the days of the nomadic races. There is still a good deal of game, and the fish that we consume in such large quantities today is almost entirely wild food which is practically the same as in prehistoric days. Agricultural and horticultural science and scientific growing of grain, fruits, vegetables, and butcher's meat have made them very different from what they were even two centuries ago.

It is easy to realize, however, that much of the food eaten in pre-historic times, as well as in classical times as we can prove, was putrescent, and to be able to eat it properly man acquired a tolerance for rotting provisions. There were no facilities such as we have today for the preservation of perishable food. Grain and seeds, it is true, could be kept. Fruits and roots could be dried. Fish and meats could be cured or salted—but there seems to be little evidence that this was done to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any considerable extent. In the days before the Christian era, in Rome and in Greece, laws were passed in order to prevent the sale of rotten food, yet it seems a fair supposition that the strong seasoning and the highly flavored sauces and condiments used in that age were not so much intended to satisfy a taste for strong flavorings as they were to disguise an evil taste of the decaying food, sold in a rotten state in spite of the law. The use by the Romans of the sauce which they called "garum" and which consisted of the thoroughly rotted entrails of the tunny fish, must mean that despite the fact that the Roman laws forbade selling in the market any fish that had ceased to glisten, and for that reason forbade the wetting of fish after it left the water, much unclean fish was eaten and needed therefore to be flavored with a sauce made of decayed fish. Garum cost in the days of the Roman empire about what a good bottle of brandy costs in France today.

Whether or not the need to protect her fishermen from the Dutch and French corsairs made England fight for the freedom of the seas, whether or not the demands for the food product of the East made the Venetian Republic into a great maritime nation, whether or not the cry for bread helped to start the French Revolution—we know that the bitter struggle to obtain food has never stopped. It has often caused wars and will probably cause wars again, until possibly our own oceans are dried up, because the providing of food is the chief problem of any expanding nation.

It is difficult to tell much about the foods of pre-historic days before the times of written history, because we have so little to go by—a few drawings on the walls of caves, a few piles of bones or shells, a few tools of rough stone belonging to the Old Stone age when western Europe was inhabited by Paleolithic man, who hunted the mammoth, the reindeer, the hairy rhinoceros, and ate the fruits and the nuts where he found them. Those were the days of the first period of the nomadic races when as soon as the food was exhausted in one place, the tribes moved on to where it was more abundant. It must not be imagined, however, that the greater abundance of game meant that man was more plentifully supplied with food than in later days. His implements of the chase were more primitive, and he was in direct rivalry with many carnivorous competitors—wolves, bears—all fighting intimately together for existence, and all profoundly affected by the changing seasons.

When natural food could no longer be found as needed, there came gradually a desire to better existing conditions, and man, instead of being as he had been in the earliest times, a collector of fruits, reptiles, birds, even of insects, became an economist and studied how to improve, how to increase, and how to conserve the gifts of nature; he became a herder and a gardener—in no sense scientific as they are today, but so, at least, that he could spread his supply of food over as many months of the year as possible. He also took to cooking nature's gifts so as to make the food more palatable, and incidentally more sanitary, and he stored and preserved food as insurance against a bad hunting or cultural season.

But mankind cultivated animals before plants, possibly because it was easier to bring a tame animal to the kitchen than to cultivate, harvest and conserve uncertain crops. Meats, therefore, were the most important of early foods. In those earlier periods they had not reached as yet the conserving of fodder for domestic animals so that their flock had their fat and their lean seasons of the year. Later in the days of the Roman Empire, green fodder existed, and hay was in use soon after the days of Charlemagne, but even at best the meats of past centuries must have been lean and stringy during the greater part of the season, and milk so scarce during six months of the year that it was only the very rich that could afford it; but the people of these early days had few wants besides food and shelter. They were pastural nomads. Gradually the process became more complex, the animals were still small, hardy beasts, producing as I have said little milk and very lean flesh, cultivation had to be hasty, and weeds and birds were powerful enemies, while beasts of prey made herding difficult. So hunting was undoubtedly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in those days richer in rewards than digging and herding. Seeds were stored for the new crop and when the winters were so hard that they had to grind their seed corn, there was no way of sending and importing new seed from other lands; but food in the Neolithic age as compared with the old Stone age, though perhaps it was not very much more varied, still was more dependable.

Gardening was becoming more and more careful, for man found that the more skilled his culture the more mouths could be fed. This perhaps will give us a simple idea of the provisions that were available to early man.

As soon as written history begins, it is possible to tell more accurately what man did eat.

One of the earliest sources of written history which we can study are the legends of Homer, although Homer pays but little attention in his narratives of Gods and Heroes to the more material subject of food, because there would be want of decorum in dwelling on the preparation of such things which he considered beneath the dignity of Gods and Heroes.

Still we know that he looks on fish with great disfavor, which he regards as unhealthful, as they were apt to be in Asia Minor where Homer himself came from, and Plutarch says "heroes" accustomed themselves to a spare diet, banishing from their table all delicacies to such a degree that they abstained even from fish.

In the Iliad and the Odyssey fish apparently does not appear at the banquets of the rich—only in connection with the poor and starving does it appear.

Now take note, you tarpon fishers. "Fishing," Plato says, "is not an occupation worthy of a man well born or well brought up because it demands more of address and of ruse than of force, and is not for young people, like hunting, the occasion of healthy exercise."

But there is still a great deal of evidence that much fish was eaten by the Greeks who in comparison with Rome had a less fertile soil to cultivate and therefore took more naturally to such easily found foods as those that were drawn from the sea.

It was a Greek too, Athenaeus, who wrote the first comprehensive cook book; and his works though pompous in style are of great assistance in showing what dishes were served in classical times. In fact his works together with the many that were written in the first years of our era by the Romans like Plato, Pliny the younger, Apicius, Varro,* together with occasional statements by the Roman satyrists, give pretty definite ideas of the life of those times.

When we read of the triumphal feasts, of the elaborate dinners, of the curious and complicated dishes, and of the unusual articles of food, we must not get the idea that our ancestors in the days of the Roman Empire, or for that matter in the days of the American Colonies, were tremendous eaters. The chief luxury of the rich throughout the centuries has been plenty of food so as to be able to set a liberal table; but it must be remembered that there were large numbers of the population who had no access to such banquets and for them it was often a long time between meals.

One can hardly imagine anything less attractive from our point of view than were the Roman dishes, and the banquets where they were served. In the first place the reclining position adopted by the diners was not conducive to easy digestion; and the dishes described in detail could hardly be nastier. Apicius in his De Re Culinaria tells how a chicken-en-casserole should be cooked. "Put the following ingredients into the pot: aniseed, dried mint, asafoetida—it was asafoetida you will remember that we students at college used to put on a piece of fresh pork so that the initiates into our secret societies would think they were kissing a decayed corpse—cover it with vinegar, add dates, pour on garum, add oil, some mustard seeds, boil it down, add red wine, and pour all this sauce over the chicken previously boiled in aniseed water." I do not think that anything more was needed to send the guests on a trip to the vomitorium;—but there were many other things that sound more reasonable. They had a considerable number of vegetables such as exist today —cabbage, turnips, and even broccoli, the favorite vegetable of the modern Italians,

*Story of Varro's aunt and the raising of thrushes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which we are beginning to see on our own tables, and which Mark Twain described as "cabbage with a college education."

Apicius, more than 2,000 years ago, gives us a recipe for doing broccoli: "Boil it in water with chopped onions together with coriander seeds and a little good wine."

Favorite among all dishes, particularly in the days of the Empire, was fish cooked in many different ways; and, I am afraid, in every state from freshness to complete decay.

The Romans seem to make very nice distinctions as to what localities the best fish came from. They claimed that when brought to the table they could tell the age of the fish, the sex of the fish, even though the freshness or the rottenness of it did not enter into their dietetic code. Cuvier, the French naturalist of a century ago, says that the ancients apparently knew of 150 varieties of Mediterranean fish. It is astonishing the prices they were willing to pay for even a single fish —today's equivalent of $70. to $80. for a three or four pound mullet, and the importance of fish is shown by the fact that Juvenal says Domitian once ordered a special session of the Senate in order to determine what was the best way of cooking a turbot.

With the worship of food carried to such a point, one can understand the aphorism of Brilla Savarin, the great French gourmet of 100 years ago, who said: "The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new planet." A rather difficult thing for me to admit, as I have spent a good deal of my time during the last few years in administering the Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff where they are strenuously looking for a new planet.

The Romans had three meals a day. In the beginning dinner was held at noon, and it was only later that it was changed to the evening. The toastmaster at a banquet called on each man under penalty, to drink to his mistress, one cup to each letter in her name. The longer her name, the more cups, and the wine from our modern point of view must have been vile, badly fermented and unquestionably with wild yeasts straying into the vats and jars, producing acidity and bitterness, the whole sweetened to the point of stickiness with honey. What heads it must have produced the next morning!—though Pliny says: "If the greatest wine sop adopts the precaution of chewing four or five bitter almonds before drinking, he may drink any amount without being the worse for it." (I have never tried it.)

We have but little information as to what occurred during the middle ages, for such ephemeral things as menus and stewards' accounts have mostly disappeared with the lapse of time; but we know from the History of Nations that there were constant plagues and famines and but little was being done to better conditions. It was not until the times of the Italian Renaissance when the world blossomed out once more that conditions began to grow better. We know, however, from a few lists that have been preserved, that the food, though it varied at times greatly in quantity, had changed but little in quality.

The art of cooking constantly moved onward with the other arts, the Greeks having acquired their skill from the Egyptians and the Persians, and the Romans in turn being taught by the Greeks just as were their sculptors, their poets, and their dramatists. In turn, the art of cooking slumbered during the middle ages only to be awakened in Italy at the time of the revival of learning, and it travelled from Italy to France, with the Medici wives of Henry II and Henry IV.

A description of an English manor house in the 13th century tells us that the kitchen was in a detached outhouse, that there was a poultry house, that there was a granary, and we furthermore know that at that period hay was being cut so that there was some possibility of keeping the stock fattened during the cold winters of northern Europe.

It is curious to note that a family in those days required 40 bushel of grain for bread, and 50 bushel of barley for beer. They had their eggs from the hens and the geese, and for a short period during the year, milk from the cows. Such a manor was largely self-sustaining and the menus consisted of beans, peas, vetch, grains, nuts, fruits, an abundance of game, and a little meat, but in no sense the meat of today.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

D'Avenel, who has written a most interesting book on the variation in the price of necessities and luxuries during the last few centuries, shows that butcher's meat of today is quite different from what it was a few centuries ago; for it was not until the 18th century in England and the early 19th in America that scientific breeding of cattle really began—that is, that attention was paid to better strains in breeding, with all the effect it had on food. Since the middle ages the weight of a head of cattle has almost doubled, due to the increase in fat; and in consequence, though formerly the fat sold at twice the price of the meat, today the meat sells at double the price of fat.

It is probably due to this fact that meat has for so long been considered the food of the rich. We do know, however, that in the 17th and 18th centuries there were 10 or 12 lbs. of veal or mutton sheep killed for every pound of beef. Lacking to a large extent hay, root crops and cheap grain, it was impossible to fatten the stock during the cold months and in consequence the animals were so much more valuable for work than as meat by the pound that they were not slaughtered. It too must be remembered there was no way such as we have today of preserving butcher's meat from day to day till it found a consumer, nor for that matter was there a method of using all the by-products of the butcher's trade. Perhaps the church was wise when it established the long periods of fasting each year, as it did in the past centuries. One of the chief means of support of the hospitals was the monopoly they had of selling meat during the seasons of fasting. Under Louis XV an investigation was made—you see they had prohibition agents even in those days—in order to see how much bootleg meat was being sold in Paris. The alleged bootleggers of meat at that time, it turned out, were all members of the aristocracy.

In the absence of meat, of course, the fish mongers plied their trade, but here again came the difficulty of lack of transportation to bring the food from the seashore to the inland towns. What was called a fresh fish in Paris—*la marée*—was fish that had been salted when caught, brought to Paris, washed with lime or with alum, flavored with some seasoning, and sold to the rich at prices that made it impossible for the poor to have any.

For them the chief article of diet was bread. Not what we think of today. No Parker House rolls, no white flour, just wheat or oats ground up with the husks and the chaff and sometimes dipped in hot water to make a soup.

About the time that Columbus and the other great explorers of the 15th and 16th centuries were making ready to try and find more direct ways of bringing the riches of the Indies to the doors of Europe, François Villon mentions dates and figs as the food of the rich; in fact in the poems of the 15th century there is constant reference to hunger and famine. Think what a change transportation and commerce with the East was going to make in the matter of food.

What were people drinking in those days? In the northern countries they were brewing, in the central parts of Europe they were raising wine. Here again, as in the case of meat, and as with other varieties of food, the costs were higher than today, and I am sure as in the case of the Roman wine, that it must have been quite nasty. An occasional vintager undoubtedly succeeded in bringing through a crop with a fair amount of success, but that must have been the exception and not the rule; and yet our ancestors both in France and in Italy found that wine was an important form of nourishment.

In the 13th century a bottle of Burgundy cost what would be the equivalent of from $1.00 to $2.00 a bottle, only it is to be remembered that there were no glass bottles for the preservation of wine in those days; wine was drawn from the cask and brought to the table in open flagons or uncorked bottles and jugs. This probably meant that wine in the cask soon spoiled after it was once tapped, and in consequence there was a habit when the cask was half emptied, of turning over the balance to the *maître d'hôtel*. I find that Richelieu paid 150 francs for the 100-quart cask of wine for his own table; 100 francs for his suite; and 75 francs for the servant's; and when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you realize that each person drank from 2 to 3 quarts a day, you realize that a cask was soon finished.

A few rules of etiquette from "Galathee," a handbook of the 16th century, seem amusing:

"At the beginning of the meal everyone should wash their hands in each other's presence in order that those who are going to put their hands in the same dish together may have no doubt about the cleanliness of each other's hands." It was perfectly proper to throw the bones, the gristle, the uneaten parts of the vegetables on the floor behind one—the servants swept it up. "Galathee" says: "It isn't proper to scratch yourself at table, and one should abstain as much as possible from spitting, but if one has to, do it 'gentilely.'" "I have heard it said," the book continues, "that there are nations so well behaved that they do not spit. Furthermore one should not gobble one's meat so rapidly that one makes a noise and loses one's breath." Henry the Third, by a royal decree, ordered that when he was at his meals, no one else should lean on the royal chair but the Captain of the Guard. Furthermore, Henry ordered that guests should arrive at meals clean and sober, should not drink too constantly lest they get drunk, nor blow their nose in the tablecloth. (*Se moucher dans la nappe.*)

I have personally always been interested in historical romances, and it was trying to imagine what the condition of the inns was in the times of d'Artagnan and Porthos that first aroused my architectural interest in conditions of food, travel and habitation. Alexandre Dumas wrote a cook book himself. He was a great gourmet, but he was also a great story teller; and I am inclined to think that the descriptions he wrote in the 19th century of 17th century conditions, were no more accurate and no more capable of giving a correct historical impression than was Paul Veronese's great painting of the marriage feast at Cana of giving an accurate picture of the miracle of wine and water.

The chicken roasted on the spit made of d'Artagnan's sword was surely a skeleton made up of feathers and of bones. Wine, too, even if it was free from the maladies of bad fermentation, was probably weak in color from the use of too much sulphur, and acid because of the existence of aerobic bacteria. The chicken would probably cost four or five francs; a fat one would cost eight or ten francs; had they had a carp from a neighboring carp pond —for the nobility often made much money by raising fresh water fish in elaborately built fish pools—, they might have paid seventy-five francs for it, and even lampreys cost sixty or seventy francs apiece. They, the lampreys, in the 16th and 17th centuries, were great favorites on the tables of the rich.

A story is told of Pope Leo X, who ordered prepared for a guest who was extremely fond of lampreys, a dish consisting of bits of old rope arranged to look like the fish, but buried in a most delicious sauce. Marinareus, the guest, tried to cut it, and when he had failed even to bite through it, he looked up and saw all the other guests laughing at him; but he turned the tables on his Holiness by saying that if covered with such a delicious sauce he would be willing even to bite through a piece of iron chain.

The number of dishes which could be served was increasing steadily, and a cook book of the 17th century begins to contain many of the dishes that are listed on a modern menu. I have here one of the most famous of the early French cook books by M. de la Varenne, a chef under the Duc d'Uelles. Mrs. Joseph Pennell, who has been deeply interested in collecting cook books, says that Varenne's is one of the rarest and most valuable of early printed books. It shows the great vogue that this work had when we realize that it was first published in 1651 in Paris and that this particular edition—the 6th —is dated only three years later, in 1654. It was translated into many languages, and is as modern and as clear as many of the better known works of today. Nearly 300 years ago many of the dishes were cooked exactly as in the French kitchens of the bourgeoisie today; but most interesting of all, perhaps, are the things that are not mentioned—for instance, tomatoes, and fruits and spices from afar were practically left out, and above all, potatoes.

It is true that some twenty or thirty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years before, potatoes had been introduced into Ireland from America by John Hawkins. It was not the noble article that Luther Burbank developed it into some three hundred years later in Lancaster, Mass. It was formerly considered poisonous. It was even accused of causing leprosy, and as late as the beginning of the 19th century it was considered in Paris a disorderly weed; and yet think of the blessings it has conferred on mankind.

Sugar, too, was so expensive that it found but little place on the tables of the poor. It came originally from India, from Egypt, or the Islands of the Mediterranean, and later from the French Colonies in the Caribbean. In fact, at one time there was a great outcry in Paris because the inhabitants of Santo Domingo proposed to refine their own sugar and send it to Paris in its refined form. The French felt that that was one of their privileges they did not want to have taken away from them; and it was not until the invention of beet sugar that it was possible for the populace to use it freely. In the days of Louis XV sugar cost sixty to eighty francs a pound. In the days of Louis XVI it had fallen to five francs a pound, but in the time of the Napoleonic Wars it rose, owing to the blockade, to double that amount.

The process of making sugar from beets has, however, cut the cost of sugar to a fraction of the earlier amount.

The price of salt has pursued a similar course. In the time of Richelieu, the salt tax or the *gabelle* was so heavy that it cost three francs a kilogram, whereas today, though still a Government monopoly, the cost per kilogram is only one-tenth of that.

Spices — pepper — ginger — nutmeg —also were extremely costly. When Mons de la Tremoilles gave a large dinner, though the meat bill was only twelve hundred francs, it cost him eight hundred francs for the spices. I might add as a footnote that the plate and the dishes of silver for the occasion weighed about seventy-five pounds.

The Dutch were the great importers of spices from the East into Europe, and in fact they had a monopoly; but so keen were the French to secure this trade that in the 17th century they sent two war vessels to Ceylon in order to capture some roots of spice-producing trees to plant in their own colonies. It almost precipitated a war.

Perfection of processes of distribution has made it possible for the parts of the world where there is scarcity to be promptly supplied from the parts of the world where there is plenty.

At the time when gold miners flocked some years ago, to the Yukon in the gold rush—and it must be remembered they were civilized men—they found themselves isolated in the valley during the winter with insufficient food. One of them was asked afterwards what effect famine had on man. He said, "If man goes without food for one day, he will lie; if he goes without food for two days, he will steal; if he goes without food for three days, he will kill." This seems a bit exaggerated to those of us who are, according to the modern fashion, being put on a diet; but it, none-the-less, shows that man has continually before him the great struggle for subsistence, and that though everyone is working to produce in an orderly way, there is occasionally someone, like the locust in La Fontaine's fable, who sings all summer long and then tries to borrow from the industrious ant enough to carry him over the winter.

Food is better than ever today, it is cheaper, it is healthier. Think of the prodigious labor that has been required to bring about this wonder. Agriculture, the biggest trade in the world, had to be revolutionized. It required the inventions and research of Watts, of Stephenson, of Fulton, of Pasteur, of Liebig, to make the transportation and manipulation of food at its present scale possible.

It is of interest that man, through all this period when preoccupied by the question as to where his next meal was coming from, has kept his mind turned to ideas and ideals rather than to such material things as nourishment. The proportional amount of his wages that the working man needs to spend on food has become through the ages less and less, releasing more and more of his earnings to give him a greater leisure, but as Simeon Strunsky recently said, "It does not alas give him a leisure of repose and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reflection; it gives him leisure to enjoy speed, and to listen to machine-made noises."

No longer does the pater familias pray devoutly: "For what we are about to receive make us truly thankful"; he lives under a new rule, which says: "Don't worry about where your food is coming from—we'll have it waiting for you at the delicatessen store in neat, round packages."

a. Wedding breakfast of my grandmother & grandfather 100 years ago
b. Mme. Maine de Biran's letter to her sister in law about costs of living
c. Tallyrand and his cook Carême
d. The King of Saxony sells a Dresden dinner set for a regiment of infantry
e. Prince de Soubise's cook needs 50 hams.
f. Isaac asks Esau for venison
g. Mme. de Germini's soups not liked by the Venetians.

Your Obituary, Well Written

BY CONRAD AIKEN
Author of "Blue Voyage," etc.

A COUPLE of years ago I saw in the "agony column" of *The Times* a very curious advertisement. There are always curious things in that column—I have always been fascinated by that odd little company of forlorn people who so desperately and publicly wear their hearts on their sleeves for daws to peck at. Some of them appear there over and over again—the person who signs himself, or herself, "C.," for example: who regularly every three months or so inserts the message "*Tout passe, l'amitié reste.*" What singular and heartbreaking devotion does that brief legend convey? Does it ever reach the adored being for whom it is intended, I wonder? Does he ever see it, does he ever reply? Has he simply abandoned her? Were they sundered by some devastating tragedy which can never be healed? And will she go on till she dies, loosing these lovely flame-colored arrows into an utterly unresponsive void? . . .

I never tire of reflecting on these things; but the advertisement of which I have just spoken was of a different sort altogether. This was signed "Journalist," and merely said: "Your obituary? Well written, reviewed by yourself, and satisfaction thus insured." My first response to this oddity was mere amusement. How extraordinarily ingenious of this journalist! It seemed to me that he had perhaps found a gold-mine—I could well imagine that he would be inundated with orders for glowing eulogies. And what an astonishing method of making a living—by arranging flowers, as it were, for the about-to-be-dead! That again was fascinating—for it made me wonder what sort of bird this journalist might be. Something wrong with him, no doubt—a kind of sadist, a gloomy creature who perhaps revelled rather unhealthily in the mortuary; even, perhaps, a necrophile. Or was he, on the other hand, perfectly indifferent and detached about it, a mere hack-writer who had, by elimination, arrived at a rather clever idea? . . . But from these speculations I went on to others, and among them the question—to me a highly interesting one—of what, exactly, one would want put into one's own obituary. What would this be? Would one want just the usual sort of thing—the "he was born," "he lived in Rome," "he was a well-known connoisseur of the arts, and a patron of painting," "conspicuous in the diplomatic society of three countries," "a brilliant amateur archæologist," "died intestate" sort of thing? . . . Or would one prefer to have one's personal qualities touched on—with perhaps a kindly reference to one's unfailing generosity, one's warmth of heart, and one's extraordinary equableness of disposition? . . .

By neither alternative did it seem to me that my "satisfaction could be insured." Neither for those who knew me, nor for those who did not, could any such

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perfunctory *eulogium* be in the least evocative. In what respect would these be any better than the barest of tombstone engravings, with its "born" and "died" and "he was a devoted father"? Mrs. X. or Mr. Z., reading of me that I was an amateur archæologist and a kind old fellow, a retired diplomatic secretary, would form no picture of me, receive from such bare bones of statement not the faintest impression of what I might call the "essence" of my life: not the faintest. But if not these, what then? And it occurred to me suddenly that the best, and perhaps the only, way of leaving behind one a record of one's life which might be, for a world of strangers, revelatory, was that of relating some single episode of one's history: some single, and if possible central, episode in whose small prism all the colors and lights of one's soul might be seen. Seen just for a flash, and then gone. Apprehended, vividly, and then forgotten—if one ever *does* forget such things. And from this, I proceeded to a speculation as to just which one, of all the innumerable events of a well-filled life, I would choose as revelatory. My meeting with my wife at a ball in Calcutta, for example? Some incident of our unhappy life together—perhaps our quarrel in Venice, at the Lido? The effect of her suicide upon me, her drowning in the Mediterranean—the news of which came to me, while I was dining at the Reform Club, from the P. & O. Company? . . . I considered all of these, only to reject them. Possibly I rejected them—to some extent, anyway—simply because they were essentially painful. I don't know. Anyway, whatever the reasons, I did reject them, and at last found myself contemplating my odd little adventure with Reine Wilson, the novelist. Just why I fastened upon this, it would be hard to say. It was not an adventure at all: it was hardly even an episode. It was really nothing but the barest of encounters, as I see it now, or as any *third* person would see it. If I compare it with my protracted love-affair with Mrs. M., for example, or even with my very brief infatuation with Hilda K., it appears to be a mere nothing, a mere fragrance.

A mere fragrance! . . . Yes, it was that; and it is for that reason, I see now, that it is so precious to me. Volatile and swift as it was, it somehow caught into itself all the scanty poetry of my life. If I may be pardoned for appearing a little bit "romantic" about myself, I might say that it was as if I were a tree, and had, in this one instance, put forth a single blossom, a blossom of unique beauty, perhaps a sort of "sport," which, unlike my other blossoms, bore no fruit, but excelled all the others in beauty and sweetness. That sounds, in the prosaic statement, rather affected, I am afraid; but it is as nearly a literal statement of the truth as I can find.

It happened when I was a young man, about four years after I had married. I was already unhappy and restless. I wasn't wholly aware of this—I had, at all events, no conscious desire, as yet, to go in search of adventure. All the same, it is obvious to me now that I was, *unconsciously*, in search of some sort of escape or excitement. I went about a good deal—and I went about alone. My own tastes being mildly literary, and my wife's not, I made rather a specialty of literary teas and "squashes," and had soon made a considerable number of acquaintances among the younger writers who lived in London at that time. Among these was a group of young folk who ran a small monthly magazine called *The Banner*—a magazine which, like many other such things, ran a brilliant but sporadic course for a year or two and then went bankrupt. My friend Estlin first told me about this, and called my attention to the work of Reine Wilson, whose first novel was coming out serially in *The Banner*, and whose husband was assistant-editor of it. I read the first two chapters of "Scherzo," and I was simply transported by it. It seemed to me the most exquisite prose I had ever read—extraordinarily alive, extraordinarily poetic, and exquisitely feminine. It was the prose of a woman who was, as it were, all sensibility—of a soul that was all a tremulous awareness. Could one have—I asked Estlin—so ethereally delicate a consciousness, a consciousness so easily wounded, and *live?* And he horrified me by replying "No," and by telling me that Reine Wilson was—to all intents—dying. She had a bad heart, and had been definitely "given up." She might die at any min-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ute. And she ought, by rights, to be dead already.

This shocked me, and also made me very curious; and when Estlin asked me, one day, to come to lunch with himself and the Wilsons, I needed no urging. We were to meet them at a little French place in Wardour Street—long since gone, I regret to say—and on our way thither we stopped at a pub for a glass of sherry. It was there that, by way of preface to the encounter, Estlin told me that there was something "queer" in the Wilson situation.

"Queer?" I said.

"Yes, queer. Nobody can make it out. You see, they lived together before they married—when they were both writing for *The Times*. For about three years. But then, all of a sudden, they married: and the minute they were properly married—presto!—they separated. She took a flat in Hampstead—and he took one in Bloomsbury. Once a week, they held a reception together at her flat—and they still do. But so far as any one knows, they've never lived together from that day to this. He doesn't seem to be in love with any one else—and neither does she. They are perfectly friendly—even affectionate. But they live apart. And she always refers to him simply as 'Wilson.' She even *calls* him Wilson. Damned funny."

I agreed with him, and I pondered. Was it—I asked—because she had a bad heart? too much of a strain for her? . . . Estlin thought not; though he wasn't sure. He even thought that the bad heart had developed *after* the separation. He shook his head over it, and said "Rum!" and we went to meet them. He added, inconsequentially, that he thought she would like me.

She did like me—and I liked her. At first sight. I find it difficult to describe the impression she made upon me—I think I was first struck by the astonishing frailty of her appearance, an otherworld fragility, almost a *transparent* spiritual quality, as if she were already a disembodied soul. She was seated at a small table, behind a pot of ferns, which half concealed her face. Her brown eyes, under a straight bang of black hair, were round as a doll's, and as intense.

"Isn't it like meeting in a *jungle?*" she said. She made the tiniest of gestures toward the fern; and I was struck by the restraint with which she did this, and by the odd way in which her voice, though pitched very low, and very carefully controlled, nevertheless contrived to reveal a burning intensity of spirit such as I have never elsewhere encountered. There was something gingerly about her self-control: and also something profoundly terrifying. It seemed to me that I had never met any one whose hold on life was so terribly *conscious*. It was as if she held it—this small, burning jewel—quite literally in her hands; as if she felt that at any instant it might escape her; or as if she felt that, if it didn't escape, it might, if not firmly held, simply burn itself away in its own sheer aliveness. And to sit with her, to watch the intense restraint of all her gestures and expressions, and above all to listen to the feverish controlledness with which she spoke, was at once to share in this curious attitude toward life. Insensibly, one became an invalid. One felt that the flame of life was burning low—and burning low for *every one*—but burning with all the more beauty and pure excellence for that; and one entered into a strange and secret conspiracy to guard that precious flame with all one's power.

II

I HAD little opportunity, during that luncheon-party, for any "private" talk with Reine: the conversation was general. Not only that, but it was, as was to be expected, pretty literary, and I, perforce, took an inconspicuous part in it. Wilson struck me as a rather opinionated person, rather loud-voiced, rather sprawling, and I felt myself somewhat affronted by the excessiveness of his "Oxford manner." In fact, I disliked him, and thought him rather a fool. How on earth—I wondered—had he managed to attract so exquisite a creature as his wife? What on earth had she seen in him? . . . For there was something coarse in him, and also, I felt sure, something dishonest. He seemed to me hypocritical. He seemed to me to be merely *posing* as a literary man. And I thought that his loud enthusiasms were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the effort of the insincere to make an impression, to carry conviction. Was it possible that Reine didn't see through this? Or was it possible—and this idea really excited me—that she *did* see through him, and that it was for this reason that they had separated? . . .

I found myself setting myself in a kind of opposition to him: not by anything so obvious as contradiction, but, simply, by being very quiet. I quite definitely exaggerated my usual quietness and restraint of speech, endeavoring at the same time to make it very pungent and concise; simply because I felt that this was what she wanted and needed. And she rewarded me by being, in our few interchanges, extraordinarily nice to me. I remember, when Wilson had been declaiming against the enormous emptiness of Henry James, and his total lack of human significance, that I waited for a pause and then said, very gently, that I could not agree: that James seemed to me the most consummate analyst of the influence of character upon character, particularly in situations of a profound moral obliquity, that there had ever been. Reine looked at me, on this, as if I had been a kind of revelation to her: her eyes positively brimmed with light and joy.

"*Isn't* he?" she whispered. She leaned forward, intently, with her small pointed chin resting upon her clasped hands; and then added: "No one else—*no* one—has made such beauty, and such *intricate* beauty, out of the iridescence of moral decay!" . . .

I don't remember what I said in reply to this—I am not sure that I said anything; but I do remember that I felt, at this moment, as if an accolade had been bestowed upon me. It was as if, abruptly, Reine and I were alone together—as if her husband, "Wilson," and my friend young Estlin, had somehow evaporated. I think I blushed; for I was conscious that suddenly she was looking at me in an extraordinarily penetrating way—appraisingly, but also with unmistakable delight. We had discovered a bond—or *she* had discovered one—and we were going to be friends. Obviously. A subtle something-or-other at once took place between us, and it was as much "settled" as if we had said it in so many words. And when we got up to separate, after the lunch, it was almost as a matter of course that she invited me to come to tea with her on the following Sunday. She was, in fact, deliciously firm about it—as if she were determined to stand no nonsense. It was to me she turned and not to Estlin (Estlin was much amused), and it was to me she first put out her hand.

"You *will* come to tea, won't you? Next Sunday? And bring Mr. Estlin with you? . . ."

I murmured that I would be delighted—we smiled—and then, taking Wilson's arm for support (my heart ached when I saw this) she turned and went slowly out through the glass doors to Wardour Street.

Estlin was smiling to himself, and shaking his head.

"You're a terrible fellow," he said—"a terrible fellow!"

"Me?" I said. "Why?"

I knew perfectly well why, of course—but it pleased me to have Estlin say that I had made an unusual impression on Reine Wilson.

"And you may not know it," he added, "but she's damned hard to please. *Damned* hard to please. In fact, a good deal of an intellectual snob, and excessively cruel to those she dislikes. You just wait! . . . If she catches you admiring the wrong thing——!"

I laughed, a little discomfited—for I had already foreseen for myself that possibility. How could I, an amateur, keep it up? It was all very well to make one lucky shot about Henry James—but sooner or later I was bound to give myself away as, simply, not of her kin. . . . Or *was* I? . . . For I admit I was vain enough to hope that I might really be enough of a person, fine and rich and subtle enough, to attract her. How much was I presuming in hoping this? She had liked me—she had been excited by that remark—we had certainly *met* each other in a rather extraordinary way, of which she had shown herself to be thrillingly conscious. And I was myself, I must confess, very much excited by all this. She was, in every respect, the most remarkable woman I had ever met. I do not know how to explain this—for it was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not that she had *said*, at lunch, anything especially remarkable: it was, rather, what she *was*, and *how* she said things. Her burning intensity of spirit, the sheer naked honesty with which she felt things, and the wonderful and terrible way in which she could appear so vividly and joyfully, and yet so precariously, alive—all this, together with her charming small oddity of appearance, the doll-like seriousness of face and doll-like eyes, combined to make a picture which was not merely enchanting. It was, for me, terribly disturbing. I was going to fall in love with her—and I was going to fall hard and deep.

Going to. I use the phrase advisedly. For there is always, in these affairs, a point at which one can say that one is *going* to fall in love, but has not yet done so: a point at which one feels the powerful and seductive fascination of this other personality, feels drawn to it almost irresistibly, and knows that *unless* one resists one is going to be enslaved. Nevertheless, it *is*, at this point, still possible to resist. One can turn one's back on the Siren, turn one's ship away from Circe's Isle, sail away—if one only has a little courage and good sense. Good sense? No. *That* phrase, I am afraid, has crept down to me from the Victorians. What I would prefer to call it now, in my own case, is cowardice. Or, if you like, caution. Or again, respect for the conventions. For I am sure that is what it was. . . . During the five days which intervened between the luncheon-party and my engagement for tea, I did a lot of thinking about this. I knew perfectly well that if I were to let myself go, I could fall in love. But did I want to fall in love? And suppose I did. Quite apart from my own domestic complications—and the situation with my wife was already quite sufficiently unpleasant—what good would it do me? For I was desperately, horribly, miserably sure of one thing and one thing only: that Reine Wilson would not fall in love with me. Or if she did, that she would fall out again in double-quick time. And there, hung up for the crows to peck at, I would be. . . .

I thought about this—and thought and thought. But I didn't—as the hours crept toward Sunday—find any solution. Of course, I would go to tea—there was no question about that. So much rope I would grant myself, and no more. No harm could come of that—or at any rate, no greater harm than was done already. One is ingenious, when one is falling in love, at finding good excuses for meetings with one's beloved. Yes, I would go to tea—and *then* I would make up my mind as to the future. A good deal would depend on what happened at tea. If I should disgrace myself—if she were to find me out—or, as was only too likely, if she simply found me uninteresting, a nice young fellow, no doubt, with an idea or two, but not at all on *The Banner* level—well, that would be the end of it. But if, on the other hand, our mutual attraction should deepen—if, somehow, by hook or by crook, I should manage to keep up the deception—or even, actually, to prove a sufficient match for her—what then? . . . What would happen to us? . . . What about my wife? . . . What about that detestable "Wilson"? . . . And, above all, what about her bad heart? . . .

III

THE new number of *The Banner* came out on Saturday, and it contained of course another instalment of "Scherzo." I read this—and it seemed to me even more delightful and more obviously a work of first-rate genius, than the chapters which had gone before. It was in this instalment that the description of the picnic occurred. This entranced me. Never, it seemed to me, had an *al fresco* party been so beautifully done in prose. The gaiety, the coltish rompings of the young girls, that marvellously described wood, and the cries of the children in it, playing hide-and-seek—the solemn conversation of the two little boys who had discovered a dead vole, and were wondering how most magnificently to dispose of it—the arrival of Grandma Celia with the basket—and above all, Underhill's dream. It seemed to me a stroke of the finest genius to have poor Underhill, at that crisis of his life, dragged into such a party—frisked about, romped over, made to tell stories and to light fires; and then, when he sneaked away and found a clearing in the gorse and slept, having that marvellous dream—! The dream was so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vivid and so terrifying that I felt as if I had dreamt it myself. It was I who had been in that cottage during the thunder-storm—it was I who tried vainly to shut the rattling windows and doors against the torrents of rain and hail, hoping to protect those mysterious "other people"—and it was I who finally, disheartened, despairing, had set out to climb the black mountain valley toward the storm. And the description of that Alpine valley, with its swishing pines and firs, and the terrible white cloud which hung at the upper end of it! My blood froze as I moved toward that cloud and saw the death-lightning which shot from it unceasingly. It hung there portentously: like death itself. And I, who had at first moved toward it as if voluntarily, now felt myself being drawn off the ground and into the air—I floated at first a foot or two off the path and then a little higher—I was on a level with the tops of the trees, and every second drawing nearer to the dense white cloud—I could see, at last, that it was a magnificent cold arch of greenish ice, impenetrable and hostile—its cold vapor blew upon me—and then came a final flash and I knew that I was already dead. . . . It was superb, it was annihilating. And only the most daring of genius would have presumed to expand a mere dream, in the midst of a realistic narrative, to such proportions, and to concentrate in it all the agony and tragedy of a torn soul.

I was still in a fever of excitement about this when I was shown into Reine Wilson's sitting-room by a young woman who seemed to combine the functions of housekeeper and trained-nurse. Reine rose to greet me, rose slowly and weakly and with conscious effort, and then, having given me her hand, was assisted by the young woman to her chair by the tea-table. The young woman brought in the tea-pot and the hot scones, and then withdrew. I had seated myself on a couch by the open window. A double-red thorn-tree was in blossom in the small garden, and its fragrance filled the room.

"I've just been reading—" I said—in a voice that I am afraid shook a little—"your new instalment of 'Scherzo.' I think it's perfectly entrancing."

Reine looked at me, I thought, with a trace of hostility—I was certain that my approach had been too blunt.

"Oh, *do* you?" she said. And then immediately added, with a kind of careful lightness: "One lump or two, Mr. Grant? . . . Is this too weak for you?"

I stood up and moved to the tea-table for my cup of tea, and for the hot scone which she offered me; and suddenly I felt horribly shy. I had ruined myself at the outset—I had rushed in too fast and too far. I ought to have known better. I ought to have known that I must leave the lead to her, and follow up the controlled reticence of manner with which I had made such a success at the luncheon-party. A violent outbreak like that—! With a creature so exquisitely sensitive! —I felt clumsy and coarse and miserably ashamed. And I sank onto the couch again very much humiliated and very conscious of my hands and feet.

But Reine, to my astonishment, had mercy on me.

"I'm *so* glad you liked it!" she said. And she said it with such an air of relief, and with a voice so rich in delight, that I felt a shock of returning confidence as vivid and intense as, a moment since, its departure had been. And I had an instant and heavenly conviction that I could now throw all caution to the winds. She looked at me with wide-open eyes—it was almost as if she looked at me with wide-open soul. We had, abruptly, "met" again: and we had met more intimately than before. It was strange, at that moment, how everything seemed to be conspiring to make this mutual recognition complete: the long room lined with bookcases; the high mantel of cream-colored wood and the pale Dutch tiles which surrounded the fireplace; the worn Khelim rug which stretched between us, and the open window, which it seemed not improbable that the thorn-tree itself had opened, in order that its fragrance and the London spring might come in to us—all these details were vividly and conspiratorially present to me, as if they were indeed a part of the exquisite mingling of our personalities at that poised instant of time. Was not I myself this room, this rug, that mantel, the tea-table spread with tea-things, and the inquisitive thorn-tree? Was not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I myself Reine Wilson, entertaining a strange young man in whom I felt a subtle and bewildering and intoxicating attraction? Destiny was in this—æons of patient evolution and change, wars and disasters and ages of darkness, the sandlike siftings of laws and stars, had all worked for the fulfilment of this ultimate minute, this perfect flowering of two meeting minds. I could not be mistaken in my belief that it was the same for her as for me. With the deep tremor in my own soul, I could feel the tremor in hers. If it were not true, she could not possibly be holding her teacup as she did, or frowning slightly as she did, or withholding, as she deliciously did, the smile of delighted confession which I knew she was near to giving me.

"You know—" I then added—"I think that dream is marvellous—simply marvellous."

"*Do* you!" she cried. "But how lovely! You *really* liked it? You didn't think there was too much of it? . . ."

She leaned toward me with the eagerness of a schoolgirl, her eyes wide with intensity.

"Too much of it! Heavens no. I was never so enthralled by anything in my life."

"But do you *mean* it? . . . Why, you know, Wilson wanted me to 'cut' it. He said it was far, far too long. And everybody on *The Banner* has said so. . . . But *you* think it's all right? . . ."

"It's much more than all right. It couldn't possibly be anything but what it is. It seems to me to be the very *soul* of the thing—the centre and source of light. It *had* to be that, hadn't it? . . . I mean, a glowing symbol for the whole thing. For Underhill's Gethsemane. . . ."

She looked at me, after this, for a long moment, and then she drew in her breath very slowly and deeply, subtly relaxing.

"Heavens!" she said—"you *are* a miracle."

"Am I?"

"You know you are. I hadn't *dared* to suppose that any one would see what I intended by that. Or would like it, even if they did. . . . Isn't it extraordinary!"

She gave an odd light little laugh, not without a trace of bitterness, and then, with a smile still charmingly lighting her small face, gazed downward abstractedly at the Khelim rug. I knew what she meant by "extraordinary"—she meant that it was extraordinary that two minds should find each other as swiftly and easily as ours did. I knew also that she would not want the strangeness of this, and its beauty, too explicitly noted. For that would be to spoil it.

"Yes," I sighed, "it is. . . . Can I steal another scone?"

"Do! . . . Have one of the underneath ones—they're hotter!"

I took one, and returned to the couch. The room had suddenly darkened—it had clouded up—and a momentary patter of drops on the leaves of the thorn-tree sounded in the silence, as if it were inside the room.

"Rain!" I said. . . . "I love it! Don't you?"

"You mean the sound of it? . . ."

"No—everything. The sound, yes, but also the light—rain has always had for me, ever since I can remember, a special sort of *magic*. On rainy days I experience a special kind of delicious melancholy—a melancholy that is happy, if that means anything to you. I brood, my imagination is set free, I am restless and depressed, and yet at the same time it is as if something inside me wanted to sing. . . . Don't I sound like a sentimental idiot?"

"Oh!" she said, "how *nice* of you!"

She rose, very gingerly, and coming to the end of the couch rested her two hands on the blue-canvas arm, one hand on top of the other. As she looked out through the window at the thorn-tree, watching the small leaves courtsey and genuflect to the raindrops, and then spring up again released, I felt as if I were going to tremble. I found myself thinking about her heart again—she looked so astonishingly frail. How could so frail a body, a body so ethereally and transparently slight, contain a spirit so vivid? One felt that with the slightest flutter the bright bird might escape and be gone.

"Yes," she said, in almost a whisper, as if to herself, "it is beautiful . . . beautiful. It does make one want to sing. And how the thrushes adore it!"

"I remember—" I said—"how once,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when I was a small boy, I went bathing in the sea on a darkish day. While I was swimming, it began to rain. I was at first astonished—almost frightened. The water was smooth—there was no sound of waves—and all about me arose a delicate and delicious *seething*, the low sound of raindrops on the sea. It was a ghostly and whispering sound—there was something sinister in it, and also something divinely soothing. I lay on my back and floated, letting the drops fall on my face while I looked up at the clouds—and then I swam very softly, so as to be able to listen. I don't believe I was ever happier in my life. It was as if I had gone into another world. . . . And then, when I went ashore, I remember how I *ran* to the bathing-hut, for fear of getting wet! . . ."

"Of course!" she cried. "Of course you would! . . ."

She sank down on the couch, facing me. And then she went on:

"You've given me back something I had forgotten. . . . It must have been when I was eleven or twelve. It was raining very hard—it was pouring—and when I went down to the library to practise at the piano the room was dark, with that kind of morning darkness that engulfs one. The French windows were open onto the garden, but the curtains hung perfectly still, for there was no wind, no current of air. One of those heavy, straight rains, on a quiet day—a rain as solid and serried as rain in a Japanese print. . . . I went into the room and closed the door behind me—and it seemed to me, so massive and insistent was the sound of the rain from the garden, with all its multitudinous patter and spatter, that the room itself was full of rain. The sounds were the sound of water, the light was the light of water—it was as if I were a fish in a darkened aquarium. I stood still for a long while, just drinking it in and staring out at the drenched garden, where all the trees and shrubs were bowed down under the unrelenting downpour. Not long before, I had seen somewhere some photographs greatly enlarged, of raindrops falling into water: and now, as I went to the open French windows, I watched the large bright eave-drops splashing into the puddles on the brick terrace, and I was enchanted to see that *my* drops were exactly like those. They made the most exquisite little silvery water-spouts and umbrellas and toadstools, and all with such a heavenly clucking and chuckling and chirruping. The bubbles winked and were gone—is there anything so evanescent as a rain-bubble?—and other bubbles came, sliding a fraction of an inch to right or left before they burst. . . . I had a strange feeling, then, as I turned to go to the piano—I felt as if I belonged to the rain, or as if I were the rain itself. I had a sensation in my throat that was like sadness, but was also ecstatic—something like your desire to sing. I looked at the glossy black grand piano—and that too had a watery look, like a dark pool gleaming under a heavy overhang of foliage. And when I sat down on the cool piano-stool, and touched timidly my fingers to the keys, the keys too were cold, and it was as if I were dipping my hands into the clearest of rain-water. . . . Is it any wonder that the music sounded to me like the drops pattering and spattering in the garden? I was delighted to the point of obsession with this idea. I played a little sonata through three times, luxuriating in its arpeggios and runs, which I took pianissimo, and feeling as if I were helping the rain to rain. . . . Good heavens! If I had only known the Handel Water-Music Suite! The illusion would have been perfect. . . ."

"It's so perfect for me," I said, "that I am tempted to look at your hands to see if they are still wet."

We smiled at each other, then, our eyes meeting with a shyness that was not altogether a shyness; and after a moment, by a common impulse, turned to look out at the red-blossomed tree, from which arose a soft irregular patter. We were silent for a long while. In fact, I think we sat there in complete silence till the nurse-companion came back again for the tea-things; and I remember noticing everything, every minutest detail, in the small brick-walled garden. A laburnum-tree at the farther end with long pendulous blossoms, of so bright a yellow that it gave one the illusion of sunlight against the dark wall. And a row of lupins along a flagged path, with a bright eye of water

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in every one of the dark hand-shaped leaves. . . . These things are still vivid in my memory. But what we said to each other after that I cannot recall. I don't think we said very much. We felt, I think, that we had already said all that was essential. I do remember Reine's saying that "Wilson" had gone off somewhere to play cricket: and also she said something about a dismal female tea-party to which she had gone in Earl's Court the day before. But that, I think, was all; and not long afterward I rose and came away.

IV

I NEVER saw her again. In the first place, I funked it—I was afraid that I couldn't keep it up. The thing was so exquisite as it stood, so perfect—and besides, what could I do? It seemed to me that almost anything after that, would be an anticlimax. If I were to go again, there might be some one else there—we should have to be stiff and distant with each other—or we wouldn't be able to talk to each other at all. Wilson might be there, with his loud fake enthusiasms and his horrible Oxford manner and his sprawling tweed legs. . . .

At bottom, however, it was a kind of terror that kept me away. I was in love with her, and I had more than a hope that she was very nearly in love with me. But hadn't we already had the finest of it? The thing, as it stood, was all bloom and fragrance; and mightn't it be only too appallingly easy by some unguarded shaking of the tree, to destroy the whole rare miracle? . . . Wouldn't I—to use a less poetic image—let the cat out of the bag, if I were to go again? And then there was her bad heart, and the fact that we were both, alas, married. The complications and miseries, if we *did* allow the meeting to go further, might well be fatal to both of us.

Even so, I am not sure that I wouldn't have gone, had not fate in the guise of the Foreign Office intervened. I was sent, only a few weeks later, to Rome, where my duties kept me for a year and a half. It was while I was there that "Scherzo" came out in book-form. Estlin sent me a copy—and I at once sat down and wrote a letter to Reine, a brief one, telling her again of the incomparable delight it gave me. It was a month or more before I heard from her—and then came a short note from Seville. It was rather cool, rather cryptic, distinctly guarded. She thanked me formally, she was glad I liked the dream so much, she felt, as I did, that the ending was perhaps a shade "tricky," of a "surprise" sort which didn't quite "go" with the tone of the rest. That was all. But there was also a postscript at the bottom of the page, which seemed to me to be in a handwriting a little less controlled—as if she had hesitated about adding it, and had then, impulsively, dashed it in at the last minute. This was simply: "I always think of you as the man who loves rain." . . . That was all.

It was only a few weeks after this, when, opening *The Times* in a small café in the Via Tritoni, I was shocked to see her name in the column of death announcements. "Suddenly, at Paris, on the 18th of March." . . . Suddenly, at Paris, on the 18th of March! . . . I sat and stared stupidly at the announcement, leaving untouched on the little table before me my *granita di cafe con pana*. . . . Reine Wilson was dead—Reine was dead. That little girl who had stood in the dark room by the French windows, her sleeve brushing the stirless curtains, watching the rain—who had dipped her hands through the clearest rain-water to the white piano keys—and seen the little umbrellas of silver—was dead. I got up and walked out blindly into the bright street. Without knowing how I got there, I found myself presently in the Borghese Gardens. There was a little pond, in which a great number of ducks were sailing to and fro, gabbling and quacking, and children were throwing bread into the water. I sat down on a bench under a Judas-tree—it was in blossom, and the path under it was littered with purple. An Italian mother slapped the hand of her small boy who was crying, and said harshly "*Piangi!* . . . *Piangi!* . . ." Cry! Cry! . . . And I too felt like weeping, but I shed no tears. Reine Wilson the novelist was still alive; but Reine Wilson the dark-haired little girl with whom I had fallen in love was dead, and it seemed to me that I too was dead.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dusting

BY JOHN McINTYRE
Author of "Slag"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD SHENTON

THE long curtains were drawn back to let the light into the parlor, and the windows were open a little way. Mrs. Solz was dusting. She had a girl who did the lodgers' rooms and things like that, but she always attended to the front room herself. For that had to look like something when new people came; the house had to seem as if it was well kept.

She was doing the mantel; she'd always liked that mantel; it was of black, shining stone, with some fine scrolled lines all through it filled with gilt. Well-to-do people had built the house, and they'd had good taste. Mrs. Solz liked things that had dignity. On the mantel was a glass globe, covering a stuffed canary; that was Freddie! He sat there on the little twig just like he used to do when she was a girl and they lived in Sanders Street. He had a gilt cage then, and they'd hung it in the window and he'd sing beautiful when the sun came in. Except that his feathers weren't so good, he looked just the same as he did then; and if she didn't know his eyes were glass, she'd say they were looking right at her the way they used to do. Her mother loved Freddie; it's wonderful the way you get to care for things! She'd sit and talk to him so, you'd think he was a person; she'd feed him bits of things and he'd hold his head sidewise and chirp. And she used to talk German to him sometimes, and, honest to God, you'd think he understood it.

They always hung his cage in the front window; it was awful nice for him there; he liked it and would hop around and drink his water and pick at his seed. But Mr. Ott, who lived across the street, would blow the trombone on Sunday morning. He was practising; his wife said it was the only time he had. If it was summer and the windows were open, Freddie got awful worked up. He'd flap his wings and carry on. Sometimes they had to take him out into the kitchen, just to get his mind off it.

A man outside was calling for old bottles and metals; he had a pleading note in his voice that always seemed pitiful to Mrs. Solz; but she hoped he wouldn't stop and poke among the rubbish-cans at the curb, because that made a dust, and it came in the windows. She looked out to make sure, but he passed on, limping and desolate, without disturbing anything. The shabby trees were beginning to bud in the square; the sun was warm, and the groups of greasy, wan-looking people were talking on the benches. Men were digging in the flower-beds, getting the ground ready.

She put the little globe, with the canary inside, in its place on the mantel. Her father had never cared for Freddie; not from the first time it'd been brought into the house. He'd never speak to it except times when he was drunk, and then he'd stand by the cage and cry. Her father had been a peculiar man. He was a cracker baker, but he'd always wanted to be a salesman. He'd been the kind of man that always wanted to go places. He loved it. Days when he wasn't working he'd go down to the station and stand looking at the big trains that were ready to start West. He liked to see the porters carrying bags, and the trucks with the trunks on them; and he liked to stand near where the man punched the tickets and hear what people'd say. Those were the days he'd get drunk. He'd always come home and cry. He had to stay in a basement baking crackers when he ought to be sitting at a window in a Pullman car looking at towns he'd often

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heard of, but never been in. That's when he'd talk to Freddie. Canaries came from mountain places, and he'd talk about that. A couple of times he'd tried to get the cage door open to let Freddie fly away. But her mother wouldn't let him.

II

Mrs. Solz had kept this house for a long time; it was handy to the burlesque theatres, and people who had no objections to sharing the bath with a few others were comfortable there. It was a big house; it had high ceilings and wide stairs with carved rails; the floors were wonderful. But there was an old-fashioned chandelier in the parlor. It had gas-burners and glass pendants and round, frosted globes. Mrs. Solz had never liked it. It hung down from the centre of the ceiling, and was always dusty and hard to clean. And the gas leaked out in little places and smelled so, and people coming to rent rooms noticed it. They liked electric lights, and when they saw the house wasn't improved that way, they often lost interest. They didn't even want to see the rooms.

Canaries came from mountain places, and he'd talk about that.

Mrs. Solz stood on a chair and worked at the chandelier. She hadn't ever cared for gas, even when she was a girl going to school. But her mother wouldn't let her say anything against it. Her mother had been raised in the country. It must have been a cold, lonely place, with nobody for miles around; and they didn't have anything but candles, or a little tin oil-lamp, and their rooms were dark, and they couldn't bear to sit up in them; so they'd all go to bed early, and not have any chance to talk or sew, or do anything they wanted to. So, when she came to the city, she thought gas was wonderful. When she got to live in a house with lots of light in it, she was that pleased she didn't know what to do. She'd light all the jets in the rooms and halls and then she'd walk through the whole place. She said it was like being rich, and it made her mind peaceful. At night she'd wear all her rings and sit under the chandelier in the parlor and sew. The light made the gold shine, and the settings were beautiful. She'd stitch and stitch and keep on watching her hands. It was lovely to see her. Nobody ever got as much pleasure out of anything as she did out of that.

And when she died they put her coffin under the chandelier. Right straight under it, where the light would fall on her. The undertaker said it wasn't the right place, and that it was awkward for people who came in to see her as she lay there. But father wouldn't listen to him. He said that was the place she'd liked, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that was the place she was going to be. The flowers looked grand all around the casket, and she had a smile on her face.

III

Mrs. Solz always dreaded the big arm-chair when she was dusting. It was heavy, and the carved places held the dust and were hard to get into. It tried a body's patience. But it had been in her family for years, and she kept it for that. Besides, it did set the place off. It was the only piece in the room that had what you'd call a dignified look. If anybody came in to see about renting a room and turned up their nose at things, and you began to lose confidence, that chair always made you feel better. You could look at it or sit down in it and talk right back to them. It was a splendid chair. It had once belonged to a minister, and her father had bought it and fixed it up. The minister used to sit in it and write about God, and wonder how he could get people into his church. And it was the chair she used to stand on when she was a little girl and wanted to see things out of the window; her mother used to smack her for that—it made the upholstery dirty.

She'd just sit in the chair at the window and look out and think.—Page 547.

One of the reasons she kept the chair was because it was the one Cassy used to sit in after her trouble. Cassy was her sister. She was four years older than Mrs. Solz and two years older than her brother Albert. People had always said you could go a long way before you came across a nicer girl than Cassy. She was refined. She'd gone to grammar-school and she was good-looking. When she went out on a Sunday, or to a party, or anything, you'd notice people turning to see her. They'd whisper to each other and turn right around. Cassy always made her own clothes; even from the time she was little. She was the cleverest thing you ever saw, and quick! You could hardly keep track of her hands. That was how she came to get work with the dressmakers. And right away with the high-priced down-town ones! She had lovely taste, too. They got so in a little while they'd call her in when they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were fitting a gown. And the rich women got to know her. Honest to God, you never heard of such money as she made. They'd send her to New York to buy goods, and in another year they were going to send her to Europe. But it didn't spoil her. She was awful easy to get along with and ready with her money; and she was a great one for going to church regular, with a prayer-book in her hand; and she'd always know the minister's wife, and sometimes she'd have tea at their house, and they thought the world of her. She worked for three or four dressmakers; every time she left a place it was for higher pay. And it was one of their husbands that was the cause of her trouble.

It was an awful shock to her mother, and her father used to curse terrible; and everybody in the neighborhood talked and said things they shouldn't have said. Uncle Victor wanted the case taken into court; he said Cassy ought to get damages. But she wouldn't let it be done. After the child died, she came home again, but she was awful changed. You'd scarcely ever hear her speak a word. She didn't seem to be fit for anything at all. She'd just sit in the chair at the window and look out and think.

IV

Mrs. Solz rubbed the gilt frame of an oval mirror. That had belonged to Albert. He'd had it in his barber-shop. It had been a nice shop; it was on the avenue, and six men worked there, all in white coats. The place was as shiny and handsome as you'd want to see. Albert always worked at the first chair near the window; people'd look in as they went by and nod to him. He was awful well liked. And he was nice-looking and stylish. He had his clothes made by a tailor; he never cared for ready-made things; his shoes and hats and shirts were always the best you could get. And he liked a cane. Albert's hair was naturally curly and dark, and the way he had it combed and brushed would just make you crazy about him. And he had a nice social position. The people he associated with all had money. And they spent it, too. Some of his lady friends were wonderful! And all of them were high up. The father of one of them had a cab-stand at a railroad-station; another one was head waiter in a big place. Albert went into partnership once with a man who had slot-machines and who was a brother-in-law to a lady he knew, and the man was a scamp and done Albert out of a lot of money. It just went to show how you can meet the wrong kind even among people like that.

Albert liked life! He just loved to go around places; maybe because he looked so well and people made so much of him.

He was a great one for horse-racing.—Page 548.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And he was a great one for horse-racing. In the season of the year when that was going on, he'd start off every afternoon with a light coat over his arm, and with cigars, and his cane. And he was terrible smart. I've heard people say he had the very best judgment of any one they knew; he could always tell what horse was going to win. But Albert was naturally kind. He always liked to do what people asked, and if you were a friend of his he trusted you. And that's how his bad luck started. They sold out his shop for almost nothing. It was scandalous! Some of the most expensive things went for hardly anything. After that he must have got desperate. The kind of people he got in with were no good, and one time he was arrested and got five years. And when he got out, he went away. The last she'd heard of him he was in Chicago, working in a hotel kitchen. It was an awful shame; she'd always thought a lot of Albert, and he'd been so nice-looking!

Underneath the black on his face you could see he wasn't nice-looking any more.—Page 549.

V

THERE was a sea-shell on a rack in a corner; across its pink lip was lettered "Summer Greetings" in black. Aunt Fern had sent it to them a long time ago; the summer she'd had the cottage at the shore. Aunt Fern was a cousin to Mrs. Solz's father. Her people had been building-wreckers; they had great yards filled with second-hand doors and windows and timbers and iron girders and bricks, and God knows what money they had; it must have been an awful lot. Aunt Fern had a nice education, and sometimes she gave teas. She knew lots of people who were refined and well-to-do, and she had a big house, with a cook and two maids, and a man who came sometimes to see to the rubbish. She married Uncle Victor when she was thirty-eight; he was twenty-six. They never had any children. Every once in a while they'd go to Europe on a steamer; they'd travel in Germany and would send letters with foreign stamps on them, and would tell all about the things they saw. It was awful interesting. Aunt Fern could write a nice letter, and Uncle Victor would always put something funny on the last page. He was a great one for jokes. Sometimes when you'd visit them, he'd get you started laughing and you just couldn't stop. Once or twice when Mrs. Solz was a girl she'd gone to their place at the seashore; Aunt Fern liked to have the children come one at a time so's not to get the house upset. The sea-shell had come from there. Or maybe it was from another place they'd had at another time; Mrs. Solz wasn't sure. But, anyway, she remembered listening at the shell and hearing the sound of the waves awful plain; and they sounded like the ones at the place she'd been.

Then one time they found out Uncle Victor had another wife, and only about

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

six blocks away from where he and Aunt Fern lived. He was taken sick, and that's how it was found out. The other wife came to see him and brought her three children. Aunt Fern left him right away. She didn't wait a minute. Afterward she said maybe she wouldn't have done it if the other woman hadn't had the children. Only for that she might have forgiven him. Uncle Victor didn't get well. The other wife used to sit in the room with him and tell him how scandalous he'd acted, and the three children'd cry. Aunt Fern said most likely that's what done it. For Uncle Victor could never stand any one around him who was downhearted.

VI

Mrs. Solz took a fur robe from the sofa and shook it out at the window. It was an old robe; the hair was coming out of it, but she wouldn't think of throwing it away. It had once belonged to Emery Schaffer. Emery had been a great friend of hers; he'd always been very stylish, and had a lovely voice. His father'd kept a pawn-office, and had a lot of sporting trade. Emery had been one of the very first to have an automobile; that was when they were built up on high wheels and you couldn't go very far in them because there weren't many places you could get gas. Emery's father had wanted him to be a dentist, and spent a lot of money on him; but Emery was soft-hearted, and when people screamed, and their mouths were all bloody, he'd get white, and somebody else'd have to finish the work. After that they got him in a drug-store; but he didn't do so well at that, either. But he was a great one for singing; there wasn't a song came out he didn't know. His father wanted to put him back of the counter in the pawnshop, but his mother wouldn't let him. She wanted Emery to do something genteel. If he could only be some kind of a professor, or something, in a college; even if he could get to be a minister, that would do. But Emery was awful easy and nice; he just laughed and sang and didn't care much about anything. And at last he'd gone away with a minstrel company. He used to write for a while, and then she didn't hear anything of him for a long time. One winter the troupe he was with came to town; that was after she was married to Solz. She'd gone to see the performance. His voice was as lovely as

The print of Solz was faded. . . . She hated it. . . . She hated him.—Page 550.

ever; but underneath the black on his face you could see he wasn't nice-looking any more. And he'd got fat.

VII

Mrs. Solz shook the curtains so the dust wouldn't get in the room. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

street was run-down looking; but it was nice to be facing the square. When the trees were all green in the summer and the fountain was playing, you'd not want anything better. She liked to sit of an evening and look out; it rested her and made her feel better.

She dusted a small framed photograph that hung on the wall between the two windows. This was Solz. He'd been dead ten years. Sometimes when she was feeling discouraged, she couldn't look at his picture at all; she hated the sight of it. She didn't like to get thinking about him, for, you might say, he'd ruined her life. No matter what she wanted to do he'd be against it. He'd sit and shake his head. Maybe diabetes made people that way. He was white like wax, and any day he got a red paper it was terrible; she could hardly stand him.

She'd been ambitious; she wanted to get along; she'd always been that way. She'd tried to branch out, but she never could. Somebody always held her back. Before she was married it was her father, or her mother; afterward it was Solz. She'd been married to him six years. He'd a paper-bag business when she first knew him, but he sold it out because his health wasn't good. He got three thousand dollars for it. She saw right away what could be done with that much money, and so she married him. But it wasn't any use. You couldn't make him see anything. Honest to God! he was that narrow-minded she used to stand and look at him!

She didn't want to see the three thousand dollars lie in the bank. She wanted to use it; she wanted to make some more with it. She wanted to start a place. She didn't like to see it go, a penny at a time, and nothing to be got out of it. Invested in the right way three thousand dollars would have been a good start. She could have done a lot with it. But, you couldn't reason with Solz! He was selfish and didn't care about nobody but himself. When she talked about things, he wouldn't listen; he'd just look dumb. Even now, sometimes, when she wasn't doing anything else, she'd sit and think about the little place she'd had if he'd only been any kind of a person at all. It would have been just as refined as it could be. She'd explained that to Solz, carefully, and she'd told him he couldn't put his money into anything that'd pay him better. It would have been on a quiet street; she'd had a light in the window with a pink shade, and behind nice white curtains. And the reception-room would have been a place any gentleman'd been proud to be seen in. She'd have no rough class of people. She hated that kind.

It seemed to her it was always the people who don't care who get the chance to do anything. One time a friend of hers had a telephone switchboard in a hotel, and one of their big customers set her up in business. Her place was wonderful! That girl had everything money could buy. But she didn't have any talent. It was just terrible! that lovely place and her not knowing how to run it. And she never saved a cent. Afterward, she had a fight with her friend, and he got acquainted with some one else. The luck some people have! and they throw it away like dirt. If Mrs. Solz'd ever got a chance one-quarter as good as that, she'd have something to show for it. If things had turned out right, she'd had lace on the vestibule door. And she'd had a balustrade going up the stairs; that always gave a place a tone; and she'd had pictures, too, and a good rug in the hall.

She looked around. That would have to do. You could rub and dust your life away on the stuff in that parlor and never make it any better. She'd get the girl in with the sweeper, and that would finish it. The print of Solz, between the windows, was faded; he had small, dull eyes, and his mouth was shut tightly. She hated it! It made him look just as he'd looked on the days he'd got a red paper. And as she went out of the room she told herself she hated *him*. He'd always been stubborn and hard to deal with. She hated him now more than ever.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Monsieur."

Living Among the Modern Primitives

BY HELEN ALTON SAWYER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND JERRY FARNSWORTH

FROM the many confidently hopeful ones who go to Europe to produce there in the arts, very few bring anything home more concrete than new impressions, stimulation, and a genial widening of the point of view.

And why not? Paris is the darling centre of that world, where the cup of idleness is filled to the brim, and the nice art of conversation flourishes under café awnings. A stranger might pause near the Café du Dôme to consider what foreign race, so equipped to be interesting, sat here and breathed the soft afternoon air, until he realized that English was spoken at every table on the sidewalk.

Paris is all absorbing and forever interesting, and her life a charming lure, but though she is difficult to resist, one can ask oneself whether Paris is France, and how much true flavor of a foreign country one can absorb, when the medium of speech is largely English, and the daily contact, however delightful, is with Amer-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

icans and a few French who are used to Americans.

We decided, therefore, to seek that part of the country least known, and there learn something of France and the French from the inside. To get away from trains we drove from the English Channel to the Mediterranean, and then across Provence and the Basque to the coast, in a smooth little French car, the gears of which one had to shift often but which never failed us, even in crossing a corner of the high Alps in the deep snow of midwinter. We passed from highroads to smaller ones and discovered fascinating towns and country high in the fastnesses of the mountains and in the foothills of the Italian border. We had stopped off for several weeks at different towns to paint, but still everything was not perfect.

Somehow it is impossible to get the full flavor of a country by driving through, however slowly and expectantly. The very presence of an engine, to be listened to, cared for, and put up at night, dissociates one from the simplicity and sweetness of the countryside. Thus one journeys through Provence and is soon in the Basque, listening for knocks in the engine and thinking how much the car needs washing.

The country-folk crowd back as we pass through villages holding fête, and on the road the peasants going to market drive back their sheep and goats, and with frightened looks urge their bullock-carts to the side. The gypsies look at us askance and seldom fling up an arm in greeting, and the special attitude given to the one who drives through is not worth the comfort, or the opportunity to explore a thousand alluring roads.

In a small town in the interior of Auvergne we bought bicycles, and found the key to the sort of experience we were seeking. We became people instead of travellers to the folk we met; we could journey with all the quiet and ease of walking, and were in intimate contact with every foot of the way.

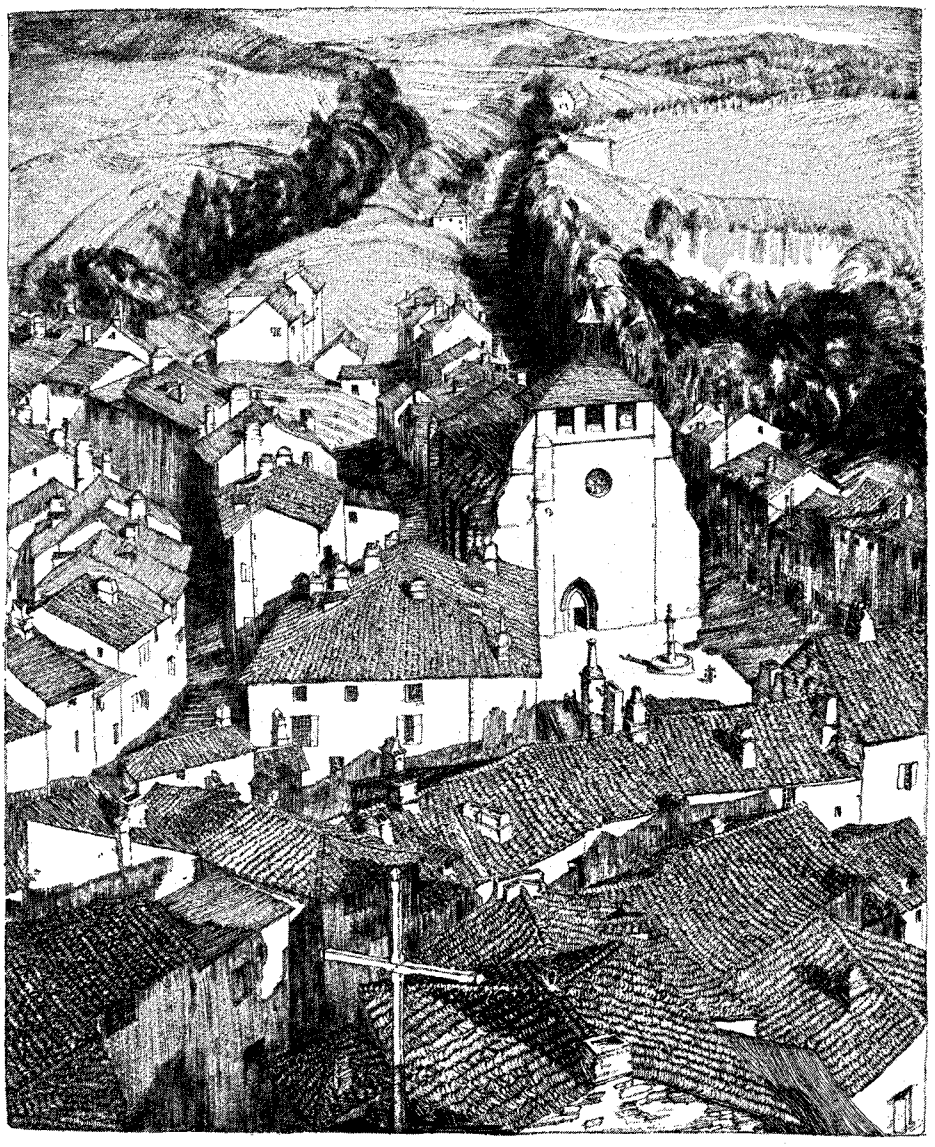
In a hidden village overhanging a river, which we discovered on a three-day gypsy trip, we found an old stone house on the edge of town and, taking it on the spot for four months, arranged to have our belongings brought over on wagon by the landlord, a gallant brown farmer and veteran of two wars.

Here we lived in utmost simplicity, cooking our meals in the enormous hearth over dried faggots, brought before dawn each morning by a mysterious woodcutter from the hills, and day by day growing more friendly with the townspeople, from the family of the château to the wheelwright and the woodcutter. No Americans had ever come to the town, and there were a hundred questions, long mulled over, to be answered. Did the United States have a king? And English was not the language of America, was it? They had not heard of prohibition, but were bewildered and inclined to mirth on that score. The peasants spoke a strange patois very like Spanish, and some of them had marked features and the bearing of Castillians. Here we lived outside the walls of an ancient castle, and spoke the language of daily life with the race as it flourishes in native simplicity, away from the great centres and the contact of travellers.

Our veteran of two wars was the greatest landholder in the valley, and his rolling acres were rich in grain-fields, gardens, and vineyards. The peasants all rose before dawn, and many who owned no land or only kitchen gardens worked our farmer's vineyards, in the endless routine of pruning, spraying, and tying, and cultivating that iron-like clay soil with primitive clod-breakers, and finally gathering in the harvest of pale and black grapes for the wine-press.

This family was the most marvellous example of concerted purpose, and their heavy duties were done with a light-hearted and casual air as if, after the ten-thousandth time of performance, they had never become drudgery, but still an amusement and delight. The old lady herself would call out a morning greeting as she passed our stone terrace on the way to the hills, and inquire if we wished to "follow the vines" with her. The whole family seemed convinced that they were overcharging us for the house, or else it was simply an overflowing generosity which made them do us a thousand kindnesses. In the early morning Jeanne brought us fresh flowers and artichokes, or new-laid eggs and a basket of golden

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lerocquebru.

cherries. Monsieur was always ready to put on his town clothes, with the silk neckerchief in a bow under his ear, and hitch the horse to take us to the fair, or madame to bring strawberries, laid on fig-leaves.

The peasants who had no cows considered themselves much poorer, and likewise the ones who had no goat, but only chickens; and the poorest one we saw was an aged crone who ushered her one hen abroad in the streets of the town to garner the scraps by the way. Those ancient women who forever watched their one black goat and endlessly knitted, lived in mediæval primitiveness. On holidays they fetched a rabbit from the hutch for stew, but during the week drank their soup for all three meals, with bread and goat's cheese.

One old neighbor owned a broken-arched goat, whose gait was that of an animal passing strange. Its back feet walked on the entire lower joint, which gave it the appearance of having long black feet clad in stockings. We inquired

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

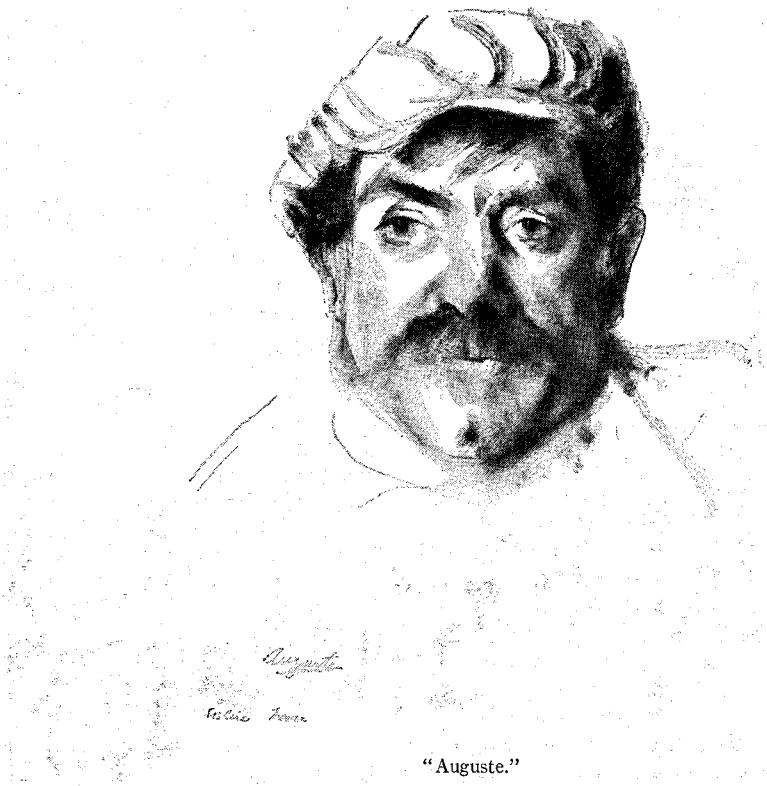
about this, and the old one vaguely said that it "got that way one winter in the barn." But she had found something one evening, and with a grunting and chuckling she climbed up our porch with a saucepan in her hand, and in it a baby porcupine, which she had found in the road. She dumped it on the floor, where it hid its face and closed up into a ball of sticks.

"Ça pique"—but, it is edible. A moment later she descended with the casserole, and by the light of a candle killed the little animal with a stick. That was the gens which carried heads on pikes, and hung the abbé in the tower on the rope which was no stronger than its weakest spot. May God preserve us from her baton!

But the peasants were not all of her kind, and we knew a hundred fine and kindly souls, generous and with discriminating minds, who expressed their thoughts with curious simplicity and power. The mistress of the château was a solid old lady who presided over many heavy teas, and gave always to the conversation a deeply lugubrious turn which, in memory, became hilariously droll.

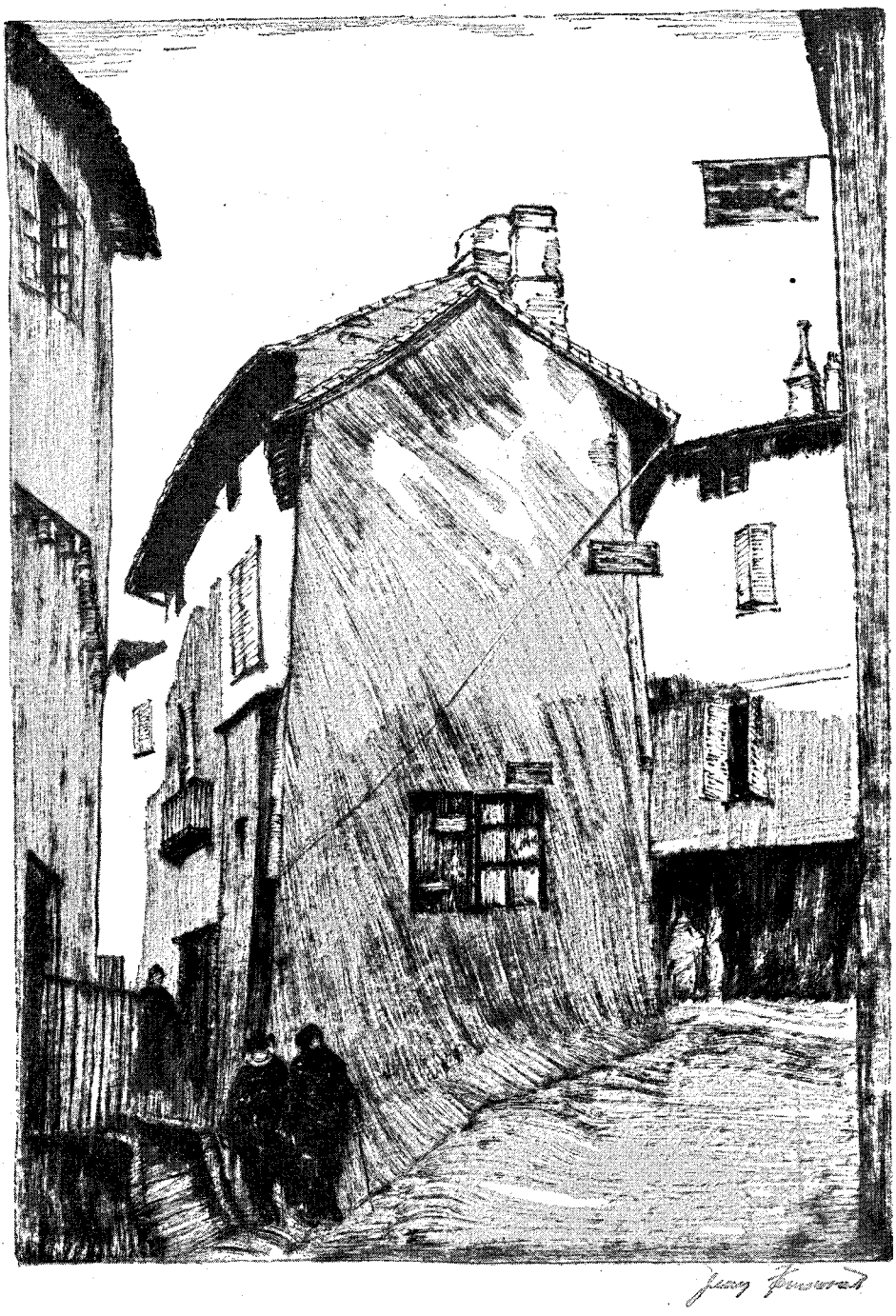
One day it was told that the English had come, and a most charming couple were staying at the village inn. Thinking that we were the only Anglo-Saxons who had discovered the town, we were surprised. When we met them we learned that they had discovered the village thirty years ago, and had come back every year to paint and walk through those green valleys. They confessed that they had been alarmed when they heard Americans were there; and when we had become fast friends, they solemnly made us promise never to tell the name or whereabouts of the beloved spot.

The gypsies had a camping ground on the edge of town by the water, and in the evenings we would go there where their horses were turned loose from their little wagons; the black pot bubbled over the fire, and sometimes a lean *gitano* whanged



"Auguste."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Jerry Farnsworth.

A street in Auvergne.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his guitar while the women gathered yellow shoots from the willows for their baskets, and the whole group sat about with that detached and arrogant air of the ancient race. The women came striding into town to trade for wine and bread, with their loose skirts swinging, and earthen jars held casually, and no one ever refused to bargain with them.

What curious places we found on our trips into the country! Once, after travelling for many hours through wild forests inhabited only by savage-looking charcoal burners, a great storm overtook us, and we took a road to the bottom of a gorge where we knew there was a town. We dried ourselves by the fire in the kitchen of the only inn, where peasants were drinking wine, dinner was in progress, and servants rushed to and fro with water from the fountain. The next day we discovered the town to be strangely Spanish in character, mostly inhabited by Russians, Italians, and Moroccans. The river roared over its rapids below the cliff, with its ruined castle, and up and down the pebble-paved crooked streets tramped the peasants, carrying bundles of green faggots, and urging their lean donkeys up the slopes.

"Jeanne."

"The Miller."

The rivers were full of good fish, and the swiftest brooks of trout. Among all races of fishermen, the French are surely the most fervent. In the remotest spots were serene and hopeful country gentlemen, sitting on their special rocks, or stepping cautiously along the banks. The most businesslike was an old man, with his splendid torso bared to the sun, who entered the water and disappeared along the edges at intervals, presently emerging with his hands full of fish and sometimes a large one in his mouth. Could it be a gitano, who could bewitch fish and quadrupeds, or one of those who catch trout in their hands? We found that he had set traps among the rocks in the swiftest rapids.

The village curé, who every one agreed was a "brave garçon," offered the exquisite fourteenth-century church to us as a studio. He was tall and great, and hung with yards of black wool, and his prodigious neck and head rose above his mountainous form, capped with a tiny

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Market-place. Beaulieu.

black hat without a brim. He had asthma badly, and alarmed us when he said his prayers aloud, with many a struggling gasp. Whenever he called we offered him a glass of old port, and with an apologetic air he accepted, but would take only the third of a glass, which he whisked off at a gulp with a toast to me.

The gardens had been full of bleaching wool for some time, and soon one saw the women spinning their silky skeins on distaffs of ancient design. During July the hay was gathered in, and the bushes and stone fences along the narrow roads caught a gleaning as the carts passed, which the old ones who had no fields quickly gathered up and stored.

Storms followed by hot winds from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A corner of the old town (Auvergne).

Africa ripened the grain, and soon below the château the men were laying out bundles from the ox-carts in neat beds under the plane trees. Standing on the stalks they seized the flail and whirled and crashed it on the grain, while others stood about in a circle waiting their turn to thresh, and making a ceremony of the old custom. The women sat in the windows and doorways of ruined palaces, forever tapping the walnuts with their wooden hammers, so that the towns resounded to little sharp sounds.

In the autumn we left, having had farewell cups of coffee with all our good friends. The oldest ones kissed me on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the old town, Sarlat.

both cheeks and with tears cried: "Come soon again, Jeunesse!" It was a part of the earth dearly loved which we left when we mounted the little camion for the last time and rode through the vineyards in the early morning mists. After the long journey to the train and a last coffee with our gallant monsieur and his Jeanne, we grasped hands and stepped into our compartment, from which we would descend in Paris, feeling already that we were leaving France.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Parson and His Wife

BY HALCYON M. THOMAS

Rahway, N. D.

My dear Lucile,

So you think I need sympathy because I married a minister. Well, I know one or two prunes of ministers with dried peaches of wives, but that isn't yours truly and John. Put this down in your book of remembrance—I may be a bride of only a few weeks, but I am thoroughly convinced that I shall always be supremely happy. What makes people gasp when a young girl marries a minister? There are fewer poor preachers than poor insurance men and poor plasterers.

Already the humorous side of our ministerial life has struck me. I know there will be times when I shall recall these humorous episodes—they may act as a tonic for those other experiences that will be mine and will not be humorous. There will be trying times, too, but that is not typical only of the manse in a country charge. No doubt every parishioner could testify to the same thing in an experience meeting.

Life has its compensations no matter where one finds oneself. You need not smile when I say "compensations" for a minister's wife. When John preaches a good sermon the grand old saints tell me about it, and I shine in his reflected glory. When he *doesn't* I know it, too—they tell me by a silent eloquence that fairly rumbles. You see I am sensitive to atmosphere, and often it is a boon. In any other walk of life a woman never knows her husband's weak spots—sometimes she doesn't even know he has them till he is fired. With a parson the presbytery gives you a few weeks' notice, sometimes three months.

In this short time I have discovered that all my portable furniture surpasses anything owned by any frau in the burg. No one told me pointblank, of course, but I found out. The second week we were here the ushers' association gave a mock trial for "the benefit of a new carpet in the Sunday-school room." (Some cause for a benefit, too.) The wives of those ushers served eats afterward. They asked me to lend my two Windsor chairs (you see the ladies have all called on me in groups. I guess they found out that way what I had, for I have never mentioned my wedding presents.) They borrowed a dozen forks, a soup-ladle, can-opener, and six tumblers. Somehow one tumbler got broken and one of the forks lost. The poor woman who borrowed the things felt very badly, indeed. I told her, since we were all Presbyterians, it must have been foreordained. We might as well make our religion practical and a "very present help in time of trouble."

Raised a Methodist and married to a Presbyterian clergyman, my ideas about things good and righteous are apt to be queer. I often feel like a spiritual mongrel or religious hobo. The combination hasn't wrought havoc yet, though a couple of times I have felt symptoms of spontaneous combustion. There are consolations in both. You see it is almost an impossibility for a Presbyterian to fall from grace, and Methodists get a heap and a pile of comfort out of being reclaimed, even after the seventeenth time. I've heard them shout for joy as they entered the fold after a turn at playing prodigal.

I suppose that you think me too carnal for a parson's wife; maybe I am, but so far John doesn't think so. Watch me—it's my job and my joy, and I'll make good. If I fail it will be through no lack of trying.

I must make sandwiches for I entertain the Missionary Society to-night.

Yours, Martha.

My dear Lucile,

We've had our first wedding, and I had to be witness. I was busy putting up draperies, but I stopped and put on a fresh frock and proceeded to witness. I sat on the edge of the davenport and held my breath, for I saw that John was nervous. He found the wrong place in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ritual and began with the baptismal service. I almost fainted. Fortunately brides and grooms are not conscious during the wedding ceremony, and when John said, "Let us pray," they thought that was all right. During the prayer John went joyfully to the right place in the ritual, and continued the marrying in proper form. Everything went all right till John said "To have and to hold," and three times that poor bewildered groom said "To have and behold." John tried three times to get him to say it right, and I am sure the groom thinks the repetition was for emphasis. If he is still beholding he knows the bride is no Venus, though I feel sure she is a good cook.

I used to wonder what good Greek would ever do me. I enjoyed it, but never dreamed I would find a use for it. I know now that it was providential that I studied Greek with all its little details and twists and turns. They come in handy now, not so much the details but the twists and turns. I do a bit of figuring in managing the family pocketbook. We always have enough, but I was wondering this morning what the Baptist clergyman down the street does when all the children need their shoes mended at once. Do you suppose that when a minister preaches a rather mediocre sermon on, "Fret not thyself," he is trying to get his own faith on top of circumstances. The next Sunday he preaches a sequel, "Every good and perfect gift is from above," then you may be sure that he and his wife have had a donation or a $10.00 wedding. I think it is always true that ministers preach the best when the text comes to them from their own experiences, for sermons that come that way are heart sermons and not head sermons. I shall never forget a sermon from the text, "Yet I am not alone," for I knew from the very start of that sermon the preacher had found a solace in that thought himself.

Now, this is what bothers me—I just cannot get some people's idea of religion. I actually got mad in prayer-meeting last Wednesday. We have one elder who everlastingly prays for "the good old times like they had in Missouri." Well, why doesn't he go back to Missouri? I could conscientiously pay his fare out of my tenth money. I wonder if the people in Missouri were so much better in those days than they are now. Perhaps the brother has fallen from grace himself and is trying to get back again by praying in the plural number, publicly. Why doesn't he ask the Lord outright? You can't fool the Lord, he knows all about you. It seems if we are to be consistent we should forget the things behind and press forward in every way. I'll watch the man; he may be one of the same type we called spiritual somersaulters, at home.

There are several things I could tell you if I had time, but I'll stop this minute, though by now, no doubt, you are reciting portions of Tennyson's babbling brook that went on forever.

Always yours,

MARTHA.

P. S.—I am still glad that I married a minister and that that minister is John.

DEAR LUCILE,

Didn't I tell you there are fun and humor in the life of a family in a manse? Imagine Mrs. John trotting out in the frosty night while the stars twinkled brightly and a feline chorus chanted "Home Sweet Home," somewhere off in the distance—to take care of a croupy baby. Why they sent for me I do not know, except that I have discovered that the wife of a country preacher is supposed to know everything. I truly did not know what to do, but something had to be done right away. I had visions of hot lard being put on a baby brother when he had croup. The more I thought of it the more I was sure that was the thing to do. On went the lard, then we wrapped the wee mite up in flannel, and I started for home. I incorporated that child in my prayers that night, for I was convinced that our success as pastor and wife depended on that child's condition the next morning. It may have been the lard, it may have been the prayer, I think it was the combination, but the child got well. I have a head of cabbage, nine yellow turnips and a pumpkin pie as my reward. I am sorry the wee thing had to suffer, but I do love pumpkin pie. It's an ill wind that blows no one some good.

We were invited out for dinner last night. It did seem good to eat what I had neither cooked nor planned for some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one else to cook. I ate so many extra calories my husband will soon discover that he has more than he bargained for, and will love me by the pound. Mrs. Hobson is a motherly soul, and somehow I found myself confessing I was a bit homesick. I'd like to cultivate her for I am sure I should like her more and more. She has a fund of good common sense, is calm and deliberate, and works so easily she reminds me of my father's mother. I have sensed this much—the former minister's wife openly preferred one or two of the ladies as her close friends, and it wasn't long till some of the other dear souls were hurt. Surely, some parishioners are more congenial than others, and I think I can understand the little mix-up that the minister's wife got into. (Never end a sentence with a preposition, it's very bad form, yes ma'am.) I do wonder why it is hard for some ministers' wives to be democratic. A real aristocrat can afford to be the most democratic person on earth; he has everything and can lose nothing. Surely he could bend without stooping.

We went for a beautiful ride along the Bay Shore road on Thursday. I have seldom seen such a sunset. The ride cleared out a lot of my mental cobwebs and rested me, too. The fall of the year has been called the melancholy time of year, but I never feel that way. The leaves were gorgeous and beggared description. There seemed to be a final flare of glory over everything, as if nature were doing her best to shine radiantly before her winter sleep. Squirrels darted across the road carrying nuts to the hollow trees, and now and then we caught sight of a rabbit that had been disturbed in its meditation by some ruthless wanderer. Hugo might have been describing fall instead of spring when he said: "is at carry arms and wears a full dress uniform."

John has a visiting brother preaching for him this coming Sunday. It is our first experience with a substitute, and we are a little anxious. Lots of very good men are not good preachers but are successful because they are good pastors. The Lord seems to call them in spite of their limitations, so I shouldn't be concerned. I want this man to be the good-preacher type, though, for what he does will pave the way for our second visitor, who represents the needs of the hospital. (I don't mean that he looks like the needs of the hospital, but he will tell us of them.) If the first man is poor the second man will have no audience at all.

I wish I were wealthy. I would not hoard my money but I would give so liberally to institutions that men who should be laboring in churches where they could ease the cares of the over-burdened, and calm the fears of the anxious, and do helpful work in the pulpit, these men could be doing those very things instead of developing into good beggars for charity. It is the best sob story that brings the largest haul anyway, so often the worthiest cause is supported inadequately because its champion cannot sniffle naturally.

I hope you can visit me this fall before it gets too cool to ride comfortably. We have a second-hand Ford, dubbed, by common consent, "Henrietta." It or she gets us around the country and think of all I could say while riding, and haven't the time to write. Remember those good gabfests we had discussing everything from the League of Nations to spring millinery.

Come and get a life-size picture of me as the contented mistress of the manse. You see I like to remind you that you said I couldn't DO it or BE it, whichever way you want to say it.

Till next time,

MARTHA.

MY DEAR, MY DEAR,

Every minister who owns a Ford car should have an assistant, not as general handy man and mechanic, but as assistant preacher to do all the swearing. These ministers are "Called" all right, I don't doubt that—but when they undertake this high and noble service they can't leave ALL the traces of old Adam behind. I wouldn't have you infer that John swore when Henrietta had her convulsion, but I truly think he would have done that if I had not been along. We were on our way to a harvest-home away out in the country. Our church has a godchild there. They pay a part of their own expenses, we buy coal and get their pulpit supplies for them, students from the seminary near here. They have a preaching service every two weeks. This particular affair

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we wished to attend was the first social they have had since we came to Rahway. Their programme was short and to the point (?) a second edition of Ichabod Crane recited "That Old Sweetheart of Mine," and a dear little lassie sang, "When He Cometh to Make Up His Jewels." The dominie spieled a bit and I gathered some information from these wholesome, sensible, capable country wives. I gathered wisdom that wasn't labelled that way, too.

Why in the world do college fellows use their country congregations as reservoirs for all their theses? It seems to me a terrible mistake to allow these callow youths to literally dump all they have gathered from Darwin, Huxley, Bergson, James, and all the other celebrities on a defenceless congregation. Really, the average person who goes to church, especially where there is only one service in two weeks, doesn't care a snap about James's idea of one's mental condition, nor whether Freud knew all about dreams or not. Most people can find that out at a circus for a quarter and get fun out of it beside. When they go to church they want the assurance that the Lord is a personal Lord and looks after them through rain and shine and that "even the hairs of their heads are numbered." I do enjoy immensely what these intelligent scientists have to say about these matters, but I know I have wit enough not to pour all I read into the ears of a tired housewife who has struggled with all sorts of complications during a hard week of work, and who looks forward to Sunday as the day when she can gather enough of Christian grace and energy and endurance to keep her sweet when the windmill won't work, and she carries all the water herself because the man of the house and the hired man have gone to a cattle sale. (Some sentence, wouldn't pass muster in an English class.)

The last "supply" left the congregation dangling by their tails, or their ancestors' tails somewhere in mid-air, forgetting even in the opening prayer to thank God for His all-wise protection. I think it takes a great God to make us copies of an original that was made in His image; it would take as great a God to make us "evolute,"—either way is better than I could possibly have done it. I'd like to have that young theologue around here, two years hence, to help the elders pray back to spiritual life the young men and boys whose lives his own lack of wisdom warped.

Well, after all that rambling I will tell you the pie and coffee we ate at the close of our first "sociable" were delicious. The coffee kept me from dozing on the way home, and helped me to give John the right hand of Christian fellowship—I mean the right and left hand of a mechanic, for Henrietta had another attack on the way home, about two miles out in the country. It acted and sounded like asthma. Later it looked more like hardening of the arteries. I had a bit of adhesive in my pocketbook, and we always carry some old rags. Henrietta got first aid, and we coughed our way home hitting on two cylinders.

My nephew Herbert comes next week for a few days, while his mother goes to the hospital for a minor operation. He is an original child, and I am sure will give me many a happy moment.

Hope your kiddie is better than when you last wrote.

Yours as ever,

MARTHA.

MY DEAR LADY,

We have made a few pastoral calls this week and I have had little time for extras. Herbert takes a good many spare moments, too. I have played everything from fire-engine to cannibal. Even played house. I was the mother, Herbert the father. Our clothespin babies were disobedient, and when I told father Herbert about it, he said: "Well, the fathers tell children what to do but the mother makes them mind." Guess I know who is boss in their home. We played animals, too, and never tell me that children can't think things out for themselves. Herbert said he didn't want to be a skunk and have to smell himself all the time. He wanted to know if giraffes cried when they got their necks washed. That would be a long cry, methinks.

I am the mother confessor to some of the parish. One dear young thing came to me to say she loved her husband, but he got so on her nerves. In my life I have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heard at least the fifty-seven variety of sermons on the seven Greek words meaning love, the φιλέω and αγαπάω being the most important. I told the young wife to use all kinds of the attribute known to the Greek father, the whole seven, separately and combined, and then manufacture a brand extra for the times her husband got on her nerves, and see how it worked. Most young people think there is only one kind—you must have all if you would kindle the divine spark that flames into the divine emotion.

Many men think love means possession; the fierceness with which they fight is the theme of many a yarn. To most women love means protection, that difference in viewpoint makes many a married life a plain endurance contest.

I often think women love men not for their faults, of course, but in spite of them. True love conquers everything, holds one steady, and sets that pace that leads to great accomplishment. The hardest person in all this world to deal with is the selfish person. Enough of that.

Went to an evening of song and poetry one night this week. The reader gave several selections from Vachel Lindsay's poems. In true Lindsay style the audience was asked to join in the choruses. That is Lindsay's method of taking the crowd with him. One selection carries the line, "Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?" The reader recited all the rest of the poem, and we sang each "are you washed" line. (Washing and line go together; that's good, though purely accidental.) I looked the crowd over and could pick out the denominations represented: the Methodists were singing joyously, they were washed and knew it; the Presbyterians had an eager, yearning look; they had had redemption all worked out for them so far back that they couldn't feel the thrill. The Baptists enjoyed just the mere suggestion of a deluge; but the poor Episcopalians suffered sorely. (If we could have sung a seven-fold amen at the end it would have helped.) John says I am sacrilegious.

Herbert leaves Saturday and I shall miss him. Do you accept or decline my invitation?

Yours,

MARTHA.

MY DEAR LADY,

We have just come in from a long ride into the country. I packed a few sandwiches to eat along the way for we wished to take advantage of the lovely day and stay out as long as possible. There will be only a few more such days till winter.

If I were a poet I could write reams about this wonderful country. The bare trees looked like sentinels with their arms stretched out to protect the small bushes and shrubs. The little brooks do not chatter this time of year, they chant—a chant the leading note of which has a hopeful tone. Poets understand these things better than do we, creatures of common clay. That may be why they have discovered sermons in stones and tongues in running brooks.

The women are working hard for our bazaar. There is a decided social value to sales and suppers and bazaars, but more than that I do not see their worth nor their usefulness. I always experience a sense of humiliation when I hear of one being advertised, "for the benefit of the church." If any one of these dear, hard-working females was asked for a $15.00 donation, I'd need all the aromatics made when I go calling next time; they couldn't stand the shock. But this I know to be a fact—one woman with five children gave two cakes and bought one back, six handkerchiefs, a jar of pickles, three glasses of jelly, and a quart of pepper relish, and then brought all the children to the supper for two nights at 65¢ per head. Now figure that up and what do you get? Fifteen dollars, anyway. Of course the work doesn't count.

Don't breathe this to a soul. I am backsliding, and I thought a Presbyterian couldn't. I get riled so easily. The chair-lady of the house committee of the Lady Aiders (that is what we children all called them at home, and I have almost made a social break twice in public using that couplet), came to see about two new curtains that I needed for a room I am fixing on the third floor for a colored girl who comes in twice a week to clean and wash windows. She has to stay all night. This lady is President of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, too, and didn't she say the room was entirely too good for a maid, especially a colored one?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ugh! I was mad and disgusted; I won't even pray that she shall be enlightened; it seems to make a difference whether Africa is across the water or on your third-floor-back. She can weep what look like real tears when she prays for the conversion of the heathen, too.

In the midst of all my fumings who should appear but the little wife to whom I gave advice about loving her husband. She had some gorgeous chrysanthemums; it appears she is a flower fancier and these were her prize blooms. I couldn't speak for a moment and felt ashamed of my wicked meditations, but not repentant; which almost proves I am backsliding.

It's late and I'm sleepy. Good night, sweet dreams.

MARTHA.

DEAR LUCILE,

I made vows all week and broke them. I didn't have time to write. Our visiting brother was all that heart could wish, and the collection for the hospital will be a good one when the next brother comes. I couldn't help thinking of that passage in the Good Book that says the Lord takes no delight in the legs of a man. That preacher did strut. The sermon was good, and I forgot my mental wanderings when the dear man was half way through the "firstly." Do you know that I am sure there are times when John despairs of me entirely? He knows that I am willing to help him in every way, and that is all that keeps him patient with me. But, wait, the parson has a little carnality himself.

We had a pastoral relations committee visit our church two weeks ago. I knew them the moment I came in. I've seen the type before. They always take great pains to look around the church as if the minister were not the real point of interest. If more than two come on the committee, they divide up so no one will suspect they are spying out the land. When one shakes hands with them afterward they carefully avoid saying they will come again; never, never would they perjure their souls. During the singing they never sing.

John didn't take in the situation till after the sermon was over; perhaps that was providential. I had no idea where they came from, and was curious as any normal woman would be. I felt sure they were from a city church. They must have taken back a favorable report, for yesterday we had a letter from the chairman of the committee. They were a Harrisburg bunch. John was overwhelmed, and is praying hard to see if it is from the Lord. I don't think it is. I figure it is of the devil and the Lord is permitting it to try John out. We haven't been here long enough to have accomplished anything for the Lord, and surely He doesn't want us to carry on somewhere else till we have done our duty here. We could never look back here with a clear conscience if we left work undone. I am not saying a word, John got the call, not I; I am what the laddies on the street call "the side kick." The salary is larger in Harrisburg; we could use it to advantage. I could go on with music or join a French class. However I would drop of mortification if any one should warble as we left Rahway, any or all of Browning's "Lost Leader." Harrisburg has many advantages that this burg cannot give, but I will be very quiet, for I do not pretend to be the Lord's mouthpiece.

Here's the carnality of the parson—I tried to hide my smile when John said: "I get dizzy when I think I may have an opportunity to preach to senators and representatives, the law-makers of the State." For a moment I wasn't sure whether the gospel or the lawmakers formed the centre of that picture. No doubt there are plenty of people in Harrisburg who need the gospel, but what about those who sent the senators and representatives to Harrisburg? Get them converted, first. Besides a soul is a soul whether it wears a frock coat or jeans. But, I am not all virtue either. I heard a sermon once on the High Cost of Peacocks. You remember the description of all of Solomon's glory, and how in spite of it all Solomon died a very unhappy old man. I will not die an unhappy old woman, but I do want a new silk petticoat. I can have one if we go to Harrisburg; if we stay here I will have a new silk ruffle on the old foundation. I can't help John decide; I do want the silk petticoat and will not pay too dear a price for my peacock.

Do my letters weary you? I can only tell you the things that touch my life. I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enjoy working here and I constantly enumerate my blessings, for I have many.

Next letter I hope to tell you whether or not you will address your future letters to me (c/o the Gang), Harrisburg, Pa.

Love,
MARTHA.

MY DEAR LADY LUCILE,

Our worry about moving is all over. At first John thought he would go after three months. That bothered me some, for I felt that we would both work with about seventy-five per cent interest here and twenty-five per cent curiosity toward Harrisburg. John wasn't clear in his own mind, and began to put conditions on the Lord, as Gideon did with the fleece. I am not much in favor of such manœuvring, for I feel that the Lord gives parsons clear-thinking heads as he does to business men; a minister's business takes even keener wit than many a business man would use in fifty years of struggle. Women may not be called to be ministers' wives, but they do perform a ministry in being one. I have seen some ministers' wives that would have looked perfectly natural in cold storage, so I am not so sure but that a few of us are called; we seem to fit in, anyway. Many a good minister is forced out of his niche by a fretful, peevish wife. I cannot pray in public, nor sing, nor lead a meeting, but I can keep it to myself if I am annoyed or need a silk underskirt. I can feed John sufficient calories and keep him patched and darned. Well, John prayed it through, and we're here.

Something pleasant has happened this week. Three years ago John addressed a Welfare Organization in New York. Mrs. J. R—— was there and must have been impressed with John's sincerity and his message. At any rate she has asked us to a tea to meet a man from England who is engaged in welfare work there. We are to have the tea at her winter home on Fifth Ave. When John read the invitation to me I didn't think one-half as much about the celebrities we were to meet and the noble work they were doing as I thought about what I would wear. I've told John he can distinguish the butler from the man of the house, for the butler always dresses the better of the two. No doubt John will ask the butler if he enjoyed his afternoon golf, forgetting the knickers are for show instead of sport. Really John would find a point of contact with a wooden Indian. Can't you see him looking blank when some fair dame says, "One or two?" meaning the lumps of sugar, of course? He will think it's an arithmetic lesson or perhaps one or two thousands she is talking about for the welfarers. Wouldn't we look funny sailing up Fifth Avenue in Henrietta, her head and tail up enjoying the high lights? We must take our invitation with us for identification; I'd hate to have the doorman say, "Back way, please."

The teacher of the Beginner's department was ill last Sunday, and I substituted. It was like a breath from the ocean. I love children and have had no contact with them here at all. The lesson story was the flood and Noah. I must have been rather dramatic in getting the rain down on the earth and the trees completely covered, and the first two doves out and into the ark again. At any rate, when I asked them what they supposed happened when Noah sent out the third bird, one little urchin piped up, "Noah fell in." Can't you see Noah, toga and sandals and long beard, being fished out by an anxious Mrs. Noah? She must have been a brave woman. Think of all the sounds and grunts and noises those animals made, and she had to live above them or drown. She is never praised at all.

Indeed, this is too long a letter for me to write with all the things that are waiting for me. How about that visit? I won't ask much more.

Yours,
MARTHA.

MY DEAR,

Here I am again, and like the geyser I'll get the name "Old Faithful," for I do spout regularly.

We went to a reception given the rector of the Episcopal Church, after fourteen years of service. It was truly delightful. The Methodist minister's wife is going to be a good friend of mine. I can talk to her whenever I want to, without any one suspecting I am too much in her company. Somehow parishioners always think that two ministers' wives together means the holding of an impromptu prayer-meeting, and you never heard of any one being

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jealous of too much prayer-meeting, did you? The guests all looked lovely. Of course there were a few stout ladies who looked well upholstered, and a few thin ladies with scrawny necks who tried to cover their physical defects with beads and bracelets till they looked like Christmas-trees out of season; but on the whole it was very lovely.

John is anxious about the prayer-meetings. They do look like women's sewing-circles. But I try to persuade John that many men have their houses and bank accounts in their wives' names, and it may be they have made a similar arrangement with St. Peter or whoever keeps the books, for their religious accounts. I know John will succeed. He never thinks of his work in terms of greenbacks. So many young preachers see the dollar-mark as the frame for their "calls" to fields of endeavor. They love luxuries above the opportunity to work for the Lord. I do not forget that our Lord himself, though poor, wore royal purple, but He put first things first. You can't fool congregations all the time, and when a humble sincere soul finds that his idol, the minister, to whom he has pinned his faith, has feet of clay, that same poor soul gets a rather big jolt.

John has been asked to do some newspaper work. We have an enterprising young man near us who heard John address a patriotic order recently. This young chap has asked John to write a series of articles on present-day politics, world peace, and the immigration problem. Of course there is remuneration for the work, and a goodly sum. It would not be arduous work, either, for all good parsons keep in touch with the public mind (some times disagreeing with a ruling elder, I have found). I suppose there is no real reason why John should not do this, but I have always had an active and ardent dislike for ministers who overlooked the opportunities the pulpit affords to help the public think straight on matters just like these. After all, if ministers have a panacea for the ills of life and the cancers in society, and a true measuring-stick for clean politics, why need they look around for outside avenues to advertise their goods? I have a feeling that I shall never blush because John writes on the flippant subjects that seem to occupy the time and so-called talents of some R-E-V-S. However this isn't a flippant subject—it is rather vital, especially the world-peace problem.

We are organizing a basket-ball team in the church. John will have an opportunity to meet the young men of the community who are not affiliated with any church, and I am eager for the time when he can show his athletic ability. The people never knew till this week what an active part he played in college sports; he didn't tell it himself, of course, and neither did I (thought I'd boasted a bit, did you? well, I could, you know)—I have been puffed up lately and it is a wonder I have been able to be humble so long.

Time now for me to think of the inner man. Be glad that you are far enough away so that I have to write. If I were nearer conversation would never stop. I feel like the darky lad who fell in the barrel of molasses, "Oh, for time and a thousand tongues."

Yours forever and then some,

MARTHA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hypocrisy of Football Reform

BY FRANCIS WALLACE

Sports Department, New York *Evening Post;* Author of "College Men in the Big Leagues"

EACH year, at this season, as hundreds of thousands of people flock to expensive stadiums all over the country and pay their three or five dollars to see the football teams of two colleges do battle, one becomes aware of a faint sizzling which increases to a bubbling roar as the season ends and the football reform pot boils over. The echoes of the aftermath of the last football season are still reverberating. The discussion grows more violent each year. Codes are formulated, remedies suggested—and, despite them all, invisible fingers of these institutions reach out to draw in high-school and prep-school football stars in order that the hundreds of thousands may be entertained in proper style on Saturday afternoons. The story of young Smith illustrates the way the fascinating game is played.

Smith was the star quarter-back of Centerville High School of Centerville, U. S. A., for the last four seasons. He can run, punt, pass, and drop-kick; and he is smart. Smith has the happy combination of football brains, photographic eye, and compelling voice which unite to form that rarest of gridiron wonders, the ideal field-general.

The sporting editor of the Centerville *News* boasted of the number of offers the local boy had received from important schools. It gradually became understood that the star had decided to accept the proposition of a Western institution noted for its football teams; and this impression was strengthened when Smith was carried off to see his future alma mater win her big game. It was duly chronicled in *The News* that the pride of Centerville had been entertained with the visiting squad after the contest.

Imagine the surprise when it was published that the local lad had changed his mind and was to enter a proud old institution of the East. This decision, *The News* said, had been reached after a meeting of the club of that institution of the near-by metropolis. A line coach, who attended the meeting, was to arrange for Smith's entrance into the preparatory school of the college so that the star might be matriculated as a freshman in 1927.

Centerville was flattered at these attentions to its fair-haired boy, but there was nothing ecstatic about the feeling. That stage had been passed when Jones had been landed by the Western college and Brown by the Eastern institution. Both boys had made good; and Centerville was inclined to believe that the colleges, rather than the town, should be grateful.

In 1926 Jones and Brown were outstanding sophomore stars. Jones scored the winning touch-down in two of the twelve decisive games of the season and influenced important changes in the national rating of teams by his prowess. Brown was a principal in a play which, in the roar of later detonations, was one of the most dramatic of the year. If you live in the East you will read much of Brown during the next two seasons; and you will hardly escape Jones, wherever you live. The boys in Centerville will bet you that one of their lads will be a genuine all-American in 1928 if not this year.

Centerville, naturally, has divided its allegiance between the two colleges; and this explains why they skim the cream from the athletic talent of the district. This situation is particularly galling to State, which would seem to have geographical priority in the territory—especially when neither of the other colleges has an alumnus in the town while State has many. The hotel man who looks after the interests of the Western college and the radio man who represents the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eastern school have many sly laughs at the dentist who so consistently permits himself and dear old State to be scooped. State has had many lean years and the coach is being criticised; but what State seems to need is a new scout in Centerville. Imagine Jones, Brown, and Smith in the same backfield!

This game, played by the outposts of the amateur system far beyond the corrals, means little to you now; but national championships, sectional honors, and those dearer triumphs over revered rivals may depend, during the next few seasons, upon the way Smith leaped and that depended, largely, upon the astuteness of the hotel man and radio man, neither of whom has a college of his own, but each of whom has a friend with a college.

The interesting point is that these preparations go right ahead on a clear track despite the announcements by college presidents of various plans to check the growing menace of football over-emphasis and despite the code of the Committee of Sixty.

A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard, summarized the typical attitude of the faculty leaders, in his annual report to the overseers. He declared that the true end of athletic interests is the promotion of physical development and well-being throughout the student body and asserted that intercollegiate contests must not be regarded as entertainment for the alumni and public. He deplored the excesses of spectacular games, which he said resembled the world series in baseball, the games in the Coliseum in Rome, and the races at Constantinople.

Most of the collegiate bulls end at this point. Doctor Lowell calls attention to the fact that Harvard has courageously moved to reduce the evil by not playing continuously with any college except Yale.

Ernest Martin Hopkins, president of Dartmouth, is much more revolutionary. "The administrations of the American colleges and universities have, up to date, spent most of their energies in deploring present conditions," he said in a letter to the president of the Dartmouth athletic council, "and after this have recognized only two alternatives, either a policy of laissez-faire with an occasional grumble from the college president or faculty, or else a policy of annihilation. Of course this latter is the simple and easy solution, but I think that it ignores the fact that intercollegiate sports, and intercollegiate football in particular, have certain vital values in a college community."

Doctor Hopkins delights in football and advances a plan to save the game from "uncomprehensive forces outside the college life and experted forces within." The plan would limit players on varsity teams to members of the sophomore and junior classes, would give each college two varsity teams for major games, one to play at home and the other on the rival's gridiron, and would have all coaching done by undergraduates.

The opponents of football vice in the Middle West are much better organized. The Western Conference—including Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana, Purdue, Northwestern, Chicago, Iowa, and Ohio State—not only regulates the conduct of its own members but serves as a model for numerous other conferences and brings all important schools in the West under its sphere by insisting that every college which engages in contests with a conference member subscribe to the Big Ten bible. Major John L. Griffith serves as Athletic Commissioner. Recently his activities have been supplemented by the Committee of Sixty, which is made up of six men from each college—the president, chairman of the board of regents, a prominent alumnus, the faculty athletic chairman, the athletic director, and the football coach. The committee drafted a code of ethics to be followed in the recruiting of preparatory-school athletes and announced that football candidates will be required to sign and abide by the code. The practices which the code forbids are those which are universally employed in the benevolent process of "fixing up" our ambitious lads who wish to pay for a college education with their football talent.

The code has five points. The first states that scholarships, loans, and remission of tuition should not be awarded by universities on the basis of athletic skill; it brands as unethical the unofficial

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

granting of aid to athletes by individuals and organizations, alumni or otherwise, whose primary object in granting the aid in a particular case is a subsidy of an athlete.

The second point forbids athletic directors and coaches to initiate proceedings with prep-school athletes but permits them to answer queries, make speeches, and in casual conversation to describe the advantages of their institution. The third calls upon alumni and students, whether as clubs, fraternities, or informal groups of individuals, to conform to the tenets; and the fourth point warns the general secretaries of alumni organizations to be careful. The fifth states that prospective athletes should not be promised employment in or by athletic departments; but after matriculation they are permitted to be given reasonable work at a reasonable scale.

The best minds agree that football is worth keeping; that it needs reforming; but they are unable to agree upon the exact location of the infection and consequently have disagreed widely upon a remedy. Doctor Lowell speaks in tremendous platitudes; Doctor Hopkins elaborates upon a theory previously suggested by Clarence Little, president of Michigan University, but his suggestions have been treated coldly; the Committee of Sixty gives detailed symptoms but prescribes a sugar pill. It is curious that the best minds of the college game are so unable to diagnose the ills of their favorite child, whom they nursed from babyhood to what looks like robust manhood.

Football looks healthy enough to the public, the players, and the coaches. The public pays for amateur and professional sport alike; and, although football prices are slightly higher than those of professional hockey, baseball, or racing, the public is only too willing to pay for its thrills. There is no complaint from the player. He asks for nothing more than the innocent pleasure of rushing upon the field to die for dear old alma mater, and he will consider any hardship worth while if he earns his letter and gets his education. The coach is almost satisfied. If he wins he gets fame, fortune, and idolatry; if he loses he is escorted to the gate—it is a fair gamble; but the coach would be much happier if he could shed his mask.

The objection to football comes from the faculties. Football was a fair-haired sport—a bright and shining amateur; the colleges have developed it into a highly organized business which pays. College presidents and the Committee of Sixty realize that football is no longer an amateur but a semi-professional sport; but they have not the courage to admit the fact. They go about shouting "Lily White" with their eyes on high, and refuse to acknowledge the mud on their feet. The coaches and players accept the rules and regulations and pronunciamentos which they feel are designed to confuse the real facts and which are sometimes brutally unfair to the players; the heavily spectacled bookkeepers of the universities blandly open their documents for inspection; the alumni smile at the newest blasts; and the outposts and people of Centerville wonder what all of the shooting is about.

Over-emphasis of college football can be removed by a simple act of the faculty will. Rowing is as dear to the student, athlete, alumnus, coach, and public as is football; it is even more rigorous in its demands upon the individual; its season is longer than football's; and it produces spectacular Saturday afternoons which might bear comparison with the races in Constantinople. But there is no faculty clamor about rowing. Rowing is a poor amateur and therefore to be honored. Football is a rich amateur and therefore to be suspected. The colleges accept the money from the amateur and grow bewildered trying to explain the incongruity. The severely trained minds which have so desperately attacked the problem of commercialism in football should have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that the simplest remedy would be to eliminate the gate receipts. Football without profit would be as holy and pure as rowing or college boxing. If there were half-million-dollar gates in college boxing —supposing that this sport had been exploited instead of football—have you any doubt that Gene Tunney and Jack Delaney would be in college?

Not a trained mind has yet suggested

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points in football. Instead, the colleges have pursued a tortuous route in their chase of the devil of the gridiron. Doctor Lowell tells us that it was a courageous thing for Harvard to substitute Pennsylvania for Princeton. Pennsylvania will fill the stadium as tightly as Princeton might have done—not forgetting the quarrelling of the students and the fact that Princeton dropped Harvard as a consequence; or that the proposed home-and-home agreement with Michigan would have been a far more spectacular gesture than a continuation of the Princeton fixture which was one of the few genuine survivals of the days when football was a poor but honest amateur.

Doctor Hopkins evaded the issue. Adoption of his plan to abolish the coach, limit competition to two years, and provide two teams, would have tended to reduce interest in the game, but in the manner of slow suicide accompanied by severe pains. It would have introduced a fresh set of problems and destroyed much of the physical, mental, and moral benefits which organized football brings to its devotees. Once again the players would have been penalized; but there was nothing in the plan to decrease the financial benefit of football.

The Committee of Sixty approached the problem with a frankness which indicates that the college officials are fully aware of the official and unofficial subsidy of athletes; but nothing was expressed in the code which has not been implied in the past. The code will have the same moral force as the prohibition laws and about the same observance. The people have demonstrated the clarity of conscience with which they can break the dry-amendment regulations because they consider these unjust; the outposts, alumni, coaches, players, and the heavily spectacled bookkeepers have demonstrated in the past how easily they could violate the code of the colleges because they considered it unfair—in many instances, insincere.

During the deliberations of the Committee of Sixty it is reported that somebody suggested that all varsity-football candidates be required to reveal, on affidavit, where they received the money with which to pay their expenses the preceding year. This harsh proposal would have given the code teeth, but it might also have been embarrassing to some members of the committee. The football candidate who will not object to just a little more deception by signing the code as it is, might have balked at swearing to a false affidavit. The boys are clean enough.

The code remains toothless and there are sufficient holes in it for the bootleggers—and the hi-jackers, too—to drive truck-loads of stuff through.

Respect for the prohibition law is weakened because of the impression that congressmen have well-stocked cellars, that the dry farmers make hard cider, that enforcement officials are venal, and that few police officers will refuse a drink under proper conditions of privacy. The crime seems to be in getting caught. Respect for the amateur law of the colleges is weakened by the conviction among players, alumni, and coaches that the faculties are insincere. The crime here also is in getting caught.

A few years ago many star football men from Illinois and Notre Dame were caught playing under assumed names in a small town in Illinois. Most of them had finished their gridiron careers at the universities and took advantage of what they considered a safe opportunity to earn one hundred dollars each. The newspaper headlines told of "confessions" in the same spirit as they would have shouted of confessions from bank-robbers. The campus heroes were reduced to the position of ingrates by the properly shocked college authorities.

One of these boys used his money to buy an overcoat for himself and shoes for his best pal, who also happened to be captain of the college baseball team. The "ingrate" is now a movie actor and his pal a successful lawyer and assemblyman. Another of the disgraced band was a three-sport man and also a captain. Before playing for money he was hungry occasionally and walked miles to the campus for lack of a five-cent fare. He has since played professional football and baseball and has used the money to study medicine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The players had a code of their own. It was my unpleasant duty as a college reporter to broadcast the "confession" from one of my best friends. He told me at the time, in confidence:

"If I told the name of every fellow I played baseball against last summer under an assumed name, there would be few stars left to start the football season next year in the Big Ten."

Two of those he named to me later made Walter Camp's All-American eleven. They did not happen to be caught.

The coach, having been a player, is intimately acquainted with the workings of the amateur system and is vividly aware of the injustice it frequently visits upon the boys who make it possible. There is a close bond of sympathy between the mentor and his men. They understand each other. Neither believes that a bit of help from the usual sources is criminal. They bow to expediency. The athlete matriculates for a four-year course in deception and the coach learns to shout mightily at the faculty revival meetings. I have the word of one of the well-known teachers of football:

"The one trouble with football is the hypocrisy of the faculties. I cannot say that publicly for obvious reasons; but I would welcome a new deal with the cards face up." The coaches are clean enough.

Where, really, is the crime if an alumnus chooses to pay the expenses of a boy through college as long as that boy is a legitimate student? When "The King's Henchman" was produced, much was made of the fact that Edna St. Vincent Millay was sent to Vassar after having been discovered on the rocky coast of Maine: Jones was a coal-miner; Brown is the son of a miner; Smith spent many of his younger days on his father's beer-wagon. Are they to be denied their only opportunity for an education because they thrill thousands on spectacular Saturday afternoons and because the colleges collect magnificently upon their efforts?

Why must they play baseball in the summer under assumed names to help with their expenses when any other student can work at the occupation which best suits him with no questions asked? Why is a boy a traitor if he plays a professional game to get enough money to buy clothes for his graduation? Why is he an ingrate if he seeks a nest-egg in professional football after graduation, using exactly the same talents for his own benefit which he used so prodigally to enrich his alma mater for three seasons?

Football is commercial; who cares? Who made it so? Who collects the profits? Everybody will admit that the colleges use this money for laudable purposes; then why this continual chastisement of the boys who earn it, who seek only an education and a personal development which the country can well use, and who play for love of the game?

Why? Because the colleges must preserve ideals and at the same time pay for these expensive stadiums. It will be difficult, but the colleges are brave in their recognition of the duty they owe to higher education in this country.

It will be difficult. The outpost loves to shine in reflected glory and to be pointed out as the man who sent Smith to a certain college. The wealthy alumnus revels in that Monday-morning feeling at his office and that long winter at the club when he can crow over his friends from rival schools. The coach cherishes a winner. The athlete seeks the glory, the intangible thrill of fighting for whatever he thinks he is fighting for—perhaps just the fight. It has been that way for a long time and it is not likely that the bulls of the college presidents or the toothless code of the Committee of Sixty will change the practices of these human beings as long as they believe they do no wrong and retain the conviction that the colleges are insincere.

Three courses are open to the colleges. They can wipe out the evil of commercialism by removing their own handiwork —the system which includes immense stadiums, highly paid coaches, organized publicity, and gate receipts which are designed to produce heavy profit. Football would then be compelled to exist on its own merits as rowing does. But nobody wishes this remedy unless it be a soured professor who envies the coach's salary. The colleges want the money from football, the coach wants his job, the alumnus wants his thrills, the player

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wants his glory, and the public loves those spectacular Saturday afternoons.

Or the colleges can frankly admit that the gridiron game has grown beyond the borders of amateurism and that the growth has been healthy. Who will object if they admit that football is exploited to help make possible physical education for all students? Who would not admire the removal of the unfair and unnecessary restrictions which now force certain normal human actions to be classified with bootlegging? Just what principle would a college sacrifice by proclaiming that, if a boy is a bona-fide student and maintains a passing average in his studies, it is nobody's business how he pays his expenses? Especially, when this is exactly the position of the colleges in respect to all students who do not compete on varsity athletic teams? One admission by the faculties of this fact will clear the record and the conscience of football and make holy those wicked Saturday afternoons.

Or the faculties can, until the stadiums are cleared of debt, continue to wade in mud of their own mixing while prating in generalities of an outworn ideal; to preach against bootlegging while collecting the profits; and to shout at athletic revival meetings while living in sin.

Fishing Below a Waterfall

BY H. MELVILLE SAYRE

A WEDGED rock sharpens its blade and ploughs
The smooth green torrent into rough white furrows
Overturning in mid-air with an angry swish
To pound sullenly at the pool below,
Until it seems the dark ploughman would grow tired
Of cultivating water. I want to shout:
"Say, Mister Boulder, what do you intend
To plant up there? What crazy kind of seed
Do you sow, that grows broken butterfly-wings
And dead June-bugs on bushy clumps of foam
For trout to jump at? Maybe you think that you
Can raise a crop of clouds by ploughing water?
Say, don't stick your green tongue out at me
And hiss and roar! I'm not condemning you.
I just wanted to know, because the trout
Won't take my flies; you keep them too well fed
With whatever you are harvesting up there."
The rock just kept on ploughing, but he turned
His head around, and slowly answered me:
"How should *I* know? Do you think that *I*
Began this farming? The Lord only knows why
This endless row of water must be ploughed!
I'm not planting anything that I can see;
And if I did, I don't think I would care
What grew from it. I'm old and chained fast here
To my work. But you? What are you trying to whip
With that white rod? Do you think you're Moses
Poking around the wilderness with a stick?
Watch out! or you'll be in the foam with the June-bugs
And butterflies! You'd better come up and ride
This plough with me for a thousand years or so!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Stick 'Em Up!"

BY EDWARD HOPE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. DEVITT WELSH

THE directors of The Mathewson Men's Stores, Inc., knew the business of being directors, for they were men of long experience at sitting about massive, shiny tables and being bored to the point of death. Each was a member of a baker's dozen of boards in supreme command of other great commercial enterprises, and each had mastered the art of maintaining his dignity however his mind might wander from the proceedings in hand.

Jim Acker, as Mr. Lanton's secretary swung the portal open before him and half-pushed him by the elbow into the sublime presence, was awed by the directors, so that the part of his mind that ordered the movements of his muscles was paralyzed momentarily and he stood motionless just inside the door and heard it close behind him. Then he saw Mr. Lanton himself, smiling and motioning him forward, and heard the president's voice intoning:

". . . and now, gentlemen, it is my great pleasure to present to you James Acker, a loyal employee of the corporation, who, by his unflinching courage, his unwavering loyalty, and his zealous attention to duty, has saved the firm not only a considerable financial loss but a loss in prestige. . . ."

Obediently Jim Acker advanced to a place beside the president and stood there while the oration continued. He felt Mr. Lanton's hand on his shoulder and Mr. Lanton's voice on his uncomprehending ear-drums; more than that, he felt the hard, unmoved eyes of the directors on his face and his hands that twitched at his sides and his suit that was pulled at the buttonholes and darned at the elbows. He looked very straight ahead of him as they had taught him in the army, picking out a hinge on the door through which he had entered and focussing his eyes on it.

Strangely, he turned pale, paler even than usual, at this moment when he should have been blushing with pardonable pride, for this was the culmination of what the newspapers had called a heroic exploit. . . . But his mind flashed him pictures that contradicted the newspapers, contradicted Mildred, his wife, contradicted boldly the orating Mr. Lanton there at his side. . . .

Jim Acker remained pale and impassive and tried to believe himself the subject of this highly instructive speech that kept emanating from Mr. Lanton.

The hands of the clock indicated that it was three minutes past twelve, yet Jim Acker's fingers continued their agile dance over the clicking, buzzing adding-machine, his eyes remained glued to a long list of figures. He became conscious of the fact that Miss Katz was standing beside him, but he kept his fingers speeding to the conclusion of the sum and wrote down the neat total before he raised his head to her.

"Your wife's down-stairs, Jim," said Miss Katz.

He elevated his eyebrows. "My wife?"

"Yep."

He got up, unpinning the deep paper cuffs he had attached to his arms to save his shirt. "Thanks," he said, and slipped off his alpaca office-coat. From a rack on the wall he took the coat that belonged to his shiny blue serge suit and put it on. He got down his heavy winter overcoat, from which friction had long since removed the fuzziness, and his hat that had been a rather nice brown felt some time before.

Down-stairs, standing uncertainly just inside the employees' door, he found Mildred. In her outdoor clothes for the first

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time in weeks, she showed plainly how much thinner she had grown since the operation. Her small blue hat seemed to accentuate the lean straightness of her pale cheeks, just as her fading blue coat, with its imitation fur collar, worn to unevenness, showed how frail were the shoulders inside it.

As she saw him, her mouth came to sudden life in a tired imitation of the funny, twisted smile she had thrown him that night at Coney Island when Lilian Kinny had introduced him to her. . . . He reached her and took both her cold hands in his.

"Dearest—why did you come down?" he said. "In all the snow and slush. With the streets the way they are. You've got to be careful, you know. . . ."

"I had to talk to you," she said up at him, with no smile now. "I thought I might go and sit with you while you had lunch."

"Sure, darling. Sure. Come along to lunch with me. But you shouldn't——"

"I had to see you, talk to you. So I had my own lunch in the apartment, so you wouldn't have to pay for it. So I'll just sit with you."

He put on his hat and took her arm, and they went out into the rawness of undecided February in New York with snow melting.

The waitress repeated in a nasal voice his selection of dishes from the forty-five-cent lunch, and was gone. Jim picked up the menu and stuck it between the ash-tray and the salt and pepper shakers, leaned toward Mildred across the much-used table-cloth.

"What's on your mind, Millie? You said you had to talk to me."

His wife looked at his eyes for a fraction of a second, then turned her glance over his shoulder and stared at the door behind him. Her fingers fiddled with the knife and fork on the table before her.

"Money," she said. "Money, of course."

Jim's eyebrows jerked themselves up and down his forehead two or three times. "Yes," he said. "Of course. . . . Somebody getting nasty?" Her eyes were turned down now; she was aligning knife and fork to perfection.

"I'm afraid so. Berger came in this morning." Jim's mouth drew itself smaller but he said nothing. "He says," the girl went on slowly without expression in her tired voice, "he's got to have the rent by Saturday or he'll—what do you call 'em?—put us out—evict us."

"Skunk," said Jim. His fingers gripped the edge of the table. His eyes met his wife's for a moment, then wandered to the cheap gold pin that held her dress together at the throat. He seemed to have nothing to add.

"I'm afraid you'll have to do something about it, Jim. Finkel wants his money, too. I didn't tell you last night because I thought it would just worry you, but you know I've been buying groceries from a cash-and-carry place since Finkel's bill got so big. And yesterday I met him on the street and he was nice about it and everything, but he said he thought we ought to let him have something pretty soon."

"Yes. And Rasch, too. Are you still getting meat from him?"

"No. He's pretty mean about his. I'm paying cash for meat, too, at another place."

"And we haven't paid your doctor a cent yet."

"And the instalments on the furniture."

"I know."

It seemed natural that their voices should cease utterly for a while. They had been speaking more and more quietly, as they went through the list of creditors, until silence was inevitable. Mildred's lips had drawn themselves crooked; Jim's forehead was knotted between his eyebrows and there were odd wrinkles at the corners of his mouth. He raised his head suddenly, faced the girl.

"If I'd known last April what I was dragging you into when I married you," he murmured; "if I'd had any idea what a rotten trick I was playing you, I'd have drowned myself before I let you come near me again."

From nowhere her smile appeared suddenly. "Silly!" she said. "Didn't you support yourself perfectly well for twenty-nine years before you got me to look after?"

"Not twenty-nine," he smiled too. "My parents did look after me until I was eighteen."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, but—I mean you didn't get me in for any more than you got yourself in for. And, anyway, it's been worth it. And besides it was my appendix that got us into all this money mess."

Jim shrugged her point aside. "Whatever got us in it, we're in it," he said; and then, after a pause: "And I'll be damned if I see how we're going to get out of it." He rubbed his nose with his knuckles. Mildred caught a tiny bit of her under lip in her upper teeth.

"That's what I came down to talk about. Don't you suppose the store would lend you a little more, just a couple of hundred? That would get us by." She watched his face. "And then in a week or two I could get a job somewhere, when I'm strong enough, and we could pay it all back. . . . Don't you suppose . . . ?"

"God, I'd hate to ask."

"I know it. But wouldn't you hate worse to be put out of the apartment and have them take the furniture? It isn't as if we wanted more than just what we can live on. And it isn't as if you hadn't slaved for them for four years. I think they might consider that."

"They did consider that. They told me so. Bender said so when I got the other advance fixed up. Very irregular, but considering my long and good service to the firm, and all that. And then a long lot of talk about being careful and saving. And ten dollars a week out of my pay. . . . God, I'd hate to ask." He pushed away the greasy plate on which he had left most of his chop and some of the beans and mashed potatoes. He hid himself in his coffee-cup.

"But isn't it worth trying? And then I can make up what they take out of your pay soon, when I get my job. It ought to be worth trying."

"Yes. . . . I suppose it is."

"If I could think of any other way, I wouldn't want you to, but . . ."

"I know, dearest. There isn't any other way."

She leaned across the table toward him, her face fine with anxiety. "And . . . will you? Will you—this afternoon? Because, if we haven't got the rent by Saturday . . ."

"Yes," said Jim. "I'll try, anyway." He placed a dime beside his plate, picked up the check, and pushed his chair back. They both rose. "And I want you to go home and lie down, Millie. Right now. I'll go to Bender as soon as he's back from lunch and ask him. But you mustn't get overtired. The doctor said so." They passed out into the street. "You will lie down, won't you?"

"Yes, dearest."

II

THE cold dampness that was almost a fog crept down Jim Acker's neck and up his sleeves and made him shiver as he walked through the slushy streets. Jim was not hurrying as were the others on the sidewalk. His shoulders were hunched against the cold, but not as other shoulders were hunched; Jim's were disspirited shoulders, pulled up against the world. His face, illuminated by the blazing shop-windows he passed, was pale and bewildered.

Presently he got a telephone-booth in the drug-store and heard his wife's voice over the wire.

"Yes, Jimmy. What is it?"

"How are you, dear?"

"All right."

"Coming downtown didn't do you any harm?"

"No. I'm all right."

"Ummm. . . . Listen, Millie. . . . We finished the sale to-day, the February clearance, and there's an awful lot of extra work to be done to-night. I'm afraid I can't get home for dinner. . . . Will—you be all right?"

"Oh, isn't that mean! . . . Oh, I'll be all right, but . . . what time do you suppose you'll get home?"

"Why . . . I . . . Well, it's hard to tell. I'll have to stay until I get finished. A . . . special job. Pretty late, I guess. Maybe not till one o'clock or after. You—be a good girl. Go to bed early and don't worry."

"Oh, Jimmy!"

"What, dear?"

"It's such a shame. I don't mind. But you're tired. You sound tired. And now you're going to work all night. I think it's pretty mean."

"Oh, it doesn't amount to anything. I'm all right."

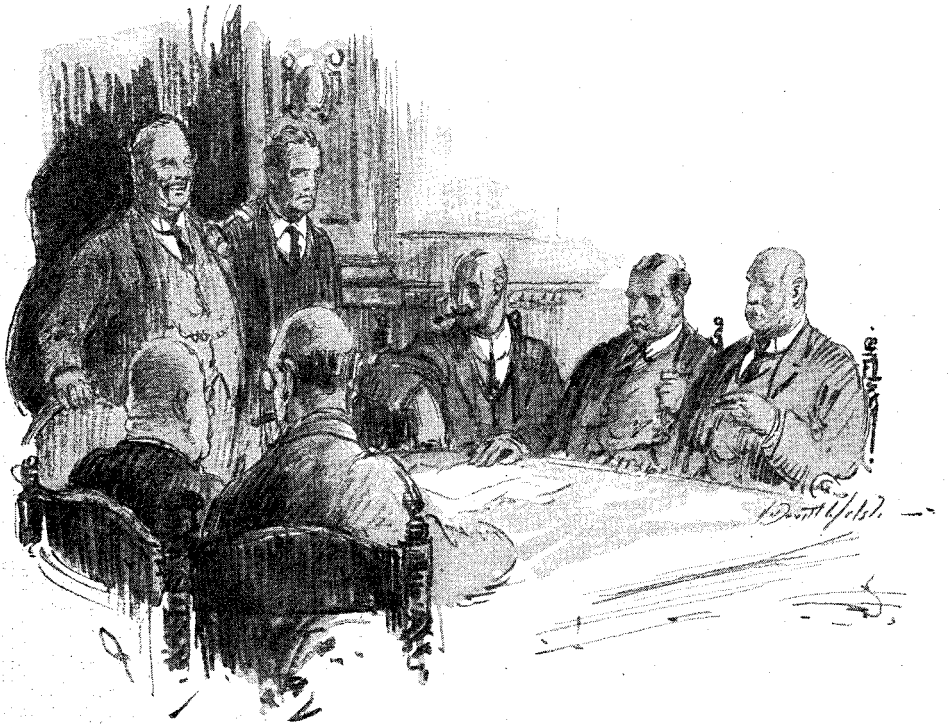
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Jimmy . . ."

"What, dear?"

"Did you . . . Have you had a chance to . . . Did you see Mr. Bender?"

"Yes. . . . Well, no. I mean he



". . . and now, gentlemen, it is my great pleasure to present to you James Acker. . . ."—Page 574.

didn't come in this afternoon. . . . But I think he'll be in this evening to see how —how things are going. I'll speak to him then. And I'm sure he'll fix it up for me. Don't you worry, old kid. He'll fix it."

"I . . . hope so."

"Don't you worry."

"I'll try."

"All right, Millie. And go to bed early."

"Yes, Jim."

"All right, dear."

"All right. Good night!"

"Good night."

From the drug-store Jim sloshed over the wet sidewalks to Sixth Avenue. Turning south, he came presently to a pawn-shop and stopped before its heterogeneously crowded window. Smashed dreams of a hundred amateur musicians. Violins, banjos, mandolins, cornets, bugles. Boxing-gloves. A tray of rings. A case of watches. Watch-chains, draped. But what he sought he did not see.

Jim half-turned toward the entrance, then swung about and continued his walk through the muck of the pavement. Two blocks and another pawn-shop. Loans. Again Jim stepped out of the darkness under the elevated structure into the light from the window. It might have been the same one. Again he vacillated and again he walked on.

The third pawn-shop he entered without so much as a glance at the window, as if he had had this place in mind all along. Within, he haggled a minute or two with a wrinkled Jew with a black skull-cap, then handled bills on the counter and went on. In the inside pocket of his coat a hard, heavy lump pressed against his ribs. At the door he shivered again from the piercing dampness and turned north.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With no desire to eat, he went to a white-tiled restaurant and toyed with a yellow rubber omelet, not quite warm, and some greasy potatoes. With no desire to read, he went from there to the public library and looked at the meaningless pictures in magazines until they told him they were closing up for the night. With no interest in any train for any place he wandered into the Grand Central terminal and sat on a hard, slippery bench holding a paper before his eyes and reading words that might as well have been written in a lost language.

"Look like a clerk. All these years of being one mark you. Everybody knows you're one. Even cops in the dark. Walk like one, probably. An advantage. Unless Schmalz knows, too. And won't stick 'em up. Stick 'em up! That's it. Back against that wall. Hoarse voice. Three hundred 'd pay the worst bills. Five hundred would clean up the lot and leave some over. But if you don't take it all it's a clew. Four or five thousand in the safe to-night after that sale. Stick 'em up. I ain't going to take it all, see? Five hunnerd is all I want, see? Hoarsely. And

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What's on your mind, Millie?"—Page 575.

handkerchief in which he had cut two holes for his eyes and adjusted it, holding it to his forehead and pressing his hat down to secure it in place. As an afterthought, he crushed down the crown of the hat to rob it of any resemblance to the old felt habitually worn by James Acker, clerk. He turned up his coat-collar. . . . At length, with a tremor that shook his whole torso, he fished the revolver from inside his coat. For a moment he examined its glint in the reflection of the sky, far above. He placed a trembling finger on the trigger, held the weapon close to his chest, levelled at an imaginary Schmalz, following a technic he had observed in the movies.

Ever so stealthily he inserted the key into the lock and turned it. The door was free to swing. . . . A deep breath. . . .

"Schmalz ought to be right here inside. In a chair down in the shoes, maybe. No. Not up there to the right either. Not a sound. Hope I meet him quick. Don't want him sneaking up behind. Suspense. Don't care for. Asleep somewhere, may-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be. But he'd snore. Fat man like Schmalz. Wheezy fat man. Not up that aisle either. Nor down. Come on, you fat Heinie. Step out, Schmalz. And stick 'em up! Stick 'em up! Hoarsely like that. Where is the fat slob? Not behind anyway. There's a chair by the haberdashery. For women who buy husbands' ties. Pretty sure he isn't behind."

Jim Acker progressed across the entire ground floor of the Mathewson store. There was no sign of Schmalz, but there came suddenly, from somewhere above, a tiny metallic sound.

"Of course. He's up where the safe is. But he ought to look around down here, too. God! Now I've got to climb those damn marble stairs. Shuffly stairs. Rubbers, though. Good thing I've got 'em on. Good thing she makes me wear 'em. . . . If she knew . . . She doesn't have to know. Ever. . . . Up the stairs. In rubbers. Not a sound. But breathing. Like a—a grampus. Whatever a grampus is. Breathe quietly. Don't let the gun wabble like that. Stick 'em. And back against that wall. Where's your gat? All right, I'll just tie you up a little."

Another tiny metallic sound from above reassured Jim that Schmalz was still in the cashier's cage or near it. And there was a vague fog of light at top of the stairs. If he would just stay in there in the cashier's cage, Jim could sneak up on him unseen. The partition was solid nearly four feet up from the floor, and Jim could stoop and be kept invisible by it.

Jim reached the top of the stairs. Leaning forward, lying against the last few steps, he brought his eyes to a level with the floor and looked about. No one in sight, but the light came dimly from the cashier's cage in the back. The light and a small unidentifiable sound. Schmalz was sharpening pencils, maybe.

Stooping so that he could not be seen, if the light were sufficient, by any one behind the cashier's partition, Jim progressed to the rear of the store until his head was directly below the window at which he had been paid every week for four years. The sound from within persisted. Slowly, as if he feared his joints would creak and give him away, Jim straightened his body, brought his head to a level with the window, and peeped in to get the lay of the land.

He pulled his head away as one pulls one's hand from a hot stove. Without the caution with which he had straightened up, he stooped again all at once. He put out his hand to steady himself, for he was not quite sure he was not about to fall over with a thud.

Through the cashier's window he had seen three men.

One was probably Schmalz, for he lay face down on the floor, his hands and feet neatly trussed up and tied together behind him. At the back of his head, too, there was a rope that seemed to come from his mouth.

The other two men Jim had never seen before, but he saw them in his mind's eye for months afterward. They wore caps, both of them, and one squatted before the Mathewson safe, working at the door with a strange boring-machine, while the other half sat on and half leaned against Miss Katz's desk, watching eagerly the progress of the operation. On Miss Katz's desk, behind the man, lay a blue-black automatic pistol. . . . Jim Acker trembled from head to foot and had to put out his hand again to retain his balance.

His only idea was that he was up against criminals who were trying to rob his employers. Outlaws. Enemies of society. With his left hand, he reached up, pushed his hat back, and slowly crumpled the handkerchief that had been his mask, his insignia as a denizen of the underworld. He rammed it into his pocket. In the other hand, he noticed, he held a revolver. A cheap, tinny revolver, when he thought of the blue-black automatic, but still a weapon. Or a potential weapon. There were no cartridges in it.

He advanced, stooping, toward the door which led to the room next to the cashier's cage, the room in which James Acker's adding-machine awaited his touch at nine o'clock in the morning. He advanced as if nothing had happened to his plans—though everything had. Reaching the door, he straightened up once more. He trembled for an instant.

Then he stepped past the partition and took two rapid strides to the open door of the cashier's cage.

"Sss-tick um up!" he said hoarsely.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . he haggled a minute or two with a wrinkled Jew with a black skull-cap.—Page 577.

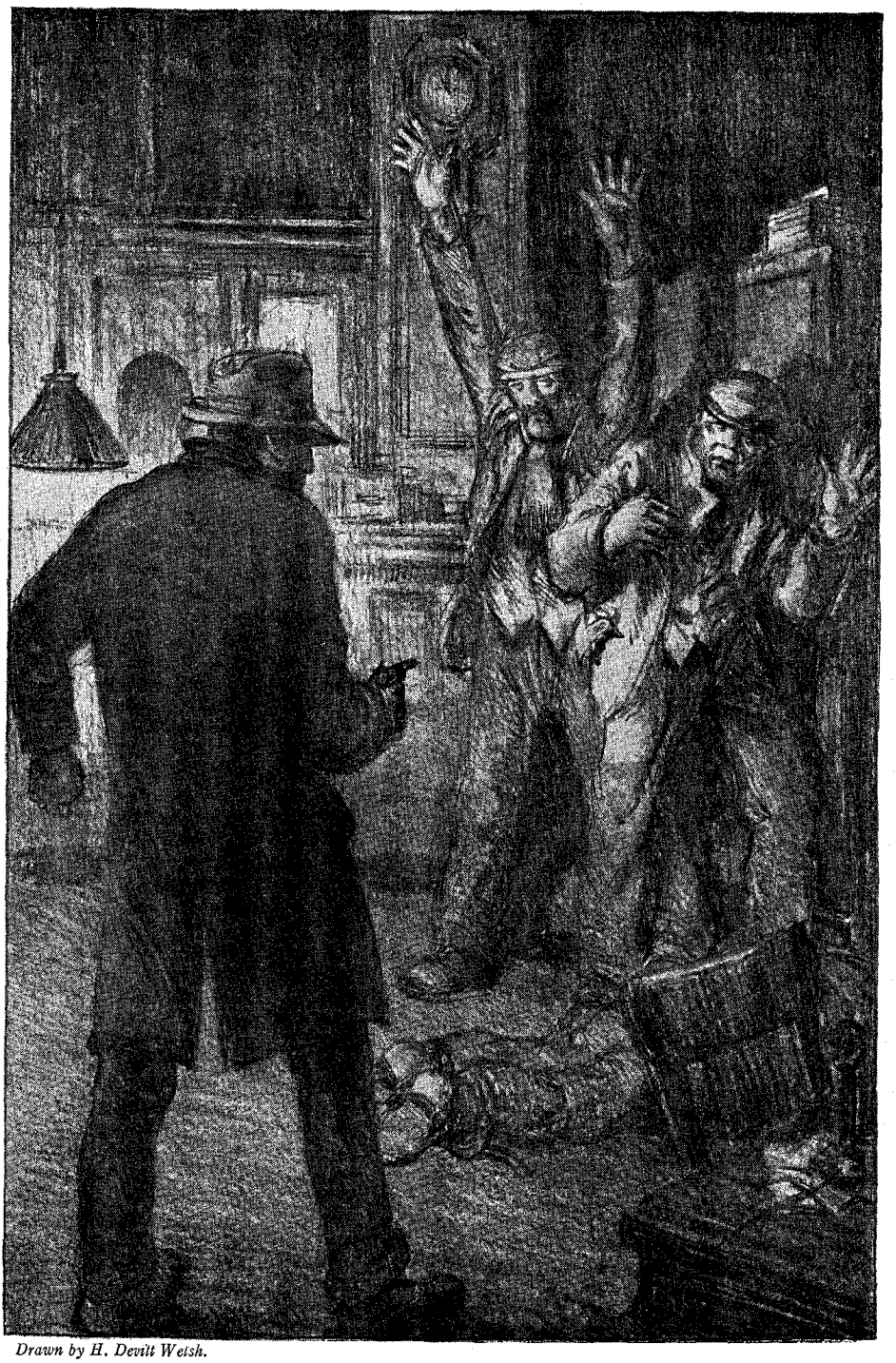
He held the revolver close to his chest and aimed it at the man at Miss Katz's desk, who was uncomfortably near the blue automatic.

Both men responded satisfactorily to the trade phrase. First they jumped and turned startled faces on him. Then slowly, keeping their eyes on his that shifted from one to the other, they straightened up and raised their arms above their heads. "Back up against the wall," commanded Jim Acker mechanically, and stepped over to possess the blue-black automatic, which so far had been the most interesting thing in the room to him. He found it heavy and unwieldy, and a great comfort. He put down his nickel-plated revolver and took the pistol in his right hand.

"Where's your gat?" he demanded of the man who had been working on the safe. "Or do I have to shoot you to get it?"

"Me vest," the man replied ungrace-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by H. Devitt Welsh.

"Sss-tick um up!" he said hoarsely.—Page 580.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fully. Jim stepped warily forward and removed it. It, too, was a blue-black automatic.

Meanwhile Schmalz was rocking back and forth on his ample stomach in an effort to right himself. Keeping the pistol consistently on his prisoners, Jim produced a knife and sawed away the bonds of the watchman as best he could without looking at them. Schmalz rolled over and sat up to survey the scene.

"Ug," he said, for the gag was still in place. Jim handed him the knife and he released his organs of speech. "Misder Ecka!" he almost sang in his joy. "Misder Ecka! You safe my live, my rebudation. You are a brafe man. Dot iss goode vurg."

Smashing to bits a habit of years, Jim Acker uttered a brief and unpleasant word in a tone of scorn and disgust.

"Call the police," he said. "I'll stay till they come."

In spite of the professional bored dignity of the members of the board of directors of The Mathewson Men's Stores, Inc., Mr. Lanton continued to attempt altitude records in his speech of laudation of the valor and zeal of this pale James Acker who stood at his side, as if before a firing-squad.

". . . such men as Acker," the president's voice rolled on, "who keep this city and this country safe for honest enterprise, who assure all of us our inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is a satisfaction in these days of disrespect for law and order, of loose morality and anarchism, to realize that such young men, who are willing to risk their lives for the integrity of society, are still growing up to splendid manhood."

He dropped his voice. Perhaps, Jim hoped, this was the end of the embarrassing incident. Perhaps he could go now. Mr. Lanton was stepping to the shiny table, as if to take up the next business. But his voice came again.

"As I have felt sure that you gentlemen of the board would agree with me that James Acker should have some tangible evidence of our gratitude to him, I have taken the liberty of having a gold watch suitably engraved, which I now take pleasure in presenting to Mr. Acker on behalf of ourselves and of the corporation."

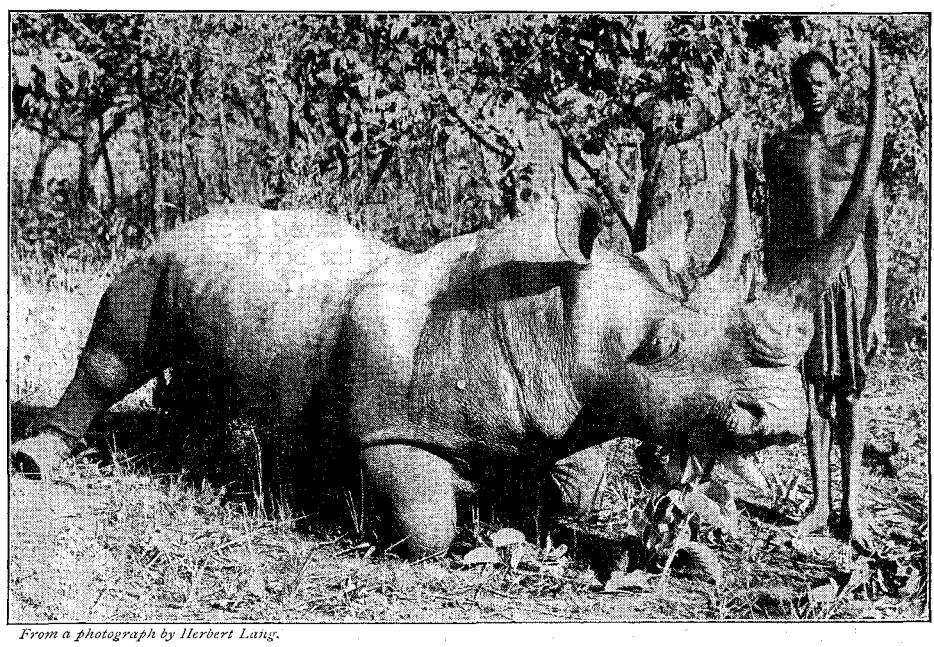
Jim's fingers closed upon the square leather box Mr. Lanton handed him. He bowed jerkily and returned his eyes to the hinge of the door by which he had entered.

"It may interest Mr. Acker to know, also, that I have talked with the head of his department, who recommends that he be promoted to assistant cashier of the Twenty-second Street store at a higher salary." Mr. Lanton coughed. "In the only other case of an employee, other than a watchman, who foiled a robbery, which occurred in the Chambers Street store two years ago, the corporation voted a reward of $1,000 to the employee. I call this fact to your attention, gentlemen, in the hope that some one will see fit to put it in the form of a motion." He coughed again.

"In order," he concluded, "that all may know that honesty and fidelity have a cash value."

A tinge of delicate green crept into Jim Acker's pallor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph by Herbert Lang.

White or square-mouthed rhinoceros.

Specimen collected by Herbert Lang and James P. Chapin for the American Museum of Natural History.

Wild Animals We Never See Alive

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

TO every intelligent person the desire to see "the biggest" and the most wonderful wild animals of the world is as natural as the desire to breathe pure air. Next in order, we always want with particular violence the things which we tantalizingly are told we cannot have. Crafty zoo people sometimes provoke proud wild-animal men to superhuman efforts by telling them of the things that they "can*not* do." Now, it may happen that this very flaunting of certain never-never animals in the face of the world will arouse some sleeping lions of ambition to the point of proving that, so far as they are concerned, it isn't so!

The thought that there are scores and scores of species of big wild animals that the massed millions of America never will see alive makes one sigh regretfully, and say: "Too bad!" Some of those unknown ones are bizarre and beautiful, some are very odd in form and make-up, and others are of gigantic size. Of course every intelligent person would like to know them all—at least to the extent of a bowing acquaintance; and, therefore, do the collectors, the animal dealers, and the zoo-makers strive mightily to produce the goods.

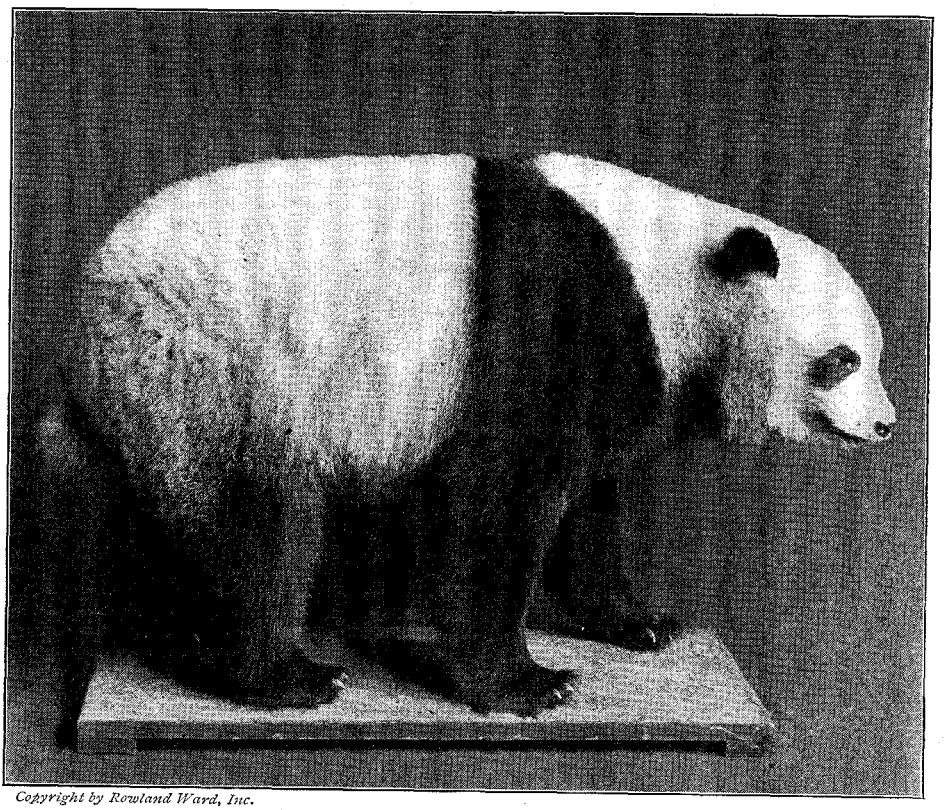
On the whole, the knights of the net and the cage have done a lot of rather good things during the past fifty years for the pent-up millions of America and Europe. Many a zoo has been made out of the raw, and filled to the point of bursting with mammal, bird, and reptile rarities. Many grand efforts have been made by ambitious dealers to procure, on a high-minded gambling basis, important zoological rarities for the zoos of the world;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and many of these efforts have been due far more to ambition to do something worth while for zoology than for the elusive chance of big financial profits.

Yes, the field collectors and animal dealers are our best allies, and they are the zoologically important exhibits to our credit:

The "impossible" Duck-Billed Platypus, 1922; the Pigmy Elephant of West Africa, 1905; the Alaskan Brown Bears, 1900; the Pigmy Hippopotami of 1912;



Copyright by Rowland Ward, Inc.

Giant Panda of Western China.
From a mounted specimen.

men who make possible the best zoological gardens of the world. When you meet a good one, treat him kindly, for conscience sake. Believe me, his is a hard life; with a business packed full of disappointments, losses, and discouragements.

During the past twenty-seven years the New York Zoological Society and Zoological Park have conjointly played an important part in stimulating the capture and public exhibition of celebrated wild-animal species never before exhibited in America. Call it the "showman's instinct" or not, but we *do* literally "point with pride" (and thankfulness) to these the Spectacled Bear of the Andes, 1910; the big Baird's Tapir of Panama, 1924; the Mountain-Zebra and the Addax Antelope, Beatrix Antelope, Aardvark, Thylacine, Kudu, Gorilla, Musk-Ox, and small mammals, birds, and reptiles far too numerous to mention here.

Finally, late in 1926, one more of the never-never species reached New York. It was the giant Malayan Monitor Lizard (*Varanus komodoensis*), of the small island of Komodo, Malay Archipelago, two fine specimens of which were captured and brought to us alive by Mr. William Douglas Burden, of New York.

Of all the elusive, almost unknown, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

baffling big land animals of the blue distance that we can't catch and keep alive we must give the champion's belt to the Giant Panda, of somewhere in western China. His other names are Parti-Colored "Bear" and Short-Tailed Panda, and, in Latin, *Eluropus*. We cannot give his post-office address, and he has no references. It was only yesterday, as it were, that he was lifted out of the Bear Family, to which mistakenly he had been assigned, and relocated as a Panda; which means a very distant relative of the humble raccoon. It was only a short time ago that this almost mythical animal was excellently pictured in a good natural-history book as a sure-enough bear, and started blundering down the ages on that slippery basis. However, a very fine mountable skin recently came into the hands of the Rowland Ward Studios, of London, and that specimen settled the zoological status of the Chinese mystery animal.

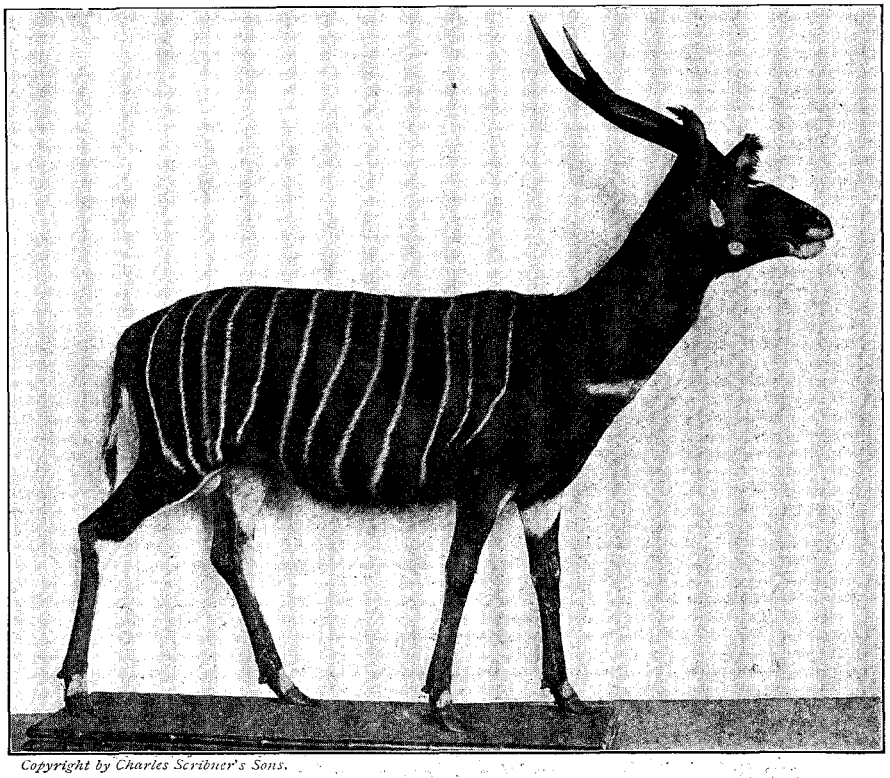
Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A fine Okapi caught in a noose.
Collected and photographed by Herbert Lang, for the American Museum of Natural History.

The Giant Panda is quite a husky animal, and really it does look *very* bear-like! Its shoulder height is about 30 inches, and being very stockily built its weight on the hoof should therefore be at least 250 pounds. Its prevailing body color is white. The legs and under surfaces are deep black, and up to the highest point of the shoulder the fore leg thrusts up a startling, sharp-pointed wedge of solid black. Each eye is dabbed by Nature's tar-brush with a big splotch of black; and thus is the Giant Panda marked in harlequin colors that should render its identification easy as far as the animal can be seen with a binocular.

If ever there was a Giant Panda in captivity anywhere, all that can be said is that it sank and left no trace. When Mr. W. W. Rockhill was our honorable ambassador to the Chinese Empire we begged him to procure a live specimen for us. His excellency was very sympathetic, and promised to do his best for the good of the order; but fate was inexorable, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The elusive Bongo.
Mounted specimen in the American Museum of Natural History.

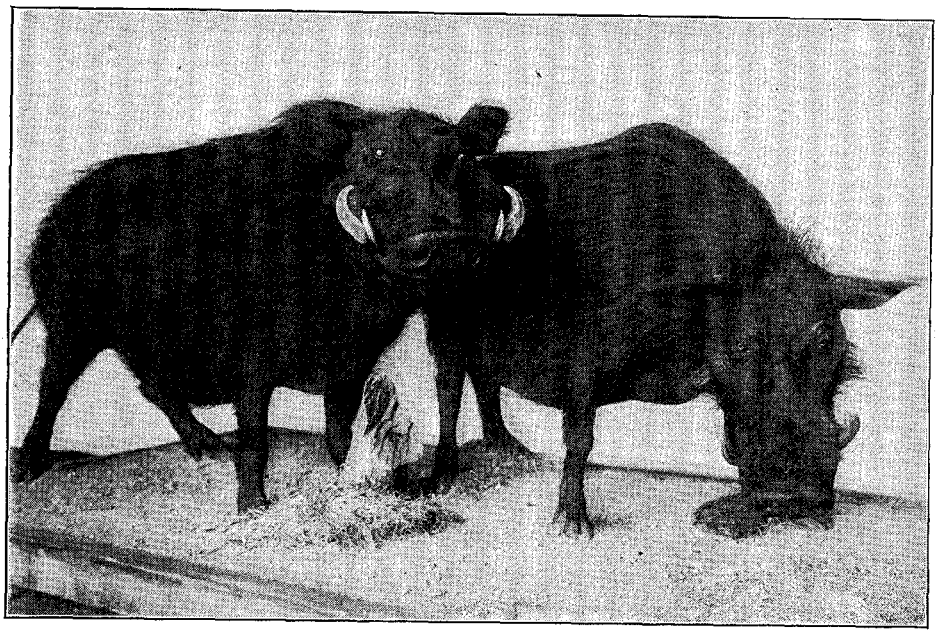
no star-spangled Panda ever came to our door. That was all of twenty-five years ago; and the evil spell has not yet been broken. Indeed, we are lucky to have even a good picture to exhibit; and our thanks therefor are due to the keen eye for zoological rarities of Mr. J. B. Burlace, manager of the Rowland Ward wonder-house.

Since the twentieth century began the jungles of Africa have given up four big, spectacular, and absolutely new wild-animal species, not one of which ever has been seen in mortal zoo save one single young specimen of Okapi. People may well ask: "Has Africa any more undiscovered species?"

The Nile White Rhinoceros, or "Square Mouth," of Central Africa is a magnificent species now in dire peril. As an independent species he was not "discovered" and fixed in life until 1908; and now look at him quickly—before he goes! He is booked for quick oblivion, and it looks as if he will be sent to his long home without once having planted a foot outside of Africa, or within any zoo. Originally there were two quite similar white rhino species. One, when alive, inhabited South Africa, and the other still inhabits Central Africa, from the Nile at Lado westward for about five hundred miles. At their nearest points the two species were one thousand two hundred miles apart!

The southern "Square Mouth" was joyously shot to pieces by white hunters during the past fifty years. The last-minute report of Mr. C. W. Hobley, Secretary of the (British) Society for the Protection of the Fauna of the Empire, puts down twenty as the possible total of this species in the Mfolozi Game Reserve of Zululand. Let us hope that the estimate is correct, and that no "permits" to disturb or kill any one of those last survivors will be granted to any living soul for twenty-five years to come.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Giant forest hog.

Group in the American Museum of Natural History. Collected by Alfred J. Klein.

In the days of ex-President Roosevelt's great African Safari, its leader and Captain Kermit found White Rhinos quite near to the Nile, in the Lado country. Their numbers then were so satisfactory that several were photographed by Kermit at middle distances. Four or five fine specimens were collected for museums in America, and in fairness it must be recorded that neither President Theodore nor Captain Kermit kept a head for himself.

When Messrs. Herbert Lang and James P. Chapin collected for the American Museum of Natural History in the Uele District, Central Africa, White Rhinoceroses were fairly abundant there. Mr. Lang's publication on that species in the Zoological Society Bulletin of July, 1920, is the finest popular monograph known to me covering any African mammal species.

The White Rhinoceros is not really "white," save when it rolls in grayish-white earth. The real color of its skin is a uniform gray. It is much larger than the African black rhinoceros, and its front nose-horn is longer and larger. Its head is much elongated, and the shrinkage at the throat is so sudden and pronounced that the head looks as if it might part company from the body.

But, as usual, there now is always some one busy taking the joy out of the life of every big and interesting animal. To-day we have this alarming condition to consider:

Very reliable news, received only just now from Central Africa, declares that persistent slaughter by natives of the very few remaining White Rhinoceroses of Uele is now in progress. Its object is to secure nose-horns to sell to rascally dealers, to sell to the horrid zoological "doctors" of China, to be ground up into high-priced "medicine" for senile men. Because of this ignominious reason the White Rhinoceros species is in danger of being *totally exterminated in a very short time!*

The actions previously taken by the Belgian and French Colonial Governments to stop that deadly trade in rhino horns have not been sufficiently drastic nor far-reaching; and "illicit trade" in those remote jungles is mighty difficult to prevent. If the screws are quickly put on both the traders and the native hunters, and with sufficient severity, that most reprehensible commercial extermination

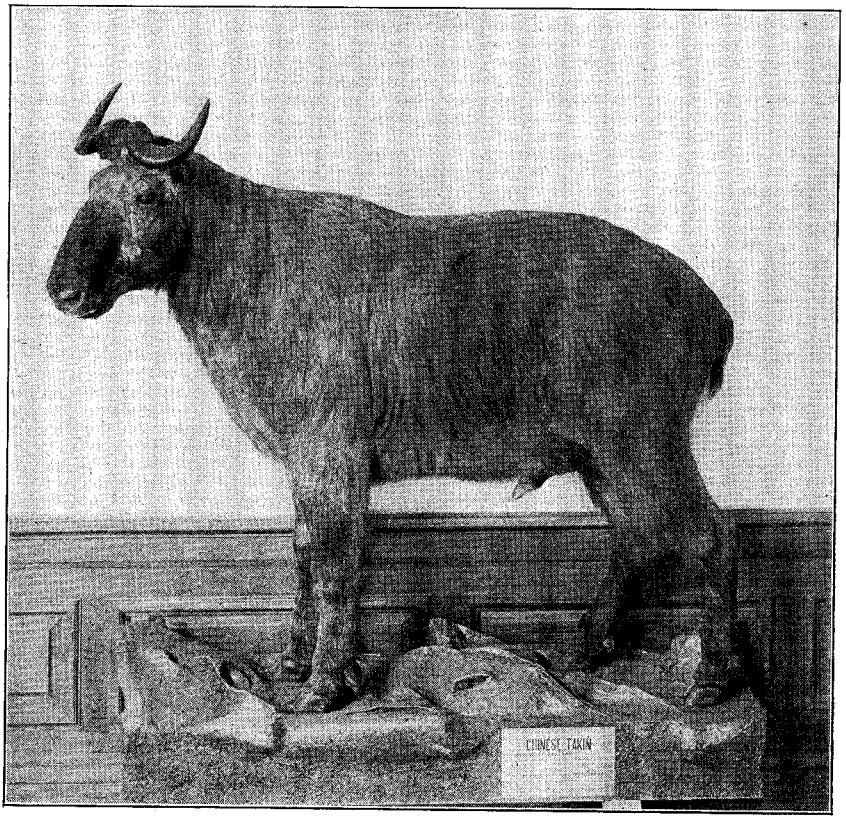
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possibly can be stopped before the last Square Mouth bites the dust; but the emergency brakes will have to be clapped on right suddenly to be in time to forestall total extinction. I believe this species can be saved only by making for it, quickly, a bomb-proof, inviolate sanctuary, with good men for wardens.

For fifteen years substantial sums of money have been offered for a live White Rhino for the New York Zoological Park; but the awful remoteness, the difficulties in food and transportation, and the difficulties to be surmounted in securing a governmental permit to make a capture all have combined to spell, thus far, defeat! Will we get even one before this grand species goes down and out?

There enters the queer and bizarre Okapi, of the most jungly heart of Central and West Africa. It looks as if it had been modelled out of some left-over giraffe material, and painted by Nature when in sportive mood in the colors of a harlequin. Its head is shaped quite like that of a cow elk. Its absurd little horns (of pure bone) are covered with skin and hair. Its body and hind quarters are reddish brown; and its legs, both fore and aft, are striped horizontally with purplish black and white bands—like no other animal striping under the sun. A big male stands 5 feet high at the highest point of its shoulders, and it is built like a fat hartebeest. It must weigh about 700 pounds. The hoofs are divided, like those of all the African antelopes.

The discovery of the Okapi was completed by Sir Harry Johnston in 1901. Its home is the Ituri Forest, in the upper half of the Aruwimi River Valley, due west of Lake Albert. There, in a vast area of dense woods and brush jungle, that astoundingly wary and keen-eyed animal is forever safe from the guns of white hunters. The Okapi always sees the



Chinese Takin.

Collected by Mason Mitchell, in Szechnan, western China, and presented to the National Collection of Heads and Horns.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hunter first. Says Mr. Herbert Lang, the best living authority on the haunts and habits, the minds and the manners, of this species:

"Having walked more than a thousand miles on the tracks of the Okapi, I unhesitatingly state that its great wariness and nocturnal habits effectually protect it from being stalked by white men. Those who can rightfully claim to have seen a living Okapi, or to have shot one, have been so favored quite accidentally."

We never yet have heard of an Okapi having been shot by a white man; but of course there is always a "first time." Meanwhile, it is a pleasure to contemplate one species that does not seem marked for quick extermination by the deadly paleface of civilization. But how is it about the menace of savagery?

From the slings and arrows of outrageous natives the Okapi is not by any means secure. The concealed pit-traps and the big leg-snares of the relentless and deadly meat-hungry natives are catching Okapis, big and little, just like shelling peas. Both those methods are very successful and very destructive. When an Okapi is caught, either in a pit or with a big noose of bark rope around one leg, the meat-loving natives ignominiously beat the animal to death with clubs. There is not a thing in the world to prevent them from snaring or noosing the last Okapi and beating it to death about A. D. 1950, or earlier.

Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

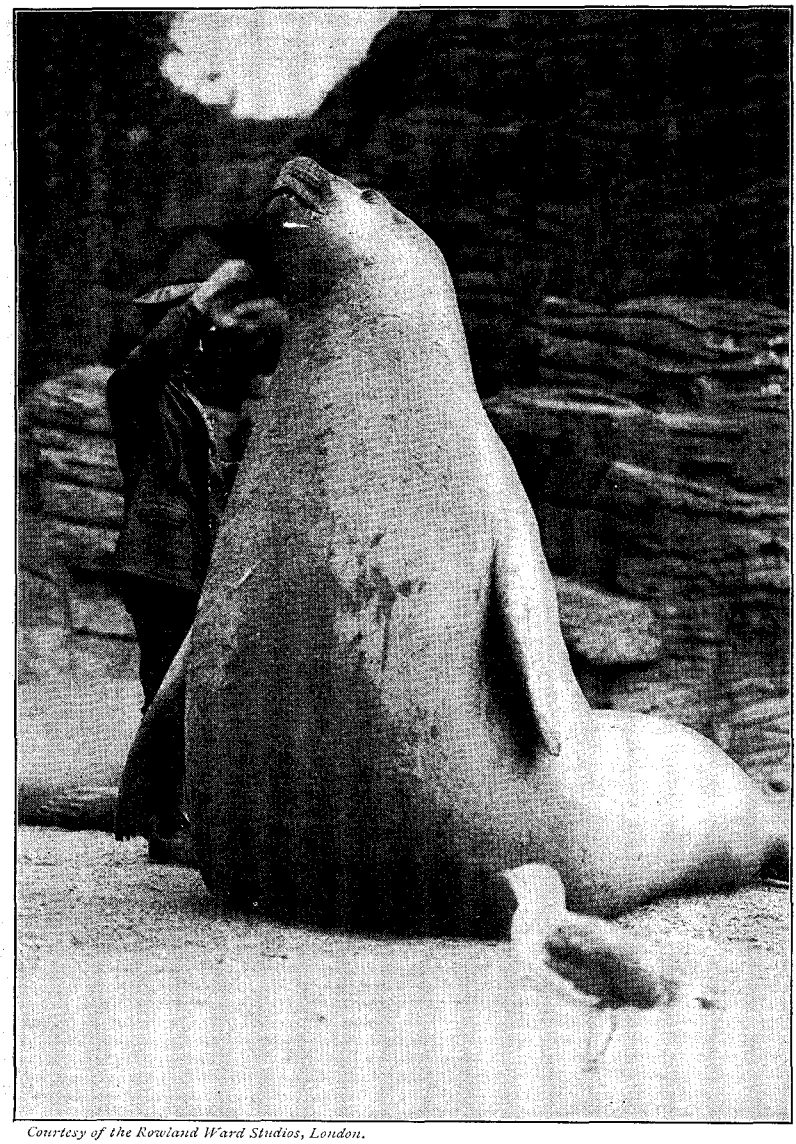
Ovis Poli, shot in eastern Turkestan, 1925.

From "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," by Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt.

Mr. Lang says that the natives are very good about giving to interested white men the fresh skins of Okapis. Once as a culmination of great efforts, both white and black, the most famous native Okapi hunter actually caught and delivered to Mr. Lang, *for the New York Zoological Park, a live Okapi calf!* The emergency milk-supply from cans was all right, but a continuous fresh supply soon became a matter of life or death. In a radius of thirty miles that whole Ituri hinterland was unable to produce enough free milk to keep that one little but wonderful calf alive beyond its first ten days of captivity.

Once, however, about 1920, a young living Okapi was successfully transported to Europe, where it lived for about six weeks in the Antwerp Zoological Gardens. Probably it never fully recovered from the rigors and fatigues of its long and severe journey from the Ituri Forest to Belgium. As a living exhibit to show in the temper-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtesy of the Rowland Ward Studios, London.

The gigantic sea elephant of the Antarctic.
From the South Georgia Islands.

ate zone, the Okapi is (thus far) a hazardous risk. It is not, like the rhino or the hippo, a tough citizen, built to endure the abuse of all nations. The risks of death in infancy and in transit are great; and this tends to depress Okapi stock, both preferred and common. It never will command the prices that safely can be paid for white rhinos.

The East African Bongo Antelope marches into this exhibition close upon the heels of its jungle friend and companion, the Okapi. Its nearest relative is the little twist-horned bushbuck. By a curious coincidence, its discovery was completed in 1902. It is fairly big; it is striped with about twelve conspicuous white body stripes up and down, and its face is firmly set against captivity. To the best of our knowledge and belief, a Bongo

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never has been seen in captivity, either in Europe or America. The species was a long time in the books before one was killed by a white man. On the great African hunting adventure of ex-President Roosevelt two fine specimens (male and female) fell to the trusty and persistent rifle of Captain Kermit on the Mau Escarpment, Kenya Province, East Africa. Luckily for him he found a place where some small Bongo bands elected to graze in the daytime, in rocky but fairly open country, wherein it was possible to see them first.

The trouble with the Bongo lies in the fact that it is terribly alert and afraid of man. It lives usually at from six thousand to eight thousand feet elevation, and rarely in open country. When occasionally found openly among rocks and shot at, it speeds away, up and up, for more height, rougher rocks, and more security.

Ordinarily the Bongo is a devoted lover of dense, dark, and damp jungles high up in the world. Mr. E. Blaney Percival, of Kenia Province, a man who knows, says that if you want to get a Bongo you must go prepared to camp on his trail and stick to it for days; and that when you get his head as a trophy you can prize it as proof of wet, cold, and hard work.

The Bongo of Central and West Africa is of the same species as the Eastern one, but with a range from the Ituri Forest clear westward to the Atlantic coast. It comes within the class of large African Antelopes, and it is decidedly handsome.

In size I should say that it is as heavy as the East African sable antelope, but shorter in the legs, like its stockily built bushbuck relatives. The shoulder height of Kermit Roosevelt's male specimen was 44 inches, but big males sometimes grow to 48 inches. The longest horn length is 39½ inches, and the greatest circumference is 12 inches.

For twenty years the Giant Forest Hog of Kenia Province and the great Equatorial Forest of Central Africa has been a thorn in my flesh. First, we couldn't get it; and, last, when we could get it the sumptuary laws of the United States wouldn't let us have it! Our Bureau of Animal Industry will not lower the bars to permit a live one to enter for fear the immigrants will try to smuggle in some new and unnecessary parasites or swine diseases that will further diminish the ranks of the sacred American hog.

By another coincidence, close after the Okapi and Bongo, this big, black, and ugly devil hog appeared on the horizon. His discovery in 1904 went off with a bang, and reverberated from several quarters at once. He leaped full-fledged into the arena of big and bad African wild animals, and found none blacker than himself. So far as we are aware, this spectacular animal never once has been caught alive. It is all that this slow world can do to see one dead.

As its name implies, and as we may safely infer, the new Giant Forest Hog is the largest of all the wild-swine species of the world. In hair, eyes, and bare-skin surfaces it is fully as black as Erebus. A fine specimen shot near the Channa River, Central Africa, by Charles Cottar, is thus described by him in *Outdoor Life Magazine:*

"Their long, glossy coat of black contains not a hair of a different hue, and the deep black extends over all the mucous membranes. The teeth are black, and the eyes are as glossy black as a pair of beads of glass. But the extremely large mouth almost robs them of the appearance of the swine. Instead of the long, tapering muzzle, the mouth is almost as broad as the head at the eyes, and the lips taper down to a thin sharp edge, capable of cutting the tender vines and young bamboo on which the animal feeds exclusively."

The flesh measurements of Mr. Cottar's big specimen were as follows: Shoulder height, 3 feet 4 inches; length over all (including an 11-inch tail), 8 feet 2 inches; girth of body at middle, *8 feet 4 inches*.

The Wanderobo natives say the Giant Forest Hog is voiceless, and Mr. Cottar confirms this even after witnessing a hard fight between two big males, neither of which uttered a sound.

This remarkable animal has been, since 1904, so diligently exploited that it is now known to inhabit the great Central African rain forest from Mount Kenia down the Congo basin, and across to the Atlantic coast. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph of the fine mounted group on exhibition in the Amer-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ican Museum of Natural History, the specimens for which were collected by Alfred J. Klein.

The Chinese Takin is another big animal of which a Crow Indian would say, "Heap no-see-'um"; which means mighty little known. Like the Giant Panda, it has few relations, and they issue no publications. In the London Zoo there once lived a related species, the Mishmi Takin, from Tibet, just north of northeastern India; but the Takin now before us is different and unknown there.

Imagine, if you can, a coarse-haired and monstrously overgrown gray goat, with some very ungoat-like details. This is a genuine wild-animal oddity, as queer as the musk-ox, prong-horned antelope, or white mountain goat. It is 50 inches high at the shoulder, with a girth of 65 inches, and a weight on the hoof of at least 600 pounds. Imagine a big and heavy body, legs thick and clumsy like those of a musk-ox, hoofs like those of a domestic cow, and horns that suggest those of a hartebeest. Our longest horn is 19⅝ inches long, with a basal circumference of 11½ inches, and the pair spread 19½ inches between tips.

With highly commendable zoological enterprise in 1908 Honorable Mason Mitchell, then United States consul at Chung Kiang, China, made a long and laborious hunting trip into the Province of Szechuan, near the southwestern border of China. That took him into the home of the big and queer and little-known Chinese Takin. Four fine adult male specimens were collected by Mr. Mitchell, and presented to four museums.

He found that the Takin of his quest lives in rough, mountainous, and thinly forested country, and sometimes forms herds of as many as two hundred head. To the sportsman or naturalist who can win to them they are not extremely difficult to kill. Animals that go in large herds seldom are.

By speaking of the Giraffes I am reminded of another tender subject, and the dulness of the human mind.

The giraffes form a striking chapter of zoological revelations that were slow on the draw. To a layman their markings seem good for differentials up to a quarter-mile of distance; but alas! poor Yorick! The big-game hunter seems fated to have his zoological prizes remain incognito on the veldt, and be "discovered" by the pent-up museum investigator who has eyes with which to see stripes and spots, and teeth and horns as they really are.

In eastern Africa between the Cape and the confluence of the Nile there are five well-defined species of Giraffe. The Cape and the Nubian species have been known for many years. The three species that in their colors and markings are the most striking and beautiful are the Reticulated, Uganda, and Masai, "discovered" respectively in 1899, 1903, and 1898.

Ever since I saw in the Jardin d'Acclimatation of Paris, in 1896, a fine *adult* Reticulated Giraffe I have ardently desired and ceaselessly demanded of collectors and dealers a giraffe of that species. To me it is tremendously interesting. It was rightly named the Latin equivalent of Netted Giraffe. It is a warm light-brown animal with (what looks like) a big-meshed net of snow-white rope thrown over it, and skilfully fitted to the neck and body. Of all the markings of striped and spotted animals this is, to me, the most fascinating. In my mind's eye, Horatio, I see Dame Nature throwing that white net over her last giraffe species, and ordering her stripe artists to reproduce it permanently on the giraffes of northern Kenia.

There is not one good reason why American sportsmen and animal dealers have not by this time brought a round dozen of living Reticulated (*i. e.*, "netted") Giraffes to New York. If caught with judgment and handled with intelligence, a giraffe of this heretofore unseen species would live long, and do credit to its author and purveyor. And then the beautiful Masai species! That also should be caught and brought here, numerously. Now that the war is over, and it is no longer "c'est la guerre," there is no excuse for the giraffe famine that for fourteen years has prevailed.

To the millions of friends and followers of the giraffes it will be a satisfaction to know that in Kenia Province—the one that is scandalously rich in giraffes of three species—the business of provincial game protection is so well done by Cap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tain Keith Cauldwell, Mr. E. Blaney Percival, and others that giraffes are really on the increase, and in some localities are now delightfully abundant. Many fine movie photographs of giraffes have been taken, and more will be. Know also that the African buffalo has quite come back from the slaughter by rinderpest that struck British East Africa in 1890. The Grant Zebra is a well-established pest (to farmers), and the case it has created is being treated with leaden pills.

But for Kipling's six-word reference in the "Feet of the Young Men" to "a head of Ovis Poli" I think that great and rare wild sheep of eastern Turkestan would have remained obscure in America until Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt went after it in 1925. If a living specimen ever was exhibited in a zoo outside of India we never heard of it.

The Marco Polo Sheep was discovered about 1256 by Marco Polo, and it stands to-day as the best-known monument to that doughty and veracious traveller. Its permanent post-office address is Kashgar, and it lives on the mountain rim of the highest, coldest, and most God-forsaken mountain plateau to be found this side of the two frigid zones. It is the woodshed of the "Roof of the World," and the hunting-ground has a mean elevation of 16,000 to 17,000 feet.

The Roosevelts found plenty of Ovis Poli in the mountain barrier range between southwestern Turkestan and the Russian Pamir, midway between Kashgar and Gilgit. Those mountains are of the rounded-summit type, and the elevation of the sheep is between 15,000 and 17,000 feet.

Ovis Poli does not inhabit Matterhorn and Jungfrau country. Everywhere the precipice mountains are too well stocked with impossible crags and precipices for mountain-sheep purposes. All wild sheep love best the rounded summits, such as sheep and white hunters can negotiate without too much disgrace. Like other wild sheep, and also goats, the Poli sheep are very expert in *not* "leaping from crag to crag." In fact, very few wild sheep have any love for the really bad and disreputable crags. For family use they are too difficult and dangerous, and the get-away chances for hunted sheep are too limited. But there are wild goats that just naturally love them.

Ovis Poli's horns are his best publicity asset. The biggest ones are almost impossible to believe. They are not, however, so splendidly massive as the horns of the Siberian Argali Sheep, in which Nature's vaulting ambition sometimes overleaps itself. (Fancy sheep horns of 19 or 20 inches circumference at the base, and a length on the curve of 50 inches.) The specialty of the Ovis Poli is total length of horns on the curve and width of spread between tips. Who can believe that a horn of mortal sheep ever reached the amazing length of *six feet?* Fortunately the pattern is slender, or Ovis Poli could not get away with his horns. The greatest circumferences run from 15 inches up to a solitary specimen of 17 inches.

Rowland Ward's last volume of "Records of Big Game" gives the measurements of thirty-eight Ovis Poli horns that measure (on the curves) above 60 inches, six of 70 inches and above, and a top-notcher (once owned by Lord Roberts) of the staggering length of 75 inches! Of those "record" horns, only four pairs are in public museums. All the others are frozen fast in private collections. The stature of Ovis Poli is not up to the standard set by the horns of the adult male. To match horns of even 60 inches each, the animal should be as big as our wapiti, whereas I think it is about the size of our mule-deer.

It is too bad that of the truly grand wild sheep of the Old World, the Aoudad, or Barbary wild sheep, of North Africa is the only species that thrives and lives long and breeds in zoological-park captivity. All the other big ones die early and often; but the beautiful little Mouflon we have with us always, and the Burrhel we have sometimes.

In addition to the wholly-unseen-alive species of our dreams, there are others that we have seen in babyhood, but which we never, never have seen, or are likely to see, in a state of big, dangerous, and awesome full maturity. It fills us with regret to know very well that there is not one chance in a thousand that any American zoological park will ever show a twenty-foot sea-elephant of Kerguelen or South

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Georgia, a twenty-foot crocodile, a twenty-five-foot anaconda, a fully adult male gorilla, a twelve-foot African Elephant, or an adult bull Pacific Walrus. Until the men of the future invent and function with superhuman nets, derricks, and cages, and with human helpers as intelligent and efficient as steam-shovels, the world will just have to be content to play with the babies of the old he-ones named above.

In February, 1926, there arrived, and in January, 1927, there lives and functions, in the famous Animal Park of Carl Hagenbeck's Sons at Stellingen, Hamburg, Germany, an astounding male specimen of the great Southern Sea Elephant, from South Georgia. As a zoo inmate, "Goliath" is a unique monster—colossal, amiable, a devastating feeder, and an amazing *poseur*. He is about 16 feet long, and he weighs now 4,430 pounds. He eats from 250 to 350 pounds of fish per day, and he speaks volumes for the daring and enterprise of the Hagenbeck brothers, in capturing, transporting, and *feeding* such an unparalleled zoo specimen. May he live long, and prosper!

The Letter

BY BERNICE KENYON

"TAKE of your comfort from this sheet of paper
On which your lover has written words of light;
And then destroy it—burn it at a taper
Held in a trembling hand, on a chill night."

Darkness shuts in—the night is cold—my fingers
Are cold too. The cold clutches at my heart.
There is no mortal warmth at all that lingers
Here in your letter; and no skilful art

Has set the feeling of life down, with the writing.
I am aware only of what you say—
And here you write forever of feasting and fighting—
And what are they, in this cold?—and what are they?

Nothing of you comes nearer for my reading . . .
Do you know what this night is like?—But you cannot know.
There are dark winds over the world; they are moving and speeding,
Forever bringing the cold; and they blow and blow,

Rattling my windows, shrilling the air, and sighing;
Making a sound of lost things in a storm—
Pursued things—hurt and wild—running and flying . . .
I will burn your letter up to get me warm!

Here is the candle. . . . Never does flame mount quicker
Than in white paper, snapping, and turning it black;
The fire spurts—shrivels—dies in a final flicker . . .
And the cold—the terrible cold—comes creeping back.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morons on the Macadam

BY HARLAN C. HINES
Professor of Educational Psychology, University of Cincinnati

I

THERE is little in the law that prevents any of us from attempting to drive an automobile. In a certain Middle Western State, for example, when one is permitted to drive he must be at least seventeen years of age, have the sight of one eye, may have no legs if he has two hands, or, if he has two legs, may have no hands, and, if he is above seventeen, it matters not how far above.

This laxity in the law is characteristic of the country at large, and it not only has allowed about half of us to engage in driving, with some probability that the other half will join us as soon as possible, but has created the general impression that most of our traffic troubles are caused either by persons who are physically crippled or mentally feeble. As the number of drivers has increased, a cry has gone up for more stringency in granting initial permission to drive, and one meets with the repeated suggestion that a series of standardized tests should be drawn up for the purpose of eliminating those who are likely to be the cause of the more serious traffic problems.

One progressive city has already taken steps in this direction. There, when a man applies for a license, he is taken to a small yard dotted with tall cans and ordered to steer an irregular course through them to the opposite side. If he accomplishes this successfully, he is told to repeat his trip in reverse gear. Such a test, if adopted generally, would weed out the lame, halt, and blind, the emotionally unstable, and possibly those who are too young or too old. But, considering the fact that these probably do not constitute more than four per cent of our total population and are found at the driver's wheel so infrequently, the plan falls far short of bringing a complete solution. We might even add to those eliminated some who, because of inability to read with reasonable speed and comprehension, or because of disabilities in hearing and sight, drive their motor-cars in ways unexpected and unintended, and we have then but scratched the surface.

The truth of the matter is our traffic difficulties are most often caused by persons who would be able to pass most of the tests so far devised and suggested, and who would be classed as average both physically and mentally. It is they who most frequently cause the moments of peril, and one need only turn to the principal causes for traffic accidents—violation of the right-of-way rule, exceeding the speed-limit, failure to signal, cutting left corners, and driving while intoxicated—to see that most of these may be acts of perfectly normal persons suddenly and temporarily bereft of sound judgment—high-class morons for the time being.

II

WHAT is going on in the minds of men who permit themselves to get into traffic difficulties? It is a difficult question and perhaps could be answered best by considering first the restraints that cause people to drive cautiously and alertly. According to a report of the accident-prevention bureau of a large life-insurance company, married men are better drivers than single men "because they have more respect for authority, more mature judgment, and a greater sense of responsibility." This conclusion was based on an intensive study of several thousand highway accidents—single men were involved in more than half of all the accidents investigated. Obviously the mere fact that a man is married does not guarantee that he will become a good driver, but his duties and safeguards are likely to make

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him cautious in situations where the single man would take a chance.

When a man is consistently cautious he is fearful, and the cautious automobile-driver is fearful, first of all, of accidents. He is constantly on guard against collision, against damage to his car and injury to himself or his family, or to any person with whom he may collide.

Again he is fearful of the laws governing general traffic. A tendency to drive too fast, he knows, is frequently punished by a term in jail, while failure to obey traffic signals and directions will mean, as a minimum, a citation to court. With these fears are the accompanying apprehensions that arise from defects in his motor-car; and the feeling of uncertainty that he may run out of gasoline, oil, or water, due to his negligence, penuriousness, or poverty, is just as vital while it lasts, for here he comes under the law of survival.

If he has purchased his car on the instalment plan, this may also creep in to make him cautious; he is inclined to refrain from driving recklessly and without regard to possibility of damage. And the same is true if he carries no insurance.

III

If these restraints were constantly present with every driver, there would be few accidents, and these due only to overcrowded highways and the physical impossibility of overcoming the other fellow's poor guessing. But what happens when these restraints are not present? The truck-driver or delivery-boy does not seem to feel them when he drives on the wrong side of the street, nor, in a lesser way, does the man who has never had an accident—he may come to feel that he is inured against them. Many examples might be cited. A man becomes convinced that he is a *good* driver and that good drivers are fortified against any emergency. Another has learned to depend upon his car to get him out of difficulties, either because of its great size or because it is a *good* car. Another may have come into sudden prosperity, with a consequent feeling of self-importance, or may have no better excuse for "hogging the road" than the sensation of inner well-being produced by an excellent dinner. Another may be governed by a system of efficiency that demands results regardless of consequences. And still another may throw caution to the winds for the simple reason that he has good roads to travel.

Fear of the law may be dissipated through laxity in enforcement. The local police force, for one reason or another, may be making few, if any, arrests. Or the driver may "stand in" with members of the force, or with the men higher up, and has little to fear from them. Again, he may expect the size or brilliancy of his car to absolve him where the man in the "tin sulky" would be hailed into court—his car being recognized as one that may belong to some influential citizen of the community with a voice in the control of city politics. Or he may have been arrested so frequently that he has lost fear of the law and its meshes. And, finally, he may be one of a large number of persons who have allowed themselves to generate a disrespect for any law with which they are not in complete agreement.

Akin to the feelings that one may be able to drive well, and that he may depend upon his car because it is large or good, is the reaction that comes from full and complete ownership either through cash or credit buying. If a man's home is his castle, where he may do as he pleases, his automobile, when completely paid for, is (almost literally) his house on wheels. Unless he has built up strong habits of caution while making his payments, fear of accidents is not so great, for the car is *his* to operate as he sees fit. Fear of the law is also lightened through the confidence that comes with ownership or through the elimination of a feeling of inferiority that may have persisted because of inability to buy or inability to pay in full.

Insurance, too, is no small factor in eradicating fear. If the car is insured against accident, fire, or theft, there is greater freedom in driving and parking, and if the driver carries liability insurance, he may feel entitled to run down a few pedestrians in order to get his money's worth. Even the knowledge that he carries plenty of ordinary life insurance as a protection for his family may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tend to make him a little less careful with himself and car than he would be with no such safeguards.

IV

But these statements account only in a general way for some of the reckless driving to be seen any day in city or country. The cautious man, even in the presence of restraints, will have his lapses, and when, for some reason, he becomes incautious or absent-minded, he drives no better than the intentionally or consciously reckless. He may violate the right-of-way rule, exceed the speed-limit, fail to signal, cut left corners, or take any kind of liberty common to reckless drivers, and there is always some reason, however obscure, for his doing so. To show what the reasons may be, the usual level of his thinking need not be considered; they apply at times to men in all walks of life.

Displays of unusual and unwarranted driving as a result of loss of temper are common. Even though he may not be conscious of it, the man who drives an automobile under the conditions of present-day traffic is under a nervous strain, and he may move along quite peacefully and composedly in all other activities, yet, when in the act of driving a car, may wear his nerves as a top-coat. The degree to which he becomes sensitive to his surroundings will depend upon what has happened or what does happen to him. If, upon arising in the morning, the furnace has failed to draw, the eggs have got cold, the coffee is too weak, a suit has not been returned from the cleaner's; if, upon trying to start the car, the battery refuses to function, a tire is down, or the supply of gasoline exhausted; if, once upon the highway, the car is splashed with mud, misses and backfires, or is forced into a collision with some driver in a like frame of mind, these, or any one of them, may explain why he is jeopardizing the lives of pedestrians and making life miserable for others hastening to work. Under the influence of distraught temper men become unnatural; even some of the mildest have been known to resort to oaths they have never before employed or to assume an unrecognizable impatience and pugnacity and, suiting the action to their moods, step on the gas or jam on the brakes in a wholly unexpected manner.

Self-consciousness, working in different ways, has much to do with a man's method of driving. In being efficiently self-conscious one is sufficiently cautious, but the extremes of this condition may produce an entirely different attitude. If a man's car presents an unusually good appearance, runs smoothly and quietly and responds to every touch, he is pleasantly aware that things are just as they should be, and by adding to this feeling the knowledge that others do not enjoy these advantages, he may tend to "show off," to drive for purposes of display and, eventually, run into conditions of which, because of his temporary vanity, he is not complete master. But if his car is old and dilapidated, runs poorly and noisily, he may become unpleasantly self-conscious and drive with such apologetic air that he slows up traffic for many blocks behind him.

The opposite effects may have been produced in the driver, however. A new car may have a good appearance, run smoothly and quietly, and respond to every touch, yet it may be driven slowly, haltingly, and apologetically for the simple reason that it is new, or because the driver is new at the game. And an old and dilapidated car that runs poorly and noisily may be operated as if the driver had just secured a marriage license or, possibly, a divorce.

Again, there are those who are greatly affected by the power and noise of automobile motors. A very insignificant man in ordinary affairs of life may rise to imaginary heights of authority by the simple expedient of mounting to the driver's seat of a powerful automobile. Once there and under way he realizes his own power over the human creatures who scurry and jump when he sounds his terrifying horn or opens his clattering exhaust. It is a power he has always coveted, and he makes full use of it while it lasts. This, together with the fact that he may have an inner urge, long inhibited, to make more noise than those about him, causes him to do some very impressive driving.

A man who disposes of an automobile

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

usually purchases another. The second may be a different make, and this introduces new driving problems. Much of the queer automobile operation is due to the attempt to drive a geared car after several years behind the wheel of a car with two speeds, or to manipulate a standard gear-shift after having become accustomed to a non-standard. This type of driver is road-wise and does not have to relearn the fundamentals of steering a proper course, but the effort to get his feet and hands to co-operate in a set of new habits either "keeps him from getting old" or adds a few years to the ages of those within bumping distance.

Custom has much to do with the way many people drive, and the automobile has done much to alter custom rapidly. The introduction of the arterial highway or boulevarded street has speeded up traffic, so that one not only tends to move with relatively great speed but, forming new habits through imitation, may not only go too fast on the boulevard but may fail to drive with caution on streets that are not traffic thoroughfares. Here suggestion plays an added part. If one is driving within the speed-limit, he may get tired of having so many cars go around him, and start out to do a little passing on his own account. Others can go fast and not be molested, why not he? With the liberty to pass on either side he finds it easy, unless he encounters some other driver who, without warning, decides to do the same thing. In this connection New York's move to return to the old regulation to permit passing only on the left is highly significant.

Then there is the tourist who, racing along country roads, forgets to slow down when within city limits. He has built up a habit of covering as much territory as possible in one day, and he roars and thunders into the city as if the mayor had thrown him the keys at the city gates. Sometimes not until the key to the city jail turns in the lock behind him does he find it possible to slow down. This same suggestion is operating in the mind of the man who, after a running start, has climbed a long, steep hill and fails to resume ordinary speed on the straight-of-way.

While considering speed, the man who develops a sudden need to get somewhere must not be overlooked. In some instances there are legitimate reasons for his rate of travel—somebody ill, a train to catch, a speech to make, or an important business deal to put over. At least they are legitimate in his eyes and, although he may find difficulty in justifying them in court, they are the real reasons for his temporary penchant for cutting left corners, crowding in, or driving through caution signals.

The man who is inordinately proud of the appearance and performance of his car comes in here in a new light. He is very much perturbed when rival cars go around him, and should he be passed on a hill by a lighter and cheaper make, he must regain his position of supremacy or the day is utterly ruined.

The man who revolts against custom should be mentioned in passing. Some of the extremely fast and reckless driving is done by those who have wearied of the established order, who rebel because they are held in a line of slowly moving vehicles, or are caused to change speed or direction on account of crowded streets and complicated traffic conditions. These may not even lose their tempers; they may proceed deliberately to violate law and custom.

Finally, there is the individual who, through the monotony of driving long distances on warm days or through loss of sleep, ill health, and other causes for fatigue, smashes his way into police court for no other reason than that his brain has ceased to function. As has been so well stated by a popular cartoonist, "his mind may have left him but it was too weak to travel far." Like the intoxicated driver, his left foot has no way of knowing what his right foot is doing.

V

One seemingly strange phase of this big problem of motor-car operation is that a man seldom is actually sure why he gets into accidents or why he causes moments of peril. Things happen so quickly that, as in sleight of hand, the mind does not grasp the situation in its entirety. For this reason testimony following accidents is markedly unreliable.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Each witness has his own interpretation, and Justice, already unable to see, all but loses her reason.

Another, and a very important, phase, and one which is likely to be overlooked, is the effect of the weather on all drivers whether reckless or cautious. All motor-cars are subject to change with changes in weather conditions, and so are the drivers. The bright, sunny day when there is wine in the air tends to make a man alert, kind, and generous. But the dark, rainy day, or a day when the streets are covered with slush, will cause the list of accidents to mount rapidly, not only because it is more difficult to see and harder to stop but because drivers are subconsciously listless and depressed. And the same holds true of atmosphere artificially altered. Air laden with obnoxious and poisonous gas fumes slows up the mental processes, and leaves a driver subject to an irritable disposition and unusual performances in driving.

A third, and a phase provocative of much thought, is that during the past year the percentage of increase of accidents in rural districts was much higher than the percentage of increase in city accidents. The remarkable increase in the number of motor-cars, with lack of facilities for patrol and control, is partly responsible for this, but the same primary causes for death and destruction are operative—the ubiquitous driver is subject to his idiosyncrasies even in pastoral settings.

VI

Certainly the automobile is developing in America a new type of mentality. The real danger lies in the fact that our spells of confused thinking may become habitual. If they do, there are indications that the other half of the population who expect to take up driving will not be with us long enough to make the down payment. And what can be done about it? How can we help the man in the car just ahead of us drive with a little more sanity? If he is intentionally reckless or drunk, we are pretty well agreed upon the punishments to be meted out; but if he is just one of these *average* drivers who are causing such a high per cent of our traffic troubles, how can we get across to him that his depredations must cease? His vagaries are the result either of bad habits he has formed or of his failure to form enough good habits. More emphasis on his driving education seems to be the only way out and, if this is carefully planned, it is certain to include the knowledge that:

No man ever reaches a state of perfection in driving; that no automobile may be depended upon to get a person out of all driving difficulties; that it is extremely dangerous to attempt to drive while angry; that a knowledge of what makes the car go and what makes it stop when it refuses to go is a form of life insurance; that no two experiences in driving are likely to be identical; that driving while sleepy, ill, or fatigued is an uncertain occupation; that there is no knowing what the other fellow will decide to do, since he will continue to have his moments of irrational and indiscriminate thinking, and, for this reason, driving an automobile demands eternal vigilance and constant caution.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hill Billies

BY JOHN J. NILES
First Lieutenant, United States Air Service, with the A. E. F.; author of "Singing Soldiers"

Kentucky sketches, with some of the songs they sing as they live their backwoods existence. It is not the story-book version of Kentucky, told by exact novelists who have never been west of Manhattan Transfer—indeed, it is written about myself and my very own family.

EMMET DAUTHER

A. D. 1890

Charley Linktum killed a cat—
Made himself a beaver hat—
Sides wuz bellied—top wuz flat—
When he wore it, folks said "Scat."

DURING his sane moments, Emmet Dauther had made up enough four-line rhymes about Charley Linktum to fill a big book. In fact, they were almost as prevalent and as varied in their situations as the Lord and Lady Algy stories in the British army. Emmet could read and write—for that matter, all the Dauthers (during a period of prosperity now safely past) had been given a chance at the three R's, but the community held him up as an example of excessive education. He was said to be "daft with learnin'." The family might have sent him to a State institution, but this would have been official acceptance of a fact they had been trying to avoid for more than twenty years.

When Emmet became violent, which was in the summer-time as a rule (dog days, according to tradition), he was consigned to an empty corn-crib, where he was fastened with a short length of cow-chain. Here he mumbled over his Charley Linktum rhymes, beat his chains against the floor, and slept, until the "blank look wuz offen his face" and the "spell" was gone. During his semi-daft periods, he turned the pages of the mail-order catalogues, lingering long over the illustrations setting forth the latest French creations in ladies' underthings. It was either this or the melodramatic yarns he read in monthly farm journals that caused him to spend much of his time thinking about the ladies.

Emmet dreamed of sweethearts—of sparkin'—of spoonin'—of duplicating his brothers' exploits at County Fairs (where a "feller could make up to side-show gals and sech"), enjoying the minute details of each new matrimonial venture the community offered and prophesying the number of shotgun "marryin's" there would be each fall as a result of the scandalous courtin' of the warm weather. As fast as things happened in the community (particularly where his brothers were concerned), he turned the facts into four-line rhymes, often to the discredit of the persons involved in the incident. Folks pitied his half-wittedness, but feared his tongue.

The Dauther family had had time to run down. As youngsters, the boys of the present generation were hard workers, but in manhood they were the "no-countest" whites south of the Mason-Dixon Line. They simply wouldn't work! Sni, the eldest (a perfect type of pot-house politician), lived by leasing a small farm his wife had inherited, leasing it to more industrious farmers who worked it on shares. Minor, Gimpsen, and William stayed on the home place, where they loafed from one year to the next. Pet Dauther, the mother of the family (who had some money hidden away in a tin can under the cabin), raised a small kitchen-garden and a few razor-back hogs, and eked out an existence on what she received from two fortunate sources—rentals from a sawmill and a drain-tile works for the use of part of her land as railway-sidings.

Gimpsen Dauther, the third born of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mammy Dauther's brood, was something of a preacher. He was what is known to the outside world as a "hell-fire and eternal damnationist." In his early youth he had attended a "protracted meetin'" up Elkhorn way and "got religion." He had, as had many of our best big-city theologians, gone through various stages of beliefs. Starting out to fight disease, dirt, and the devil, he soon gave up disease and dirt and concentrated his efforts on the devil, and the hell-fire this convenient Gnome passed out to unbelievers. Not that Gimpsen worked overhard at preachin'. Not at all! He "supplied vacant pulpits," which meant that he really worked at the business of salvaging souls from hell about once every two months. His stand-in with whatever kind of Deity was most popular at the time—Holyroller, Footwashing, Mount Olivet, Sanctification, etc.,—gave him a considerable prestige in the community and raised his actions (illicit liquor notwithstanding) above the reproach of common mortals. His stock sermons were dramatizations of various scenes involving the Children of Israel, Pharoah, Moses, Pharaoh's daughter, the plagues, the passage through the Red Sea, the pillar of fire, Jacob's ladder, etc. To conclude his Jacob's-ladder sermon and bring the sinners up to the "hand-shakin' and religion-gittin' point," he used to sing a song which deserves recording—about finding Jacob's ladder and walkin' right straight up to heaven, etc.

In the early spring of a year not so very long ago, after the Dauther boys and their mother had had a long and heated discussion about the division of the sawmill rentals, it was rumored that Minor, the second born, and William, the fourth born, were leaving home. They were going up to Frankfort to take jobs a lumberman had offered them in a sawmill. On the heels of this news, Mammy Dauther was found dead one morning. Dead! Lying on the clean-washed floor of her lean-to kitchen with a half-prepared breakfast all around her. Minor and William had left the day before. Gimpsen was away—"supplyin' a vacant pulpit." Emmet, who had been slowly recovering from one of his wild spells, was found asleep in the corn-crib, unchained. The crime had been committed with a blunt instrument, presumably a grubbing-hoe handle. It could not be found. Emmet, with the blank look still on his face, was taken into the room and questioned. He sobbed, but was unable to form any coherent sentences. Circumstantial evidence was against him—the wagging tongues of the community said that Mammy Dauther got what she deserved "fur not puttin' her daft Emmie away." But the sheriff was not convinced. Some folks wondered why he didn't "up and arrest Emmet" (Mammy Dauther's favorite son), but when two river-men brought Preacher Gimpsen Dauther's body that evening, they knew why. He had undoubtedly fallen off a foot-log and been carried into deep water by an early spring freshet. There were no signs of violence on his body. He had met death by drowning. The leather wallet containing Pet Dauther's savings—the money she'd kept hidden in a tin can under the cabin—was found on Gimpsen's body. Minor and William identified it when they returned from Frankfort several days later.

After that, poor daft Emmet spent more time than ever in the corn-crib—beating his chains against the floor and mumbling four-line rhymes about Charley Linktum, while his brother Sni (so named from his snivelling manner) managed the barren acreage and collected the sawmill rentals.

(This song, in its original form, was said to be the composition of an itinerant evangelist from Cincinnati, Ohio, who operated through central and southern Kentucky from 1880 to 1890.)

JACOB'S LADDER

When I find Jacob's ladder, a leadin' up on high—
I'm goin' to climb right up to heaven, so as I'll be there when I die.

Train's a leavin' for heaven town—sinner you better git in—
Can't git there a walkin' as slow as a terrapin.
Can't git there a flyin', but you have to climb and swim,
If you want to join the holy brethren, a glorifyin' him.

Holy days, shoutin' days, days of endless joy and praise,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When you find Jacob's ladder a leadin' up on high,
You can climb right up to heaven so as you'll be there when you die.

2d Verse

Keep me from the wailin' water, keep me from the flood—
Save me in the day of Judgment with your precious blood.

(One will notice that the point of interest wanders from the Ladder and the Flood to the holy days of Judgment. This is by no means disconcerting to the backwoods preacher or his congregation, who seem to gain "edification" from any spiritual references—no matter how disconnected they may be.)

MOONSHINE

Mammy Bradley knocked the ashes from her pipe and, reaching for a double handful of unshelled beans, continued the preparation of the evening meal. They were spotted with red-and-brown patches and for some unknown reason were called "lazy wife pole-beans."

Edie (who, in spite of being quite "growed up" for her fifteen years, was very bashful before folks) helped out by encouraging a fire to burn under an iron kettle of water, into which Mammy Bradley would presently deposit the red-and-brown beans, a generous portion of green corn cut off the cob, a half-dozen onions, some peeled Irish potatoes, and a hunk of sow belly. For the Bradleys had been honored by the visitation of a soldier-boy friend of Jebbie's—a disabled soldier boy like Jebbie, from up Louisville way. The visitor was teaching Jebbie and his sister Edie to read and write, and incidentally profiting by the air and the simple life of the mountains in his recovery from the effects of the war. This was the third time the soldier boy had visited the Bradleys since Jebbie came home "frum soldierin'."

Mammy Bradley had sent two sons to war—Carl and Jebbie. They were long, lanky fellows, with a drawling accent and a natural instinct for firearms. They knew from long experience all about trigger squeeze—no one had to tell them not to jerk the trigger—they were natural-born marksmen. One night, early in October, 1918, a stray 77 fell among a ration party and private Carl Bradley was badly hit. He was dead before the medicos had time to dress his wounds. In spite of this and the withered left arm Jebbie came home with, Mammy Bradley was never known to find fault with the war. It had supplied her an endless theme for conversation, and it had taught Jebbie how to make barbed-wire entanglements and submerge them under water.

"Yep, my Carl wuz killed a hawlin' vittals fur his pardners, and Jebbie's left arm—hit's only a skimshon o' what it uster be." (Mammy Bradley pointed her remarks by gestures she made with a "fly-bush" held in her right hand.) "Once I hear tell, Mister John, that the same fellers as hires revenuers wuz in cahoots on the war, and now they've made a passel o' laws a causin' city-folk to drink more moonshine liquor as ever. In the war, Jebbie learned how to nail snag-wire to saw bucks and sink 'em under water. So when I think o' our island with snag-wire all around it and count the notches on Pappy Bradley's gun, I says I'm even."

On Saturday afternoons in the summertime, before the boys went away "fur soldierin'," Pappy Bradley used to drive the family up to the cross-roads ("ef he war sure they wouldn't be no slew foots about")—drive up to the cross-roads where Charley Smithers had his barbecues. Over a smouldering trench some twenty feet long, hogs were roasted, and sometimes the carcass of a sheep (too old for breeding purposes) would be browned to a delicious crisp under the professional eye of Nip Foracre. Nip and Charley were in cahoots on the barbecue. Near by was a crude roofless dancing-pavilion (sometimes used as a rostrum for political speakers). On a raised portion of the floor sat Patch Sexton, the fiddler—famous for his "spirut lore" and appetite for corn liquor and his disconnected, pointless dance "chunes," valuable only for their rhythmic flow. Patch's boast was that with an occasional "nip o' moon and a hunk o' barbecued meat," he could play from now until the lights went out and never play the same "chune twicet."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Occasionally the fiddler would strike up music that called for a square dance. Then the old folks would join the dancers, and Charley Smithers would "call the figgers" in a loud and officious voice. So on the rough floor of Charley Smithers's dancing-pavilion, the barbecuers danced and sang "Johnnie, When You Goin' To Marry Me," a composition of unknown origin with too many verses to recount, to Patch's accompaniment whenever they had breath enough to sing and dance at the same time.

As soon as the sun went down the boys of the community "sparked their gals." Those hill billies with lard in their hair—breaking out new pairs of "yallar store shoes," bought out of mail-order catalogues—sashayed through the oddest versions of ballroom-dancing, sparking their gals all the while. They were bashful fellows, until they tapped the half-pint bottles they carried or made a trip across the road to Benny Benkirk's saloon. Then they danced with more abandon, sparked more openly, and ate huge helpings of barbecued meat and burgoo.

Benny Benkirk ran the kind of place we used to read about in stories of our wild southwest—it was the only place in the county Uncle Tommy, the sheriff, was "mos' near afeared to go into." The bar, which was the front room of a double-den cabin, lacked all the glittering vulgar gewgaws employed by the city saloon-keepers as stage-settings to the orgies of their customers. Around the walls were rough-hewn benches. The more wide-awake drinkers leaned or stood up to a rickety wooden affair reminiscent of other such furniture only in that it possessed a foot-rail. Here Pappy Bradley loafed while the family partook of the barbecue. Here Pappy Bradley arranged with Benny Benkirk for the delivery and acceptance of certain alcoholic beverages, made by hand on moonlight nights, without benefit of stamp-tax or test. Old man Feather Whiskers, the local assistant to the county assessor, usually dropped in on the boys at Benny Benkirk's during the Saturday-night barbecues, and Buffalo Bill, the road-mender; and Sni Dauther, the pot-house politician, and Big Black Jim Cable, the log house carpenter, who had been hit in the mouth with a bottle after one of Charley Smithers's barbecue-dances, and whose speech had never quite recovered.

Mammy Bradley objected to the barbecues on the supposition that among the merrymakers there were some informers: "Folks as tipped off the revenuers. The Jennings's wuz raided twicet in one year and always right after one of Charley Smithers's barbecues." Still Pappy Bradley had to sell his liquor and the trip to the barbecue brought him in contact with one of his best customers, Mr. Benkirk.

After Jeb and Carl went away for soldierin', the three remaining members of the family seemed to lose interest in the barbecues—they stayed "to home," Mammy Bradley sharing with her husband and her young daughter Edie the tasks left undone when the boys were drafted up at the court-house.

It had long been known to certain old-timers that Sam'l Bradley operated a moonshine-still on a little island in some marsh-land formed by backwater from the Ohio River. It had even become known as Sam'l Bradley's island. The possession of this island had been the cause of the Bradley-Hawkins feud back in 1900. (Land boom in Oklahoma attracted the Hawkinses just in time to prevent bloodshed.) It was around this little island (not more than 350 feet in circumference) that Jebbie skilfully laid the man-trapping snag-wire to save his father from capture in the very act of manufacturing "moonshine."

The actual details of the raid, which, by the way, followed a trip to one of Charley Smithers's barbecues, were never discussed. Whether it was revenuers, hi-jackers, or local enemies, no one really knew. It all happened at night. Little Edie prayed. Mammy Bradley stood in the door of their cabin, gun in hand, ready to protect herself and her daughter against "the furriners," while Jebbie and Sam'l Bradley were out on the island "pepperin' them as wuz caught in the wire." Following that night new notches were put on Sam'l Bradley's gun and the family "laid off stillin' fur a spell."

Second helpings from the iron pot had been heaped on the plates. Corn pone, sorghum, and sassafras tea had been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

served. Two flat-bellied hounds crawled out from under the cabin to lap up their share of the leavings. A coal-oil lamp was lighted. Corn-cob pipes were filled from a handful of leaf tobacco Sam'l Bradley kept in his "tobaccie-box." The tree-frogs and katydids whirred and croaked to one another outside.

A foggy stillness moved up close to the little cabin. Miss Edie took to clearin' away the dishes while Jebbie and his soldier-boy friend from "up Louisville way" were poring over a copy-book, Jebbie writing and spelling in an undertone. Mammy and Pappy Bradley sat on opposite sides of the fireplace, watching the last few embers of the fire whiten into ashes. It was a beloved little chair Mammy Bradley sat in—a rocker with a split-hickory seat. Carl had made it the winter before he went away "fur soldierin'." As she rocked she seemed to be looking at something far away—something the others couldn't see. Perhaps it was a group of stretcher-bearers miring around ankle-deep in that pasty French mud, trying to get a wounded boy to a near-by dressing-station as painlessly as possible. The wounded boy was her own son—Private Carl Bradley. The ground was littered with canteens and rations, for Carl had been hit while "hawlin' vittals fur his pardners." The stretcher-bearers stumbled through the darkness; they did the best they could, cursing the mud, the sink-holes, and the wire, but Carl—Carl went west before they got him to the dressing-station.

"Yep, if it be true that them fellers as hires revenuers wuz in cahoots on the war—them an' us is even. Sam'l Bradley, do you hear, we're even!"

Sam'l Bradley was asleep.

Oh, Johnnie, when you goin' to marry me—tell me, Johnnie, tell me Johnnie, do.
Oh, Sally, when you goin' to marry me—tell me, Sally, tell me Sally, do.
I'll marry you by the light o' the moon; if the moon stays dark, I'll marry you soon,
Oh, Johnnie, when you goin' to marry me—tell me, Johnnie, tell me Johnnie, do.

Oh, Johnnie, when you goin' to go to town, tell me, Johnnie, tell me Johnnie, do.
Oh, Sally, when you goin' to go to town—tell me, Sally, tell me Sally, do.
I'll go to town by the light o' the moon; if the moon stays dark, I'll have to go soon,
Oh, Johnnie, when you goin' to go to town, tell me, Johnnie, tell me Johnnie, do.

Oh, Johnnie, when you goin' to cook your mash, tell me, Johnnie, tell me Johnnie, do.
Oh, Sally, when you goin' to cook your mash—tell me, Sally, tell me Sally, do.
I'll cook my mash by the light o' the moon, if the moon stays dark, I'll cook it soon,
Oh, Johnnie, when you goin' to cook your mash, tell me, Johnnie, tell me Johnnie, do.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sing a Song of Jazz

BY VALMA CLARK

Author of "The Director's Brother," "Candlelight Inn," etc.

Illustrations by Harvé Stein

ANGELA paused on the great staircase, and with a bare white arm cooling itself against the mahogany rail, looked down at the gathering of the Ladies' Betterment League which was filling her grandmother's three huge parlors. There were the sheen of restless silks and the gabble of many voices. The ladies had chosen this New Year's Eve of 1921 to initiate a clean-up programme in the town; and, congregated here in their holiday best, they were awaiting the returns.

Angela's moving eye collected the entire assemblage with scorn. At the spectacle of Peter Harned making himself agreeable to that little busybody, Mrs. Alvah Hutchins, her gaze paused. Couldn't gram pull even a hen party without including Peter to rustle chairs and tote trays? Bah! It was Peter—Peter—too much Peter!

"The Black Horse Tavern first," came Mrs. Carmody's bass voice, drowning out the lighter chatter. "To have a place like that open in the same county with our daughters—our granddaughters—is contamination! I told Sheriff Hilton to report to me here directly after the raid." She stood in a little space respectfully cleared for her. A stationary figure in a rich brocaded black velvet, with a diamond brooch at her throat and a gold watch on her flat bosom, with a bony, firm face darkly moustached, she seemed the pivot for their pattern of shifting and excitable femininity. That nervous little Miss Trask in nose-glasses and purple changeable silk was her right-elbow woman. . . .

Peter first, then the others, discovered Angela. She stood, a little slim girl, with her pale, pointed face cast down, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a sheen upon her smooth flaxen hair. In her yellow-sashed dress with the clusters of old-fashioned nosegays—tight pink moss buds encircled with forget-me-nots—and with a tiny wreath of the same innocent flowers about her hair, Angela was the perfect picture of an old lady's nineteenth-century conception of what a young girl should be. No one could look more demure, more truly angelic, than this little nineteen-year-old, twentieth-century heiress of the Carmody wealth. But this impression was false, as all of Holly knew. To correct it, Angela had only to fling up her eyes—dark, glowing, passionate eyes with yellow glints of life and laughter in them.

"Well, well—come down, if you're coming!" boomed her grandmother, voicing the strain.

Angela strolled.

All of them—all of these old ladies—were feeling the danger, the thin ice of her mood . . . were watching her with a ghoulish expectancy for what she might do. Angela came slowly, groping for deviltry. Between her and Peter, the mistletoe, planted there by her match-making elder for the Christmas salute! Peter had made nothing from her, on that private occasion, by her grandmother's forethought; no, not even his gift of a chipped-diamond bar pin had melted Angela. But now, on this public occasion——

Suddenly Angela's little slim person became animate with mischief. She did a glissando on her slippered feet across the waxed floor to Peter . . . caught him by the bow-tie of his dress-suit, and pulled him down—half-a-league down, the hulking brute! She half-giggled the kiss against his honest surprise, against the sudden flaming red of his face.

He caught her, tight and hard—whew!

"That will do, Angela," said the bass voice drily.

But her grandmother was not outraged. So fatuous she was in her approval of Peter—faugh! The ladies were simpering. Probably the only proper shock she, Angela, had ever pulled—this abandoned affection of an engaged girl for her *fiancé*. Her error! She screwed a nasty face at Peter, pivoted on a sharp, yellow satin heel.

"Angela! Where are you going?"

"To tune up, gram."

She slipped into the fourth parlor—the sacred front one—and closed the door behind her. It was chilly in here. The four plaster heads of angels, which gazed down, in high relief, from the four corners of the ceiling, looked like death. A winter moon was on the portraits of the ladies of the family . . . and on the baize-covered symbol of their sacrifice, which occupied a central place in the room. There it stood—had always stood—never in its inanimate life removed from the shrine of these four walls.

Angela switched on lights, jerked off the cover from the great golden harp. The tradition—the inviolable tradition of the Carmody family. Master—not servant—of the Carmody women. Every daughter of the house must play it. They had started her at five, with an ancient music-master who travelled down to her from Rochester. He had rapped on her knuckles with a sharp pencil when she plucked too fast. Memories of the long hours of compulsory practice, golden hours of childhood when she had been shut in alone with only that gilded object for a companion, crowded Angela. The terrible despotism that stringed thing had exercised over all her life! She would never be free—really free—until she could subdue it. . . .

She seated herself. Angela never looked more like a little flaxen-haired saint than when she was bending to her harp. As docile she appeared as her great-grandmother, Charity Parkman, who was painted in currant-colored velvet, with the blond cap and bertha of the late eighteen-forties, in an attitude of subservience to this same harp. Angela squinted narrowly at the portrait of her great-grandmother. The lady had refused a concert career to play exclusively for her husband. Had she ever regretted? . . . Angela's grandmother, next in line, painted as a gentle-faced young girl—before she had grown iron character and a moustache—all in that softest "mikado" gray of the seventies, with deep falls of lace, and with her dark hair dressed in curls. The harp was, of course, the object of her pictured devotion—the harp was the star figure in each of these por-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traits! Persis Carmody had, by her own report, proudly refused to play publicly even in church. . . . And her own mother, Gretchen of the original flaxen hair, done in the cream-white satin with point lace and pearl beads which was her wedding-dress in 1900. Her mother was long dead now, but the face in the portrait had great spirit, and the story was that she had taken less kindly to the harp, upon her marriage to young Philip Carmody, than his mother might have wished. Did her initials, "G.C.," stabbed into the gilt of the harp, express something of the young wife's rebellion against the tyranny of her mother-in-law? . . . Or were they all sweetly, gently compliant to the tradition? In all that galaxy of harp devotees, hadn't she any support at all? Was the rebel spirit really something new—something wholly modern?

But now the door grated open. Peter! He said abruptly: "Why did you do that? Out there?"

"Wh-what—? Why, Peter Harned, d'you mean you didn't want me——?"

"You only did it before a crowd! You wouldn't have done it if there hadn't been a crowd! That's all our engagement means to you—just a spectacle——"

"I can't help it," said Angela, "because I grew up being engaged to you. Any time you want to call it off—" She struck three chords, and sang in tones of mild resignation:

"'Child of sin and sorrow, filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow, yield thee to-day—'"

"Yes, but listen, Angie! It's not right—when I care, and you don't—to make me a public——"

"If you don't want to be in the public eye, then you'd better pass me up. *I* can't bear to be inconspicuous! 'Heaven bids thee come while yet there's ro-om. . . .'"

She was now lightly jazzing the plaintive hymn . . . humming. . . .

He caught her two wrists: "Will you stop it! She'll hear you—your grandmother——"

Angela snatched herself free of him. "Suppose she does! The harp's reserved for sacred music—and I'm reserved for you—you alone! Don't you ever get sick of backing up gram's prejudices? Don't you ever get clean fed-up with being a good boy? Don't you, Peter Harned?"

"But Angie, sweetheart, I was only trying——"

"Trying to forestall the explosion between gram and me that's bound to come off. Peace committee of one—huh! It's your old rôle. You'd better cut out that fire-extinguishing stunt, Peter Harned; one of these days you'll sneak up on the tail of a lighted fuse once too often; when the smoke clears——"

"Angie, honey, I didn't mean——!"

"Refreshments first," came the seep of a voice through the half-open door; "then the concert by the little Carmody girl. It's still only ten o'cl——"

"Can you simply bear it?" whispered Angela. "The same old ditties that *they* were warbling twenty—forty—sixty years ago. Shades of the old sweet melodies—can't you *hear* them echoing here? Don't you s'pose that she—my great-grandmother Parkman up there—might have sneaked in *Champagne Charley*, or some of those old rough ones—at least when she was alone? And what do you s'pose would happen if I ripped into something new—really new, to-night? No—I've too much life to *endure*——"

Peter came close to her, as though irresistibly drawn. He made a stumbling effort of words: "I—I understand! You're like the steam in a plugged exhaust pipe, and you've got to find an outlet or blow up the works. I—if you can only put up with me—like me a little—I'd never block the way. There'd be a free exit to—to any damn place you wanted to go——"

"You mean *you're* my stepping-stone to freedom?"

"Well. . . ." He was such a big, honest, simple creature; and his feeling for her was so whole-souled, so bone serious. And when a man is forever spreading before you, like a door-mat, his heart's devotion . . . fairly begging you to tread upon him. . . .

"D'you think that you are my only access to the great wide world?"

"Oh, Lord, Angie," he groaned, "I didn't mean——"

"Huh! Just to show you that you're dead wrong—!" Angela met, with bright regard, the sudden tortured burning out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his blue eyes; she dropped her lashes, and measured to the full the effect of her next words upon him. She delivered them with the thrust of a lady employing a hat-pin—sticking Peter, Peter being stuck: that was the world history of their entire relationship from childhood. "It's all off, then. From now on, I'll roll my own, thank you."

His boy's coloring left him. "You mean—our engagement——?"

"Yes, I do."

But he had reached her, his arms were about her, closing as though to crush out of her the wilfulness. "You can't! Angie! You won't—I can't bear——"

Angela, within his fierce hold, was queerly passive. "It's no use. . . . Please, Peter, they'll see!"

"But you—kissed me then—just a few minutes back——"

"It's not then—it's now! I tell you it's off. Sh! what are they saying?"

"—The Black Horse Tavern, my dear, but not till midnight——"

"Peter, which is the Black Horse Tavern?"

"The Ridge Road. But seriously, dear——"

"Listen, Peter, have you got your car here?" She had wriggled entirely away from him.

"At the front of the house—why?" he asked, stopped by the sudden sharp purpose in her voice.

"There's a last thing," said Angela, "which I think you can do for me. Wait—wait right here!" . . . She was almost instantly back, with the ermine evening wrap, which had been her grandmother's Christmas gift to her, trailing the floor. She was incandescent with excitement. "Coast's clear—they've adjourned to the mess-hall. Now's our chance."

"But where—? You don't mean—the Black Horse Tavern!"

"Right."

"But you're not planning for *me* to take *you*——?"

"Right, again."

"But Angela, I can't! I can't do such a thing! Any other evening, on the q. t.——"

"Any time but the time I want! That's a sample of your freedom! Peter, was there ever any use to argue with me? And I've made up my mind! If I thought forever, I couldn't think of a better way to start this New Year than to get in on gram's special pet raid. The granddaughter of the president of the Ladies' Betterment League—could anything be more conspicuous than that? You can't stop me! You can dash in and squeal on me to gram—but by that time I'll be gone—and afterward I'll not speak to you till death seals my lips—on my oath, I won't! I'm going if I go alone. . . . Well, *do* I go alone? And say, Big Boy, pass me the lute!"

"The—the harp? But my God, Angie, you can't——"

"Do you move me, or do I move myself? It's pretty tall for me."

"But wh—what's the idea? My God, Angie, I can't—you can't— Why, it'd be as much as my life's worth for me to take that harp out of your grandmother's house!"

Angela looked from Peter to the harp. Seven little devils of cool calculation were dancing in her brown eyes. She came back to the spectacle of Peter's soul-agony. "Will you shake a leg!"

Twenty minutes later the hilarious, smoky atmosphere of the Black Horse Tavern's main dining-room was invaded by a princess in an ermine wrap, and a boy in a coon-skin coat who lugged a great baize-covered object. It was between dances. A burly man at a near-by table glanced up, paused in the act of pouring out another from a hip flask, and addressed his Titian-haired companion: "Say, ain't that that little Carmody devil—and her boy-friend—and—what th' hell——?"

Angela stepped past him, past other glances of inquiry, amazed recognition, vivid questioning. . . . She moved direct to the little hovering, pouter-pigeon figure of a man, who was clearly the proprietor. "Table, madam?"

"Is that all of the orchestra?" she asked, with a nod toward the five males who occupied the platform.

"Fagan's Jazz Band, from Syracuse," he assured her.

"You need a harp. Will you boost me up?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The little Frenchman stared. He was new to these parts; he had never heard of Angela, or the Carmody tradition.

But here Peter caught up with her. "Angela!" he cried. "Don't you let her —*you!* If you do you'll regr——"

"Oh, shut up! Don't pay any attention to him. A hand, boys!" she urged, shedding her cloak, and laughing up at the five men on the platform. "A hand for the stringed baby! . . . Now, let's go! What is it—*The Sheik?* I'm on!"

The rest of that short evening was run through like a musical smear, like the rip of a jazz record speeded too fast. There on the platform, the centre of a web of paper streamers, the object of fuddled compliments, the chief cause of ever louder and ever noisier blasts upon tin horns, Angela let herself go. She played, with fingers and toes—with all of her body, she jazzed upon the Carmody heirloom. The harp is a slow, rather inflexible instrument, and the skill which she demonstrated that evening must have represented hours and hours of stolen practice behind closed doors in the old front parlor. But now, at last, her execution was public. Openly she desecrated the Carmody harp, and the desecration was joy to her. For *she* was master now. She controlled and insulted the thing which had tyrannized over her . . . used it as a mere implement to release all the twanging and rippling madness of life which had been confined in her.

Peter, at the table below her, drank and frowned—and Angela broke into high song. . . . Everybody took up the chorus. Glides and slides of feet and saxaphones. . . . Voices shouting, arms sawing, bodies swaying—all the mechanism of joy going at once! Angela was the centre of it, on familiar terms with orchestra and dancers. The blacker Peter scowled at her, the higher flamed her zest. He cut in upon her a dozen times, tried to tear her away. Because it made Peter more unhappy, Angela smiled openly upon the drummer, who had a misshapen cranium and a weak chin. Peter's face suffered, his eyes were wild. Several things he *could* do besides glower, she reflected: he could tip off the raid to the proprietor; he could 'phone her grandmother. The latter was the thing which Peter probably did, in that short interval when he was absent from the room. But at that point, some one passed Angela a cocktail which tasted like varnish, and she stopped reflecting. . . .

Midnight! The lights were off, horns were blaring, and Angela was somehow being swung from shoulder to shoulder. Hot breaths . . . trespassing hands . . . a kiss from which she struggled free. Now a grasp she knew . . . a clean, hard grip upon her shoulder. . . . Peter, shaking her! "For the love of God, Angie——!"

But lights flashed on, and Angela dodged from him, laughing. She was back at the harp again, her spread hand plucking up the rhythm. The long, loose, downward smear of the music, like the slipping of a drunken man . . . the halt, and the sudden upward recovery, like a hiccup . . . now the pat, pat, with head and shoulders going—Angela and the drummer executing a pantomime duet of fox-trotting partners separated.

So absorbed she was, that she missed the entrance at the far end of the room. She glanced up, saw the commotion, and welcomed it as the raid.

But this was not the raid. It was Angela's grandmother, supported by ladies of the League, who stood and gathered in the whole scene! Angela stopped dead in the middle of a crescendo. . . . The orchestra caught her shock, and stopped subsequently. In the complete hush that ensued, Mrs. Carmody advanced, her cane tapping ominously. She was a stern figure in her hereditary sealskin cape, with a black Chantilly scarf tied over her head. Those who had been unable to sit but a moment before, now managed an upright position; expectancy seemed to stiffen their spines.

Peter sprang to her side, but she motioned him back. "Well?" she said, in her tremendous bass voice, with her black eyes upon Angela.

Angela was suddenly conscious of the fact that her dress was torn half off her shoulder, and that the wreath of artificial flowers was over one eye.

"A private room," Peter entreated; "this way, Mrs. Carmody, please!"

"I have nothing to say to my granddaughter," boomed that lady, "which I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cannot say in public. If Peter Harned will have you, you will marry him at once. Otherwise, you are disinherited. Well?"

Angela stared back at her grandmother . . . turned to seek out Peter. . . . His blue eyes burned into hers with a sudden intense hope, a breathless pleading. . . . Angela's knees seemed to melt away. . . . But a little smile touched the muscles of her cheek; she said, still watching Peter like an experiment— "I'll clear out, gram!"

Mrs. Carmody turned.

"Angie!" burst from Peter. "Oh, Mrs. Carmody, wait!"

"Don't talk to me—talk to her. Just one thing more, Angela! On one condition only, will I ever see you again. If the time comes when you do make up your mind to take Peter Harned, I'll . . . talk to you. That is, if Peter is still fool enough to have you."

"The harp, gram! Is that disinherited, too?"

"It's yours," said old Mrs. Carmody grimly.

In the buzz that followed their departure, and in the two-minute interval when Peter was in pursuit of them, probably in an attempt at arbitration, Angela grabbed the proprietor: "I want you to get me and my harp to the station—at once, by a back way! Wait—Oh, damn, I've no money. But the raid—I can tip you to the raid—"

Flash a close-up of the little Carmody girl alone on the platform, under winter stars; she wears a priceless coat, but she is bareheaded, and her sole possessions in this world are two dollars in the pocket of the brocaded coat-lining—as yet undiscovered—and the baize-covered harp which stands taller than she does. That figure in the background is the drummer, who is acting-first-cavalier to the harp. The tension which Angela is registering is the outward expression of an inward prayer that the east-bound 12:45 will reach this platform ahead of Peter Harned. But when the train does come thundering in, she lingers strangely . . . delaying until the last member of Fagan's Jazz Band is aboard, and the train is actually moving. . . .

Angela, in a quandary, was driven to accept the drummer's offer of a fare to Syracuse. Whereupon, the fellow's attentions to her became so fervid that she was terrified, and appealed to another. She chose a middle-aged gentleman as her protector. This fatherly man understood perfectly—too perfectly? . . . He settled the drummer, and paid her fare on to New York. . . . He hoped, significantly, that Angela would allow him to help her. . . .

Angela escaped. She bribed the porter, with the cameo ring on her little finger, to smuggle her harp off at the next station. That was Rochester. A good manœuvre to elude Peter, she assured herself! In Rochester, she played for three nights in a German restaurant, where she made a modest hit and made, also, her own fare to New York. That was the beginning of Angela's career.

New Year's Eve of 1926—just five years later to the day. The scene was the Pullman car of an east-bound train, which was temporarily stalled in the blizzard somewhere west of Rochester. The passengers included "The Queen of Jazz" and the members of her nine-piece ladies' band, which was returning from a vaudeville tour of the West, and was due in Rochester for an engagement that evening.

Angela herself lay back in the plush seat with her eyes closed. In the five years she had changed. Her flaxen hair was off; one—and only one—of the tiny waxen ears swung a tremendously long silver filigree earring. Except when she was rock-still, the earring jazzed. At this moment she was motionless; Angela had learned to conserve her energy. Her face was unlined and as fine-featured as ever, but it had thinned and sharpened a little, and—yes—hardened, as though it had learned resistance. Only the dark eyes, when she opened them, were the same—the same young vitality, the same dancing glints of gold. Her dress was nun's gray, with a touch of devil's red, and the very extreme little gray kid slippers she wore had heels and triangular toe inserts of red.

About her was the stir of the eight bored and grumbling members of her company: Fritzie Ryan, trombone; Tot Taylor, piano; Bubbles Gordon, sax and clarinet; and Lola La Mont, also sax and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clarinet, playing a listless and argumentative game of poker. . . . Irene and Gwen, banjo and drums respectively, quarrelling over the merits of marcel and water wave. . . . Dolores, trumpet, blowing upon a fresh coating of rosy-pink liquid nail-polish. . . . Babe, violin and *comédienne*, suffering the attentions of a travelling salesman.

The conductor passed through, and they hailed him, one and all, for the tenth time. "When do we move?" . . . "Here for the night?" . . . "My Gawd, we got a show waiting for us." . . . "You hear him, Angie, he says he don't know!" . . . "No diner, and I've had nothing but a gin rickey since breakfast." . . . The conductor was patient, but noncommittal. He mentioned, for the tenth time, that smoking was not allowed in the car. He moved on.

Angela looked out upon the gray, snow-blurred landscape. Did some glimmering of its familiarity reach her? Holly . . . and memories of the five years between. . . . She had played in cabarets and picture palaces, where orchestra leaders and managers had pursued her. She had made eight round trips on a third-rate ocean-liner, where the French captain had paid her marked attention. She had been discovered by a modernist poet. She had had a sensational success on the Loew Circuit. In all that time, she had heard nothing from Holly—or from Peter! At first she had sent him occasional small notes—without any address, and just often enough to keep him stirred. The flippant substance of these notes had been enough to drive a good man in love with her crazy—from that very first one, which had hinted at a continued close friendship with the drummer! Yes, Angela had gone that far out of her way to torture Peter. . . .

But now the reflection of a lantern in the darkening pane through which she stared caught Angela's attention. It was carried by a man moving in the dim gray world beyond. This lantern was fate's first signal to Angela.

Now voices in the passageway . . . the man with the lantern and the conductor entering their car. The fellow's rough overcoat and his cap with the ear-mufflers were plastered with snow; his hawk's face, a wet, stinging red from the storm, was strangely familiar to Angela.

"'S there a Mr. Zeppo aboard?" called the conductor. No answer from the passengers. "This is the last car," he shrugged. "Guess your man's not here."

"Heck," said the storm-battered individual, "now what'll I tell them ladies? A two-mile drive from the village, diggin' through most of the way——"

"Zeppo," murmured Angela. "Is it Zeppo, the violinist, you're looking for?"

His gaze jumped to her. "The same, ma'am! Do you know——?"

"Know of him. What is it—a special programme?"

"Special—you've said it! This here bird's due to play in the Holly Grand Opera House at eight-thirty sharp tonight. The house is pretty nigh sold out, and it's important—a benefit affair. I swore to Miss Trask of the Ladies' Betterment League that I'd tunnel over here and fetch him back, if it was my last——"

Ladies' Betterment League! "Holly—are we close to Holly?"

"Two miles, ma'am." But of course—this was Sam Jones of the coal and feed store! Angela's dark eyes opened wide . . . and wider upon him. Suddenly they showed dancing points of gold; the muscles of her cheek nagged to smile. His hawk eyes were blank of any slightest recognition of her. This was rich—Oh, rich! "Wait!" said Angela.

She rose, slid into a moleskin jaquette and a little scarlet felt hat. "Wha's the idea?" gasped Lola.

"Girls, gather up your compacts—and collect the pipes and cymbals!" ordered Angela. "Better button yourselves against the weather. We've got one carload of instruments, sir. . . . Isn't there a farmhouse or two along the way where we could collect a couple of flivvers to rattle the human baggage into town? There's nine of us girls."

"But——"

"Listen," said Angela, "we nine will take the place of Mr. Zeppo. A whole brass band instead of one dinky violinist."

"But I dunno what Miss Trask——"

"The price," said Angela, "will be the same. Man, it's a bargain I'm offering you!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Harvé Stein.

"The harp, Gram! Is that disinherited, too?"—Page 611.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Seems like Holly *would* get its money's worth. . . ."

"It will," Angela stated.

"But Angie, what about our *Palace* date——?"

"*The Palace*," she said, "will have to worry along without us this one night. The train would never make Rochester in time, anyhow. Buck up, girls! There's a rare evening—and a hot dinner!—just ahead of you. Well?"

Piled three-deep in an open flivver, they scored Angela all the way into town. "This joint, Holly, is it mentioned on the road maps?" . . . "Not that unit of bedtime lights off there?—Aw, Angie, quit your funnin'!" . . . "But honest, kid, what's the idea—that's all I'm asking." . . . "Steady, bo, on them washouts! The springs on this bus don't seem to cope them, and I got me one bad rib—Oh, my Gawd, I'm a broken blossom!" . . . "Rib?—My knees are both frostbit, and I got no more basis for a complexion left——"

Angela leaned forward and instructed the farmer boy to drop them at the Mapletree Hotel. "You been in this burg before? Say, I got you, I'll bet this place Holly's your home-town! And I'll bet—gosh, girls, I'll bet Angie's got a rube sweetie here she's aiming to make sit up and take notice. I always did suspicion her of an anchor somewhere in her past, 'count of her pulling so straight. Golly, I begin to get the spirit of this detour! But say, I'll bet nothing as fast as us has ever previously hit this village."

Angela giggled. "Girls, I'm counting on you for speed!"

"Speed, girls, you hear her? Angie, kid, we're your women!"

And indeed, the performance which "The Queen of Jazz and Her Band" (it was so that Angela had instructed them to introduce her, keeping well out of sight herself) put on in unsuspecting little Holly that night was the fastest of fast-stepping metropolitan shows. Through a hole in the curtain, she watched them gathering—took a keen zest in recalling each half-forgotten face. . . . Miss Julia Bly, the pet aversion of her childhood . . . Miss Sarah Trask . . . Peter! Could it be Peter "filled out," that great figure of a man? And the girl in white lace with him—the large, placid beauty? Surely that was Daisy Medford, no other! Was it possible that Peter—Angela's Peter—had married *her?* . . . And gram—gram herself, in all her panoply of sealskin, black brocade, and family diamonds! . . . Bowing right and left, and receiving on all sides respectful homage. . . . Seated upright now, in the place of honor—front row middle, directly under Angela.

Mrs. Alvah Hutchins, rather doubtfully announcing the change: "The Queen of Jazz and Her Band, who have very kindly offered to substitute for Mr. Zeppo, the violinist. . . ."

The curtain rolled up, and for the only silent moment of the entire evening, Angela was discovered seated at her harp, and surrounded by her bevy of girls, trombone, saxaphones, trumpet upraised, each instrument ready for instant attack. In that first second, there was, on the collective face of Holly, no recognition for Angela. Girl at harp . . . *harp* . . . what did that suggest?

But Angela gave one jerk of her shorn head, and the assault was on. "*The Lunatic's Dream*," with every known variation. . . . Angela herself, occupied as she was, knew just when the suspicion of her identity penetrated; she got it in the tightening of her grandmother's face, in the sudden flare-up of Peter Harned's color, in the general whisper increasing to a loud buzz. . . .

"*Hot Lips!*" cried Angela, exchanging harp for flute, and they were off afresh, drowning comment in blatant and contagious sound. Angela, a little figure in animate dress of gold metallic cloth, was, in the course of the next half-hour, everything at once. She was thunder, lightning, and a cuckoo call. She doubled, trebled, and quadrupled on harp, flute, cymbals, and oboe. She was the saucy female in the comedy argument between the masculine bass sax and the feminine clarinet. She was the singing soloist in "Will You Love Me When My Flivver's on the Bum?" and the dancing soloist in "Some Little Somebody to Love." But why multiply the instances of Angela's outrageous versatility?

With a man's derby over one eye, and with her gilt-slippered feet doing a hot

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Harvé Stein.

"Listen," said Angela, "we nine will take the place of Mr. Zeppo."—Page 612.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

step on just one spot of the platform, Angela carolled:

" 'When in the Charleston dance I want to bump
a knee
I want to bump a knee
With her——' "

It was at this point that Mrs. Carmody rose up, and, supported by Miss Trask, made her way from the Opera House. Her exit was definite and dramatic. And yet—was the tap-tapping of her stick a trifle less sure than formerly—was her stern rigidity failing ever so little? Nonsense! It was good—good to crash through the ice of gram's disapproval! But suppose the whole house should walk out on her—? Angela flung herself harder into the fun-making.

The house did not empty, but gradually filled until every square foot of standing room was occupied. The rumor of the little Carmody girl's spectacular return must have spread over the town. And gradually Angela breathed life into the cold marble of their shock and disapproval. It was a final feat of real genius —the way Angela, a single hot coal in a bed of gray ashes, fanned up, at last, a *bona fide* fire. And now she was getting over to them something of her own strong feeling of the sincerity, the underlying sadness of jazz. The modernist poet who had discovered her had published statements to the effect that Angela was an artist with a mission in life. Holly, however remotely, was experiencing vibrations of the same thought.

The last half was a rollick, with the audience shouting for favorites and whistling in. Angela closed, finally, after six encores and seven bows. She avoided a personal ovation only by sliding out through a rear door.

Twenty minutes later, in the privacy of Angela's hotel bedroom, the entire company was enjoying Swiss ryes and near-beer, when the clerk telephoned up: "Gentleman to see you, Miss Carmody."

Peter! What could he want of her? Angela ran down to the deserted lounge; Peter was dead white; Angela herself was rather pale. "Oh, hello!"

"Hello, Angela. I . . . ladies of the League have sent me."

"Umph," said Angela.

"I . . . it's an awful mess."

"Good to see you," said Angela brightly. "By the way, Peter, are you married to that—to Daisy Medford?"

"No."

"Hm—engaged to her?"

"Not yet," said Peter succinctly; "but I hope to be."

"Hm. Well, what's an awful mess? I'd say I saved the night for the Ladies' League. They had a full house, didn't they?"

"It's not that; the receipts were good. They raised their thousand—something over. But it was a conditional proposition, see—Mrs. Carmody would give five thousand, if they made their goal. But now she goes back on her word. She says it was a cooked-up job. You've got to come with me, Angie, and convince your grandmother that the League had nothing to do with bringing you here."

"Hm. What's the fund for? More clean-up?"

"No, it's for a free children's ward in the town hospital."

"Oh! In that case——"

Peter and Miss Trask were the witnesses of the combat between Angela and old Mrs. Carmody. Her grandmother, unrelaxed upon the Duncan Phyfe sofa, with pillows at her head and smelling salts at her nose, refused to have any negotiations with reason. The Ladies' League had imported Angela and her atrocious band as a direct insult to her, Persis Carmody. The Ladies' League could then rustle for the additional five thousand. All Angela's explanations, all her pleas for little sick children, were to no avail. And yet, under the steel of her grandmother's ultimatum, Angela caught a tiny quivering of the moustached lip. The poor old dear was solitary . . . and weaker than she had been.

"Isn't there," hinted the girl softly, "any appeal I can make to you? Can't we come to—to any terms, gram?"

The old lady blinked back at Angela's meaning. "There's Peter. I said then—I say it now—if you'd marry——"

"Oh, Angela," entreated Miss Trask, "if you just could bring yourself to do it for Holly! For the fund!"

Angela lifted to Peter both consideration and interrogation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But Peter moved backward from her.

"No," he groaned, "I don't *want*——"

Having played the situation, Angela now gripped it firmly. She turned to Miss Trask: "The five thousand is yours. I'll write you my own check for it. Tell that to the ladies. And gram, I'll drive no bargains with you, understand? If I marry Peter, it's because I choose to marry him—it's conditional upon nothing. As a matter of fact, if you hadn't pulled so hard for Peter—put him so terribly under the disadvantage of your choice— As a matter of fact," she trailed off, "even now—if Peter himself weren't so—so averse——"

Two minutes later, Angela was in Peter's arms in the hallway. . . . "But that damned drummer scoundrel—all those others——"

"I may never have the impulse again, but suddenly I want to be nice to you. The drummer—all the others—were nothing in my life. Just fiction! That's gospel, Peter. But that person in the lace window-curtain with you to-night—that Daisy Medford—do you tumble for her?"

"I—we've been peaceful together," sighed Peter.

Suddenly Angela twisted from him, and clicked off the telephone-receiver. She called the hotel and got Lola La Mont. "Lola," she said, "you'll have to go on without me. What? . . . Yes, that's it. What? . . . Yes, thorns and orange blossoms. . . . Thanks, dear! And Lola, will you ship me the harp? It's a parlor piece—retires with me—uh huh."

The Credo at Work

BY WILLIAM U. GAVER

NOT long ago public sentiment was aroused in our community. "Aroused for righteousness," the local clergy said. A prominent citizen had been unfaithful to his marriage vows, and his shame had been flaunted in the open court. A wave of moral indignation swept over us. Here was a man whose example would corrupt our youth. There was talk of our emulating the fate of the Roman Empire. Before the indignation subsided, the offense had assumed the colossal and complex proportions of an attempt to destroy the moral fibre of society, to undermine American institutions, and to demolish the sanctity of the home; and the man himself had taken on the aspect of an arch-fiend.

Strangely enough, nobody had ever thought to become indignant about this fellow's illicit dalliance before the news of it appeared in the papers. His affair had been an open secret for months before it got into the head-lines, and had been regarded by the community with marked composure. The man remained a respected citizen—the subject of some gossip, certainly—but at most he was the victim of nothing more damaging than knowing winks. Immediately that the news of his transgression became openly public information, however, he became a virtual outcast.

Having known all about the matter for a long time, people were suddenly shocked, scandalized, and angered to read about it in the papers. It now took on an entirely new meaning. As an open scandal, it became a matter of public concern; and so it had to be regarded in terms of its general significance. One no longer passed judgment merely on the behavior of Miss A. and Mr. B. One now passed judgment on moral principles. Was this not a case of defying God's law, of striking at the roots of our moral fibre, of flouting the sanctity of the home? Was one to think the same of such a sin as one had pre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

viously thought of the attentions that Miss A. was known to be receiving from Mr. B.? Not by a great deal! In passing judgment now, men followed the dictates of their creeds rather than of their hearts and minds, as previously. Hence, what they had once regarded as a trivial escapade, they came to look upon as a staggering sin. Public sentiment on the question, in brief, became the people's opinions of what their opinions ought to be.

One of the most curious by-products of our much-discussed passion for conformity is that we are governed—more and more, I believe—by beliefs and ideals to which we adhere because of a sense of duty rather than because of intellectual conviction. Perhaps the majority of the prejudices, pruderies, theories, and general articles of faith which characterize us as a society are upheld, not because they coincide with our normal feelings and habits of thought, but because they coincide with our beliefs as to what our feelings and opinions ought to be.

When you hear a man speaking of "our soldier boys," for instance, you know that he is not speaking of real soldiers. You know that the picture of soldiers that he has in mind is wholly unlike his ideas of any soldiers whom he has ever actually seen or known. He may look upon enlisted men, when he comes face to face with them, as a profane, rowdy lot of individuals. But when these same enlisted men are contemplated in terms of "our soldier boys"—when they become, in other words, a mere abstract idea—they immediately lose all identity with their real selves, and take on the aspect of starry-eyed Sir Galahads, pursuing Holy Grails. Hence, while soldiers go to war merely to follow orders, "our soldier boys" go to war to fight for God and country, and any other lofty ideals of which their leaders may happen to think. In short, you know that when the speaker discourses on "our soldier boys," he is not describing his opinion of soldiers. You know that he is describing his opinion of what his opinion of soldiers ought to be.

Similarly, when he speaks of "young womanhood," or of "American manhood," or of "kiddies," or of "home and fireside." You know that he is speaking about purely imaginary things. He may, in fact, heartily disapprove of modern young women. His opinion of young women may be the exact antithesis of his opinion of "young womanhood." But the latter opinion remains unaltered. It is the opinion of young women that he thinks a right-minded man ought to hold.

He is merely being orthodox. It is written in the creed that "our soldier boys," for instance, are high-minded idealists, who, when they die, become martyred heroes. Regardless of whether actual soldiers fit into this conception, the conception itself is an article of abstract faith to be upheld. Your conformist is not the man to dispute accepted articles of faith on the frivolous and irrelevant ground that they are untrue. He may think what he pleases of individual soldiers, without committing himself to any heretical attitude. But when he begins to think in terms of generalities he must be careful not to run afoul of the creed. Regardless, therefore, of what he thinks of soldiers in the flesh, it is improper for him to adhere to any other abstract doctrine than that they are bright, spiritual beings bathed in celestial light. Whether this conception is accurate or not is irrelevant; it is the conception that is prescribed by the creed. The conformist holds the patriotic attitude on which it is based to be right, even though the conception itself is not, strictly speaking, accurate. For behind this attitude is a deep-seated and complex body of fundamental assumptions and beliefs that are not to be challenged. When the conformist bumps into such fundamentals he willingly and gladly yields up all of his own intellectual rights. It is not his business, as he sees it, to question such beliefs; it is his duty to defend and preserve them. In adhering conscientiously to his falsified opinion of "our soldier boys," therefore, he is at least absolutely sincere in his opinion that this is the opinion that he ought to hold.

This curious influence that men's creeds exert over their minds is carried over bodily into our social thoughts and behavior. Broadly speaking, men live by their wits as individuals, while as a society they live by their creeds. For society deals largely with generalities, and it is in dealing with generalities that a man consults his creed. We have seen that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when a man follows the dictates of his creed, he will often adopt general ideas and doctrines that are in direct conflict with the specific dictates of his mind and conscience. Hence, society commits itself to many propositions that are by no means representative of the way people actually feel and think.

"Some of my best friends are Catholics" is a phrase that one frequently hears from men of anti-Catholic prejudice. They admit that all of the Catholics whom they know are likeable enough people. But their creed forbids them to accept this view as a doctrine. They have been taught that they ought to believe that Catholics are sinister people; and although they can't believe this of specific Catholics, they can adopt this doctrine concerning Catholics as a group. Their social judgment of Catholics, in other words, is dictated by their creed; while their personal judgments are prescribed by their hearts and minds. Hence, while the Klansman's abstract conception of Catholics is as unlike his ideas of real Catholics, as his abstract conception of "our soldier boys" is unlike his ideas of real soldiers, he adheres, as a member of the Klan, to the doctrine that Catholics are agents of evil; and so he supports his group's anti-Catholic programme. To a large extent his prejudices against Jews, negroes, the "foreign element," et cetera, et cetera, are likewise maintained.

In fact, many of our most popular articles of public opinion are prescribed by our creeds rather than by our intellectual convictions. There is, for example, the almost unanimously accepted opinion that all laws ought to be obeyed, running parallel with men's convictions that there is no harm in driving their automobiles faster than the speed limit, or in drinking beverages of more than one-half of one per centum alcoholic content. Society wholly accepts the doctrine that "while it's the law it ought to be obeyed." To challenge this doctrine would be like challenging the popular conception of "our soldier boys." But one can believe that there is no harm in calling on his bootlegger, just as one can think of individual soldiers what it pleases one to think. The fact is that, in accepting the doctrine that all laws ought to be obeyed, men are following the dictate of their creed and not of their minds. They do not actually believe that all laws ought to be obeyed; they believe merely that they ought to believe so.

Usually, there is remarkably little difference of a personal nature between the members of two sections of society that, when judged by their collective views and behavior, appear to be composed of entirely different species of beings. Adherents of the wet cause, observing the group ideas and behavior of the drys, are disposed to think of drys as personally obnoxious, eye-rolling fanatics. Adherents of the dry cause, observing the wets as a group, are disposed to regard wets as personally degenerate and evil libertines. But when the wicked wet and the rabid dry actually meet, each is usually surprised to find the other an agreeable and human being—very much like himself, in other words. As residents of different localities, and as members of different crowds, they merely subscribe to different doctrines. But put them together, observe their intimate personal habits and feelings and thoughts, and you will have difficulty distinguishing one from the other with a microscope. In other words, they differ only when, as members of society, they follow the dictates of their creeds. They differ as to their opinions of what their opinions ought to be.

On every side one finds evidence of this fact that, living by our creeds as a society, we are governed by entirely different sets of views and doctrines from those which control our thoughts and actions when we live by our wits as individuals. I could multiply examples of such doctrines endlessly. But why do it? What, after all, are a few abstract doctrines between friends?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. and Mrs. Professor Look for a Job

BY IDA ROBERTSON ABERNETHY

AT the first blast of the war trumpets in 1917, Thomas, my husband, gave up a desirable position to enter the army. With his soul keyed to glory in the A. E. F. he was relegated to command a labor battalion made up of riffraff better suited to handle the pick and shovel than the rifle and bayonet, and overlooked until the end of the war. His compensation for this service is ineffably sweet. Rarely does he comment on his war record that some ardent patriot does not remark, in a voice freighted with reproach and implying cowardice for his failure to fight: "Oh, you didn't go overseas!"

He was discharged from the service in mid-year, and we found ourselves without a position and without sufficient income. Thomas is a teacher by profession, and a well-trained teacher. He holds the doctorate from Harvard University, and has made distinct contributions to his chosen field of study.

However, we modestly agreed that he was not so well known that he could with assurance await a "call," and that it would be the part of wisdom to seek a position actively. I constituted myself secretary, and we collaborated on a letter which modestly set forth my husband's attainments and delicately conveyed the information that his services would be available for the ensuing school year. Presently our mail-box began to disgorge replies to our letters.

Five applications went to institutions presided over by women. Only one replied—Bryn Mawr. "So," Thomas remarks, hoping to start an argument, "the proverbial garrulity of women is released only by way of the tongue and not by the typewriter."

Of thirty-two State-supported institutions addressed by us, twelve replied. I had, and still have, a sneaking idea that had we been omnipresent and a citizen of many States, our vote and our taxes would have purchased a polite reply from the delinquent twenty.

We wrote to two famous military schools. They were pleased with our academic qualifications, but had we a record in the late war? We had. However, after due deliberation, we decided that they would be unable properly to estimate our services to our country.

We found an astonishing number of "beggars" among college presidents and deans. Twenty-two of them "begged" to state that they had no vacancy, or "begged" to acknowledge our letter.

One university sent in reply to our application a form which read: "There are no vacancies in the department in which you are interested." It is not typewritten; it is not printed. I suspect the truth, but, unable to believe my eyes, I run my fingers vulgarly over it. "Thomas," I cry, "it is engraved—beautifully engraved." Then Thomas recalls that only recently the institution had received an endowment of many millions of dollars. "Pretentious ostentation of the *nouveau riche*," I jeer. "We will wait," says Thomas, "until it no longer likes to hear its boots squeak to show that they are new before aspiring to a job with it."

Two universities sent us printed forms of application to fill in, inquiring specifically as to our height, our weight, and our family tree.

One college seemed truly alarmed for fear that we were kinsmen of some member of its board of trustees and were trying to worm our way into the institution through undue influence of that trustee. No other qualification seemed of any concern so long as applicants were free from entangling alliances with the trustees.

Eight college presidents promised to file—neither his name nor his application, but my husband himself. They stated it clearly—we will file *you*. Thirty-seven institutions, including the heartless eight

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who showed disposition to file Thomas, promised to file his application for future reference. I never gave up hope of finding one with the courage to inform us that he was not interested in our application at that time and did not expect to be in future.

Thomas's chief complaint is that his students cannot write or speak the king's English. I argue that he ought not to judge them too harshly when the president of a well-known college expresses himself in this manner:

"I will be glad to place your letter on file and in the event that anything should turn up unexpectedly, wherein we might be able to make use of you, in which case I should be very glad to advise you to that effect." Or in this manner: "We will be very glad to have you send us anything to help us to know concerning you."

This gem of brevity came from the president of a State university: "Dear Sir: No vacancy to fill at this time. Very truly yours." We wondered at his prodigality in wasting two whole words in the complimentary close. *Truly* would have been so much more fitting.

I wax sarcastic regarding punctuation in at least one-half the letters. "I could fill my flour-sieve with commas, periods, and semicolons, then dust them over the letters and secure the same effect," I inform Thomas. My husband, ever loyal to his fellow craftsmen, points out that the stenographer is responsible for this. "But," I retort, "the college official stood sponsor for it when he signed the letter."

Shall and will, would, could, and should were incorrectly used so many times that I grew aweary of counting.

One university observes that we also have a master's degree in biology. We would, they presume, be just as interested in a position in biology as in history, in which Thomas had specialized; they can offer us a position in biology. Not interested? But why not? It pays the same salary as the position in history. And the president hints that it is stubborn perversity which prevents Thomas from giving up history for biology.

The president of a Middle Western university implied that we were guilty of a breach of etiquette in writing him; that the position should seek the man and never the man the position; that if my Thomas were all he should be he would be too intent on scholarly pursuits to be interested in such a crass thing as a position and material advancement.

After many similar rebuffs and disappointments, we receive a letter which looks most promising. Yes, they are looking for a man of my husband's qualifications. They have a big endowment. They offer a good salary. Several letters are exchanged and at last comes the contract. "By the way," the president writes, "we are under auspices of the Baptist denomination. While we cannot be accused of narrowness or undue sectarianism, we do not think we are unreasonable in requiring that all members of our faculty belong to the Baptist church and help disseminate its doctrines among our young people. You are, I presume, a Baptist, of course." Alas! No, we are not Baptists.

We find several denominational schools seeking a man of my husband's training; each seems eager to snap him up for its faculty before some other secures him. But Thomas, with a prodigious—and fatal—gift for the truth, sooner or later discloses the fact that he is not of the elect faith and the matter ends.

I learn to mistrust that casual "by the way," containing the essential qualification but deceptive in its very casualness.

We are on the eve of signing another contract. "By the way," writes the one who has our destiny in his hands this time, "do you use tobacco? While I think there are greater evils than smoking, I would not knowingly appoint to my faculty a man who uses tobacco in any form." I sadly reflect that while my husband thirsted for glorious adventure at the battle-front, that labor battalion had been his undoing. It had driven him to smoke.

"By the way," writes another, "what of your religious convictions and those of your wife? I presume that we shall find her also ready to take her place in the religious activities of the school." We are perched precariously over failure again. "Wife!" I shriek, "what have I to do with it? *I* am not looking for a place on his faculty." But I realize as I rave that my Unitarianism is an insurmountable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

obstacle in my husband's path toward that particular university.

We open communication with a well-known denominational university. The president writes a charming letter; he has heard of our work and would consider himself fortunate to secure Thomas for his faculty. We would be given a free hand in reorganizing the department. Yes, the school is under control of the Methodist Conference, but their aim is to secure the best men for their faculty regardless of religious belief. "Ah," exults Thomas, "at last I have found a denominational school which resembles an educational institution." Then comes a letter more charming, more cordial and courteous than all the others. "By the way," it winds up, "the position carries a salary of $1800." Eighteen hundred dollars! Little more than enough to transport ourselves and our effects thither, where cordiality and honeyed words are evidently the chief remuneration. "As if we were on the bargain-counter," I sniff.

Thomas meets the president of a small but select school for a conference. Business matters are all but disposed of. "By the way," says the educator, "I presume that you are an Episcopalian. No?" He is amazed. "I am sorry," says he haughtily, "we will have to eliminate you from consideration."

Nine appointments are lost to us in this manner. Some deplored the fact that their regulations forbade the appointment of one of alien faith. Others wrote pityingly as to those in outer darkness. Still others sought to enlighten us as to the true faith, and sent voluminous pamphlets which pointed out the Baptist route or the Methodist route to salvation. I vowed vehemently that before we again started out to look for a job I would take my husband to a Billy Sunday revival and get him soundly converted to all that was narrow, to all that was bigoted and intolerant.

"We will give it up," decides Thomas, "and depend on the Harvard Appointment Bureau." But I am stubborn, I will not give up. I buy a copy of *Who's Who* and a copy of the *World Almanac*. When our letters arrive I look up the writer in *Who's Who*—he is usually listed by virtue of his mighty position in the educational world—and the institution in the *Almanac*. If the executive is a preacher and the institution a church school, we no longer aspire to the position.

One day there comes a letter from a university which has established its reputation over the nation. We read several paragraphs which send our hopes soaring. Then: "By the way [hope dies within me but I determine to read to the bitter end], can you meet me for a conference in N—— on the 15th?" Thomas can. A few days thereafter he returns home and silently hands me a contract to which he is the party of the second part. I look exultantly at him. I gloat over the contract. It means work that he loves and a salary which will enable us to live in decent comfort.

Then I glare at our letter-file. I dump its contents into my bungalow apron, and, headed for the waste-basket, I give vent to my suppressed feelings:

"Look at these *things*—these letters embodying narrowness, bigotry, prehistoric ideas, incorrect spelling, bad grammar, poor punctuation, poorer construction. And written by *college presidents!*" I am Xanthippic in my wrath, my voice rises loud and shrill.

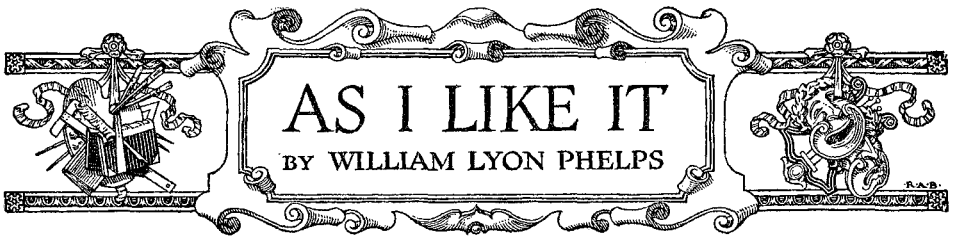
"A single misspelled word in our letter of application and the educator (I sneer at the word) would have jeered: 'He cannot even spell, yet he aspires to teach others.' A single instance of bad grammar in our letter, and you would have been hopelessly disqualified for a position in a kindergarten. 'His letter is his representative,' the recipient would point out. 'Employ a teacher who cannot write English!' Yet look at these," I cry to Thomas in my wrath, dumping the letters into the waste-basket.

"Wait," says Thomas, who, with the contract in his pocket, can now afford to be jocular, "don't destroy them. Why don't you expose the shortcomings of your high-brow scholars and educators?"

"I will," I shout vindictively; "at least, I shall try."

Thomas laughs uproariously over my indignation and proposes that I bring a bottle of ginger-ale from the refrigerator so that we may drink a toast to "our college presidents, scholars and gentlemen all." I refuse to drink, although it is a hot, hot day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EARTH affords no pleasanter spectacle than a lamplit sitting-room on a November evening, with a fire burning on the hearth and the various members of the family engaged in the intimacy of reading. It is curious how friendly and sociable a family group may be, without a spoken word; each person absorbed in a book, while happily conscious of the silent presence of others. Every member of the circle is leading a life leagues away, for each has a different book; yet absorbed in a common pleasure, they are as much *together* as if they were sharing the same experience.

Most cheerful it is to see children, boys and girls, under the lamp, entering perhaps for almost the first time the garden of literature; eyes fastened on the page, faces flushed with eager attention, lost in the magic land. Whatever parents may or may not owe to their children, they owe them this—to introduce them at as early an age as possible to the delight of books; for then they have a pleasure always accessible that grows in intensity with the years, a source of development and at the same time a harbor of refuge; a means of life and an insurance against life.

I used to be prejudiced against "books for children," and perhaps not altogether without reason; for the old-fashioned books for children were often written down to children, with an intolerable air of grinning condescension; like the old-fashioned speaker addressing a group of young people. "How sweet it is, my dear boys and girls, to see your bright, upturned faces," etc., a remark and an attitude that nauseated a normal child.

But now that the publishers have made a specialty of children's books, and are enlisting in the cause the most skilful authors, the situation has changed. Any one who still doubts the value of children's books should look over the exhibit in any modern book-shop. Here are innumerable volumes written by famous authors exclusively for boys and girls; and classics, that have successfully withstood the corrosion of years, are now arranged in new and attractive dress, and beguilingly illustrated.

I have been looking over some scores from this particular autumnal harvest, and I am frankly amazed at the beauty and charm of this golden verse and prose. I will mention only a few; but I advise parents to visit the display in the book-shops, or if they are far from cities, to send for publishers' catalogues, and make their own selections.

"The Children of the New Forest," by Captain Marryat, illustrated by Stafford Good, combines history (1647), romance, and adventure, narrated by a master hand; "Michael Strogoff," a new edition of Jules Verne's famous story; and right up to date, we have "The Flight of the Gray Goose," by Francis Lynde, dealing with transatlantic airmen. Those who last year revelled in the glories of "The Flying Carpet," edited by Cynthia Asquith, and containing original contributions by J. M. Barrie, Thomas Hardy, and other stars of the first magnitude, will be happy to know that the same accomplished editor has prepared "The Treasure Ship," with nearly the same list of distinguished authors. Verse, prose, pictures—what more do you want?

One of the most notable among the new books for children is A. A. Milne's "Now We Are Six." This author thoroughly knows his business. "The Somersaulting Rabbit," told and illustrated by Marion Bullard, is irresistible. "Girls Who Did," by Helen Ferris, which is quite unlike "The Woman Who Did," is adapted for the needs of girls in their teens. A cheap school edition has been issued of W. H. Hudson's classic, "Far Away and Long Ago," which can be confidently recommended to intelligent boys. And among the delightful reprints of classics arranged and illustrated for children are "The Pil-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grim's Progress," illustrated in color by Frank C. Pape, "Stories of King Arthur and the Round Table," by Beatrice Clay, Grimm's "Fairy Tales," edited by Marian Edwardes, "Una and the Red Cross Knight," told in prose from the "Faery Queene," by N. G. Royde-Smith, and "Don Quixote," condensed for young people, illustrated by Heath Robinson.

I especially recommend for boys "The Boy Showman and Entertainer," by A. Rose, with over one hundred illustrations and diagrams by the author. This is designed to explain to boys how they may prepare parlor tricks, shows, and entertainments which will delight neighborly audiences.

Julius King's series of "Birds in Rhyme" and "More Birds in Rhyme" are wholly admirable; these broad, thin books contain large colored pictures of the more familiar birds, with rhymes about them. Nothing could be better. Julius King, who has made a special study of the wants and needs of children, said in a recent public address:

> There are no more goody-goody books for children. The child does not want to be dragged through stuffy teaching. To-day children's books are written with a good deal of information pleasantly put and with illustrations that are much better than in the past.

One of the most ingenious and happy devices to amuse, elevate, and instruct children is "The Playbook of Troy," a book and a theatre all at once. The story tells of the immortal war for Helen; by lifting off the back of the book and opening out the ends, one has the scene of Troy with the walls, towers, ships; and the cut-out figures are the individual heroes. This is a fascinating thing, and it will be followed by playbooks of Greece, Rome, Shakespeare, Lincoln, etc. That's a charming way to learn and remember history and legend. I make a profound obeisance to the author, Susan Meriwether.

"The Pale Mountains," being Tales from the Dolomites, by Carl Felix Wolff, translated and illustrated, will please both old and young; "Nimble-Legs," by Luigi Capuana, translated by Frederic Taber Cooper, is a remarkable story for boys, of the time of Garibaldi, and ought to widen youthful mental horizons; "Arabian Nights," edited for children by Hildegarde Hawthorne, is a sumptuous volume; "The King of the Golden River," written by John Ruskin when he was twenty-two, with new pictures by Mary Lott Seaman, is attractive; "Stuff and Nonsense," verses by Walter De La Mare, with woodcuts, needs only to be mentioned.

"The Giant Sorcerer," by William Whitman, 3d, illustrated in color, is original and charming. I recommend also "A Child's Thought of God," an anthology of religious poems for children, compiled and arranged by Esther A. Gillespie and Thomas Curtis Clark. This is extremely well done, and the illustrations are sensible.

In "The World's Classics" series there now appears a handy volume of nearly five hundred pages, "Christmas Books," by Dickens, a reprint of the collected edition of 1852, opening with the immortal Christmas Carol. Dickens fulfilled his purpose, which was "to awaken some loving and forbearing thoughts, never out of season in a Christian land."

Anatole France is not a writer that one would unreservedly recommend to children; but among the new children's books is his "Bee, the Princess of the Dwarfs," retold in English by Peter Wright, and illustrated by Charles Robinson. It is a jolly book.

One of the most remarkable and successful experiments is the series called "Boys' Books by Boys," seven volumes telling of strange adventures by boys in distant places, *written by the boys* who had these experiences, and illustrated by Albert Schaffenberg, fourteen years old. "David Goes to Baffin Land," by David Binney Putnam, aged twelve; "Deric with the Indians," by Deric Nusbaum, aged fourteen; "Bob North Starts Exploring," by Robert Carver North, aged eleven; "Among the Alps with Bradford," by Bradford Washburn, Jr.

A delightful book about children and for children is "The Little Long-Ago," written by the experienced and skilful author Laura Spencer Portor. This is a volume of nearly five hundred pages, charmingly interrupted by pictures. The Real Child is here, so unmistakably here

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that perhaps grown-ups will enjoy the book even more than children. Although the book is long, the chapters are short, and with agreeable diversity of matter and treatment. This is a masterpiece of its kind.

"Mickey and the Monkeys," by Victorine Kirk, with drawings by Christopher Rule, is filled with bewitching illustrations. They are among the most ingenious and fascinating animal pictures that I have seen.

Give them books instead of toys;
Books are better for the boys.
Girls will all improve their looks,
Animated by the books.

When Shakespeare's Ulysses said to Shakespeare's Achilles "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," he made a remark that is applicable every day and everywhere. I could not help thinking of it as I contrasted in my mind two books that I have recently been reading, two books as unlike as two books in the same language could well be, and yet made akin by the touch of nature. Have there ever existed two Englishmen whose lives (not far apart in time) have been so different as those of Trader Horn and Parson Woodforde? The former lived among cannibals in unexplored Africa; his daily life was a succession of astounding adventures. The latter was an English clergyman who spent most of his life in a tiny Norfolk village, chronicling in his diary (this is Volume III) visits to his neighbors, the birth of pigs, changes in the weather, and what he ate for dinner. Yet I should be hard put to it if I were forced to say which of these two books I found more interesting.

Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis made a better discovery than a fresh diamond-mine when she found and explored the depths of old Trader Horn's memories, those dark unfathomed caves bearing many a gem of purest ray serene; John Beresford performed an immense service to literature and to history when he exhumed the forgotten records of the quiet life of Parson Woodforde and gave us all the opportunity to relive it with the Diarist.

Why is it that a daily record of pastoral duties, tiffs with Niece Nancy, calls on the quality, food, drink, and weather are as interesting to read as fights with savages, thefts of jewels, mad escapades with a goddess? The answer can be found. It is the touch of nature. "I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me," said Terence.

The London *Times Literary Supplement* had a flippant review of "Trader Horn," intimating that it had been skilfully prepared to meet the needs of the American market; but surely one does not have to be a vulgar American to enjoy this English book. I wish I might have been in the room when John Galsworthy read that review.

Africa, the land of romance and black magic, comes to the front again in another new book, which, although it was not aimed at the American market, is just as interesting as if it had been. This is called "Cape to Cairo," and is by Stella Court Treatt, the wife of an English army officer. She, her husband, and a few friends decided to travel in an automobile from Capetown to Cairo, to travel only in British territory, and to accept no other means of transportation. They were repeatedly warned, both before they began the journey and during it, that it was impossible. But the thing that couldn't, occurred. They started September 23, 1924, and reached Cairo January 24, 1926. Mrs. Treatt is a thoroughbred, the only woman of the party of six; how she, or, for that matter, any of the men, got through alive, remains a mystery, though her journal is explicit in practical things. The unaffected simplicity of her story makes it the more thrilling. The book is copiously illustrated with the pictures they took, and there is an admirable map of Africa, showing not the road, for there was no road, but the course. One of the coldest nights of the journey was on the Equator, which they crossed on a mountain 10,000 feet high.

The accomplished British journalist J. A. Spender, whose admirable book, "The Public Life," received merited praise in this column, gains fresh laurels by his autobiography, called "Life, Journalism, and Politics." Mr. Spender has known intimately the leading figures in English politics during the last fifty years; he is a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

practical journalist, a man of the world, yet spiritually minded. Sincerity, purity of motive, and nobility of character seem natural qualities of his mind. His anecdotes of important personages, his remarks on the speed of daily journalistic writing, and, above all, his chapters on the origin of the great war and his experiences at the front, are of compelling interest. A thoroughly sound and good book.

I should like to recommend to professional preachers of the Gospel, both Catholic and Protestant, a little book by the English mystic, Evelyn Underhill, called "Concerning the Inner Life," with an introduction by Bishop Slattery, who is a man of God and a man of sense. The book consists of three addresses delivered to the clergy of the Liverpool diocese, in which Miss Underhill emphasizes the core of religion. After reading Mr. H. G. Wells's contemporaneous, talkative novel, "Meanwhile," in which he assumes that the Christian religion is dead, it is interesting to observe that it is still very much alive in so busy a town as Liverpool.

The noise of much meaningless clatter that is called poetry must not deafen us, so that we cannot hear true melodies. The latest volume by one of America's foremost lyrical poets, Sara Teasdale, called "Dark of the Moon," is full of beautiful music. The slender book is well named, for many of the poems are meditations aroused by observation of the sky. Apart from their beauty, it is reassuring to note that they are correct astronomically. Arcturus is put in his place, and the crescent moon is where she ought to be.

"Æschylus and Sophocles, Their Work and Influence," by Doctor J. T. Sheppard, of King's College, Cambridge, is a small book in the valuable series called "Our Debt to Greece and Rome." It is a clear, understandable account of these great dramatists, so that those who know no Greek, but wish to obtain an idea of the nature and influence of the Athenian theatre, may have their desire satisfied.

William Gillette, who has entertained so many thousands by impersonating Sherlock Holmes, made up his mind that instead of acting the mysteries of others, he would concoct one of his own. He has joined the ranks of the detective-novelists with an ingenious and unguessable tale called "The Astounding Crime on Torrington Road." Along about page 40 or so, the story suddenly clutches the reader, and will not let go of him, or he of it, until the unexpected conclusion is reached.

Mrs. Marietta Minnigerode Andrews has written a charming autobiographical work, called frankly and perhaps proudly "The Memoirs of a Poor Relation." Just as a man beaten in a race should never finish in good condition, so a community beaten in a war should not exhibit the signs of prosperity. Thus Southerners are perhaps somewhat proud of the poverty in which they were necessarily brought up. Mrs. Andrews has made a contribution to the social history of America, and has imparted to it the aroma of romance. A friend has written me such an interesting letter on this book, that I will print it instead of making any further comments of my own:

She writes of the Virginia I was raised in and the people I knew, in the early seventies. All of us Virginians of that period were poor; it was a badge of honor to be poor, and a badge of dishonor to be rich. A thousand dollars per year made a rich family in one of those rural communities of Virginia of the early seventies. Mrs. Andrews makes the life and the spirit of the time live; she illumines and ennobles poverty. We all lived by the sweat of our brow off of the land. We entertained our relations and our friends with an open mind and a joyous heart, giving them what we had; and I can tell you it was not at all bad. If friends or relations suddenly drove up from ten or fifteen miles distance, without a moment's notice, all of the little negroes of the place were sent out to run down and catch chickens. The old negro mammies grabbed one chicken after another out of the little pickaninnies' hands, wrung off its neck and threw it on the ground, so that the yard was soon full of headless chickens jumping about. Soon all these headless chickens were poked into an iron pot to have their feathers taken off easily. The old negro cooks knew how to cook; nothing could be better than those fried chickens. Bachelors' buttons made good corn meal, which was fried in butter with the chickens, to which was added an endless variety of vegetables out of the garden: okra, string beans, succulent corn, sweet potatoes, beets, with lettuce salad, and a side dish of some fresh stewed fruit, topped off by home made ice

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cream, and a freshly made cake warm out of the oven. Can you beat that even now at the best Faculty Club of Yale, New York, Boston, or even Paris? The mere thought of these things makes my mouth water, and there is also a little tickling and yearning at the back of the throat. Before all of these came, a fine mint julep was passed about, the custom being that the men drank the juleps and rarely the ladies. In those days, the best ladies of Virginia purposely and voluntarily refused all kinds of alcoholic drinks, so that they could be an example to the men. Those were discouraging days; the men had not yet gotten over the hardships and the failures of the war; many of them consoled their troubled spirits and downcast hearts with good old John Barleycorn. Some of them over indulged; so that all these sweet creatures of the feminine sex, from eighteen to eighty, voluntarily took moral stands against any kind of alcoholic drinks. If you could but see and smell the charm of those women, dressed in the simplest and most inexpensive way, with the little dotted calico and muslin dresses, plain cotton stockings and the plainest kind of shoes. Somehow no woman at Newport, York Harbor, or any of the New York hotels has ever seemed so sweet and pure and delightful as the women of that time.

The American Library Association is endeavoring to realize the ideal of universal education set forth by Doctor John Finley:

> I look forward to the day when we shall have a system of adult education in the State which will reach every man and woman as we are now reaching the child. And the librarian will be as important a factor in that place as the formal teacher or the lecturer, perhaps the most important and inspiring factor.

They are publishing a series of booklets at a nominal price, containing brief reading courses in separate fields of knowledge, every one prepared by an expert. Over 250,000 copies have been sold, and the demand is increasing. The choices in this series are interesting. For example, one of the booklets is by Ambrose W. Vernon, and is called "Ten Pivotal Figures in History." In 1919 the first college department of biography in America was established at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., and five years later Dartmouth called Doctor Vernon to the new chair of biography, which he now holds. The ten pivotal figures in history selected by Doctor Vernon are Socrates, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Paul, Luther, Francis Bacon, Rousseau, Washington, Lincoln, Woodrow Wilson; and the books are Plato's "Apology," Plutarch's "Life of Alexander," Froude's "Cæsar," "Peabody's "The Apostle Paul and the Modern World," McGiffert's "Luther," Macaulay's "Bacon," Morley's "Rousseau," Wilson's "Washington," Stephenson's "Lincoln," Dodd's "Wilson." Probably no other student of biography would draw up a list identical with this; but one of the chief objects of this series is to awaken intelligent opposition, which any list is sure to do.

Another somewhat longer booklet is by W. N. C. Carlton, the librarian of Williams College, and is called "English Literature." It gives a survey of the field, with advice and comment; eleven books are recommended. They are "Gulliver's Travels," "Tom Jones," "She Stoops to Conquer," Burns's "Poems," "Pickwick Papers," "Heroes and Hero-Worship," "Vanity Fair," "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "The Forsyte Saga," Stevenson's "Letters." If you don't like this list, make one of your own.

Another booklet is called "Some Great American Books," and is by Dallas Lore Sharp, professor of English at Boston University. His list is Irving's "Sketch Book," "The Last of the Mohicans," Bronson's "Anthology of American Poems," Jessup's "Representative American Short Stories," Emerson's "Essays," "The Scarlet Letter," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "Tom Sawyer," Frank Norris's "The Pit," S. M. Crothers's "The Gentle Reader," Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome," Hendrick's "Life of Page," Bronson's "Short History of American Literature."

Turning to booklets in quite different fields, many will want to own "The Stars," by Harlow Shapley, professor of astronomy at Harvard. He brings forward this interesting observation:

> Edison has shut off millions of people from the stars by devising and developing electric illumination. The desert Arab for two thousand years has known more of the existence and motions of the heavenly bodies than ninety per cent of the college and university graduates of our enlightened western civilization.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I should like to recommend three popular little books on the stars not mentioned by Professor Shapley. They are Milham's "How to Identify the Stars," and two books by Gaylord Johnson—"The Star People" and "The Sky Movies."

By an editorial in the New York *Sun* called "A Unique Honor for Barrie," I learn that his war-play, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," the finest of all the plays coming from the World War, has been adapted by M. Nozierre, and will be produced during the coming season on the historic stage of the *Comédie Française* under the name "La Vieille Maman." With the one exception of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, I have never seen an audience more deeply affected than the New York audience when I witnessed this drama. Ordinarily one has silence in the auditorium and sound on the stage; but when the "old lady" moved about the stage in absolute stillness, the uncontrollable sobbing among the spectators was something never to be forgotten.

When the whole country was excited over the word "choose" as used by President Coolidge, I received a letter from Mrs. Margaret Bradshaw, of Smith College, who gave additional evidence that "choose" is a Vermont expression. A well-preserved spinster in that State (that is, Vermont) was married; after a few months of travel the happy pair returned to her community, and she said to her curious friends: "I chose to get married. But ain't it tedious?"

The cure by chloroform. Miss Jeannette Fossett, of Baltimore, writes me that her fox terrier, being paralyzed in the hind legs, was put in a tightly lidded washboiler with a big sponge of chloroform. After waiting until they were sure Punch had entered his last sleep, they removed the lid. The dog leaped out, perfectly well, and never had a recurrence of the paralysis. Will it be safe to try that on human beings?

Samuel T. Pearl, of Chicago, writes me:

A few years ago, while walking in a country village in England's beautiful county of Surrey, I was joined by a boy of 10 or 12 years, who asked me, "Where did you come from?" "From America." Then, after a pause, "Did it take you very long to learn to speak English?" "Oh, about as long as it did you, I imagine."

After making a purchase in a shop in Perth, I remarked to the dealer, "Not being a Britisher, I have to take time to count my change." To which he replied, "But you speak English pretty well."

Gilbert H. Montague, of New York, writes:

I was sorry, several months ago, to note that you had nominated for the Ignoble Prize the phrase "I thank you" at the end of a speech. I have been waiting for months, expecting that the bench and bar of the country would rise up to smite you, but apparently they have determined to meet you, like so many other critics of our legal system, with a conspiracy of silence. At the risk, therefore, of being called a traitor to my profession by now breaking this silence, let me inform you that, in criticising that seemingly banal phrase, you are striking at one of the most sacred pillars in our whole judicial system. It must have been shortly after Cicero's time that lawyers began saying "I thank you" at the end of their notoriously long arguments before juries and judges. Certainly the habit runs back to the origin of all Anglo-Saxon institutions. Indeed, except for that formula, I do not believe that any English, American, or Continental lawyer ever would know how to stop talking before a jury or judge! Laymen like yourself, therefore, ought to be thankful, rather than critical, that this formula exists and is used. It may sometimes seem tedious, when a lawyer, from force of inveterate habit, uses this phrase outside of the court room. But think of all the agony of the race of lawyers, and those who have suffered by them, that is summed up and represented in that phrase. Have some reverence, Professor, please have some reverence, and don't lay your profane hands on this ark of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence.

In the year 1901 Mr. Montague was undergraduate editor of the Harvard Monthly, and I had the pleasure of sitting next to him at the banquet of the Yale *Literary Magazine*. I asked him at what hour he had arrived in New Haven, and he said he had come in the morning that he might spend the entire day in the Yale Art School, and see our remarkable collection of pictures. That gave me a good text for my opening remarks, for at that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time most of the Yale undergraduates had never entered the door of the Yale Art School.

Ailurian readers of SCRIBNER'S will rejoice in the following article from the Manchester *Guardian:*

The glare of limelight that recently beat upon Fluffy, the London Victoria station cat, who boards the 10:45 train to Dover every morning, lunches upon nice creamy milk at the buffet there, and returns to town by the afternoon train, is a reminder of a curious fact about cats; they are at once the greatest travellers and the greatest "home bodies" of all domesticated animals.

Other cats in England, and, indeed, in most countries, regularly journey long distances on trains, usually in the restaurant car, but sometimes with the train crew. As for seafaring cats, there must be hundreds of thousands of them, from North Cape to the Horn, Southampton water to Nagasaki bay. Most liners carry quite a number; there are White Star vessels with five-and-twenty aboard. There was an amusing incident not long ago when one of the Adriatic's cats, that had failed to turn up when the ship sailed, reappeared for the next voyage with its tail proudly waving in the breeze and five little kittens trotting along behind.

THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

Mrs. Alice B. Maloney, of Coos Bay *Times*, Marshfield, Oregon, nominates "'made a flying trip abroad' as used in your department in the July issue of SCRIBNER'S. The phrase is now used correctly when applied to Lindbergh, etc."

J. B. Wattles, of Buffalo, writes:

I ask of those who criticize new use of old words, such as "dumb"; illogical phrases at first used incorrectly, now quite generally, such as "I don't think" followed by an expression of opinion, and "The train pulled out," if they are unaware of the fact that a living language is not static; that one or several can no more stem the tide of its growth and change than one can restrain a healthy shingle bob.

Second: May I offer, not as an excuse but as an explanation of the overworked newspaper phrases: Anyone who has sat before a reporter's typewriter and tapped out copy against time, with copy boys and telephones making an unbelievable amount of commotion; or embroidered a piece of paper with scribbles in an effort to headline some weighty scoop, with the consciousness that every minute means a tick of the clock toward closing time, a turn of the press toward the last edition, knowing full well the number of processes through which his immortal words must pass before they can be presented to the public at breakfast—*must* be presented to the public before the earliest breakfast . . . why finish? There is an explanation for all natural phenomena.

Miss Helen Mary Hayes, of the *State Journal*, Lincoln, Neb., writes:

In a recent issue of SCRIBNER'S you sound off about the popularity of "Outlines of This and That," and close with a conjecture as to whether people don't read them mainly to keep from being found out. Permit me to set your mind at rest on that point, at least so far as concerns the middle west. I speak not as scholar or philosopher, but as a mere citizen of Mr. Mencken's cow-and-Bible belt, where the typical individual shares the Irish trait of considering himself as good as anybody else and probably a little better. It may be that in New Jersey or Vermont, people bone up on books for fear of being found out. But out here in the short grass their attitude is more that of Marjorie Fleming's hen (or was it a turkey?) in that they "do not give a single dam."

If they read outlines—and they do, by the carload—it is because of a sudden awareness of great fields of knowledge hitherto outside their consciousness, and a desire to explore them. I cannot for an instant believe that any "Outline" would seduce a person who has any background of learning or who knows his way around in the world of books. But there are a vast number of the other sort of people, many of them college graduates and just that much longer delayed in reaching the point where they realize that they know nothing, and so are in a position to begin to learn.

And that brings me to a theory all my own, which I ask no one to subscribe to, and which I offer you for what it is worth. Most undergraduates, I submit, are too young and inexperienced to realize what it is all about; and so far from college fitting people for life, I would say that life fits SOME people for college. Aren't I almost half right?

Answer: You am.

From Gertrude M. Sellew of Pawtucket, R. I.:

Having outlived the irritability produced by linguistic lapses in ourselves and others,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and having acquired a real liking for and appreciation of the contemporary "mongrelisms" alias slang phrases of our "American" language when used so that alternatives rather than inadequacies are indicated, we still cherish a slight aversion to: the repudiation of "h" in when, where, what, the mutilation of certain words so that the resultant pronunciation sounds like systum, pome, stomick, the use of "party" for "person," or must we begin to accept that as it is beginning to creep into the dictionaries through the colloquial wedge?—We simply report the users of the foregoing and do not nominate them for the Ignoble Prize, the reason being that not being a whiz on verbal accuracies ourselves we may get the Cup.

H. W. Fugate, of Hansonville, Va., hates to see in books the so-called Southern expression "you-all" addressed to only one person. "I have lived in the South all my life, and I have never once heard this expression, even from the most illiterate."

H. W. Saxe, Superintendent of Schools in New Canaan, Conn., justly laments that the expression "Rev. Smith," which used to be an infallible sign of remoteness, is now finding its way into more cultivated journals. It is unpardonably short by two words; it should be "The Rev. Mr. Smith."

My crusade against licking envelopes to the extreme ends has reached Ireland. E. S. Shotwell, Yale '23, writes me from Killarney that "these Irish" have made it impossible to seal an envelope airtight. "The gummy surface is only on the tip of the flap." *Nunc dimittis.*

Mrs. Margaret Bradshaw, of Smith College, finds detestable the word "Southland" as applied to our Southern States, and so do I. It is used mainly by orators. The Reverend P. C. Wolcott, of Jacksonville, Fla., hates *donate* for give, and *commence* for begin, and so do I.

The Fano Club is joined by Mrs. C. W. Palmer, of New York, who saw the famous picture on June 15.

The Faery Queene Club is joined by Mildred Thompson (aged sixteen), of Ridgewood, N. J., and by Elizabeth Thelberg, M.D., of Vassar College, who read it while in the Bangor High School under the "delightful instruction of Frances Lord." Doctor Thelberg is a good Ailurian, and has a remarkable cat, Mary.

Miss Gertrude M. Sellew, of Pawtucket, R. I., saw the following advertisement of a restaurant in a Providence newspaper:

Doctors, lawyers, business men, women and others eat here.

Mrs. Stutz, of Pittsburgh, mentions an almost universal misquotation, "Heart of hearts" instead of "heart of heart." "As if one had several hearts and meant to draw attention to a sort of inner or principal heart." It is used correctly by Hamlet in speaking to Horatio.

Harold E. Porter, of Cannes, France, sends me the following head-line from a newspaper published in English at Paris:

POSSES DOG KIMES AFTER NEW BREAK

The canicular word is a verb.

Miss Edith Pier Linkney, of Rockford, Ills., tells me that a bishop in the Episcopal Church began his Ash Wednesday sermon with the statement: "Holiness is intriguing."

Herschel Brickell, the accomplished book-reviewer of the New York *Evening Post*, wrote the following protest in his column:

May I set down here my burning hatred for an expression which seems to be growing in popularity? I mean that abomination "the then." A recent book on Lindbergh is full of "the thens," but sadly enough its use is not confined to journalists working under pressure. It creeps into the prose of a good critic like J. B. Priestley. The sound of the two words together ought to be sufficient to warn against their use, but there is another objection to "the then." More often than not, it is tautological. To write "the then President Roosevelt" is exactly as silly as to write "the now President Coolidge."

Mammocked

Miss Aidney T. Janney (aged 80), of Minneapolis, writes me an interesting and valuable letter on this word:

I've been reading "Coriolanus," not because I like it, but because the Yale boys

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gave it. In Act I, Sc. iii, Valeria says, "O! I warrant, how he mammocked it!" I remember Grandmother saying to my young brother, "Oh, Tom, how you mammocked that up!" referring to *his* plate at the dinner table. I have also heard her say, "I must dizel up," meaning to change her attire for afternoon appearance. They had an English gentleman for neighborhood tutor—no schools.

My friend and golf partner, Edgar A. Guest, who adds so much to my pleasure by his company during the summer months in Michigan, took me in his car yesterday eighty miles away to Port Huron, where we addressed the Rotary Club at luncheon and afterward defeated a powerful pair on the beautiful Port Huron links. Our trip was memorable for two reasons. We called on Louis A. Weil, the accomplished editor of the Port Huron *Times-Herald*, who, while driving, was recently severely injured in a motor accident. He made a remark that to those who have the honor of his acquaintance will be recognized as characteristic. "Wasn't I lucky? I was the only one of the party who was injured." Then we went to see the flagpole on the grounds of the First Methodist Church. The pastor, the Reverend Doctor Russell H. Brady, gave me these interesting facts. The pole was presented to the church by two Jews, the flag by the Ku Klux Klan, the flag was raised for the first time by a negro, and the address delivered by a Roman Catholic priest, the ceremonies taking place in the presence of these various persons (and hundreds of others) on Methodist Church property. There's harmony for you! The pastor, a devout evangelical Methodist, believes that the world should be delivered from religious intolerance and bigotry, and although he received many threatening letters, he went ahead with his plans and had a successful flag-raising. He was warned that he would never be able physically to enter his pulpit again, but he is preaching regularly. He is not only a minister, he is a Christian.

Look at the map of Michigan. On the east you will see a peninsula shaped like the thumb of a mitten, hence the name of the country where I live three months of the year. We are on the Thumb Nail, with Lake Huron to the north and east, and Saginaw Bay on the west. I mention this, not because I suppose many of my readers care where or how I spend the summer months, but to recommend to them the Michigan Thumb as a summer resort, for I believe we have the finest summer climate in the world. Europe has had a terrible summer, cold, windy, and wet. New England and New York have had far too much rain. The Reverend Father Riggs wrote me last week from New Haven: "We are doing much better now. It is raining only every other day."

I arrived on the tip of the Thumb Nail July 6; it is now September 2. We have not had a single rainy day, nor a rainy afternoon. One summer here a few years ago I played golf ninety-two successive days, and I did not play in the rain. Best of all, we have neither extreme heat nor chill. At seven in the morning the thermometer is usually sixty, rising to seventy in the course of the day. One needs usually an open fire in the evening, but it is a "porch climate." One can usually sit outdoors—we always breakfast in the garden—without being cold. We have the glory and beauty and charm and comfort of summer without its sultriness. The motor drive along the shore from Port Huron to Port Austin—our neighboring village—is one of the most beautiful I know. I am not a realtor, but there is no better place in the world for a summer home.

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

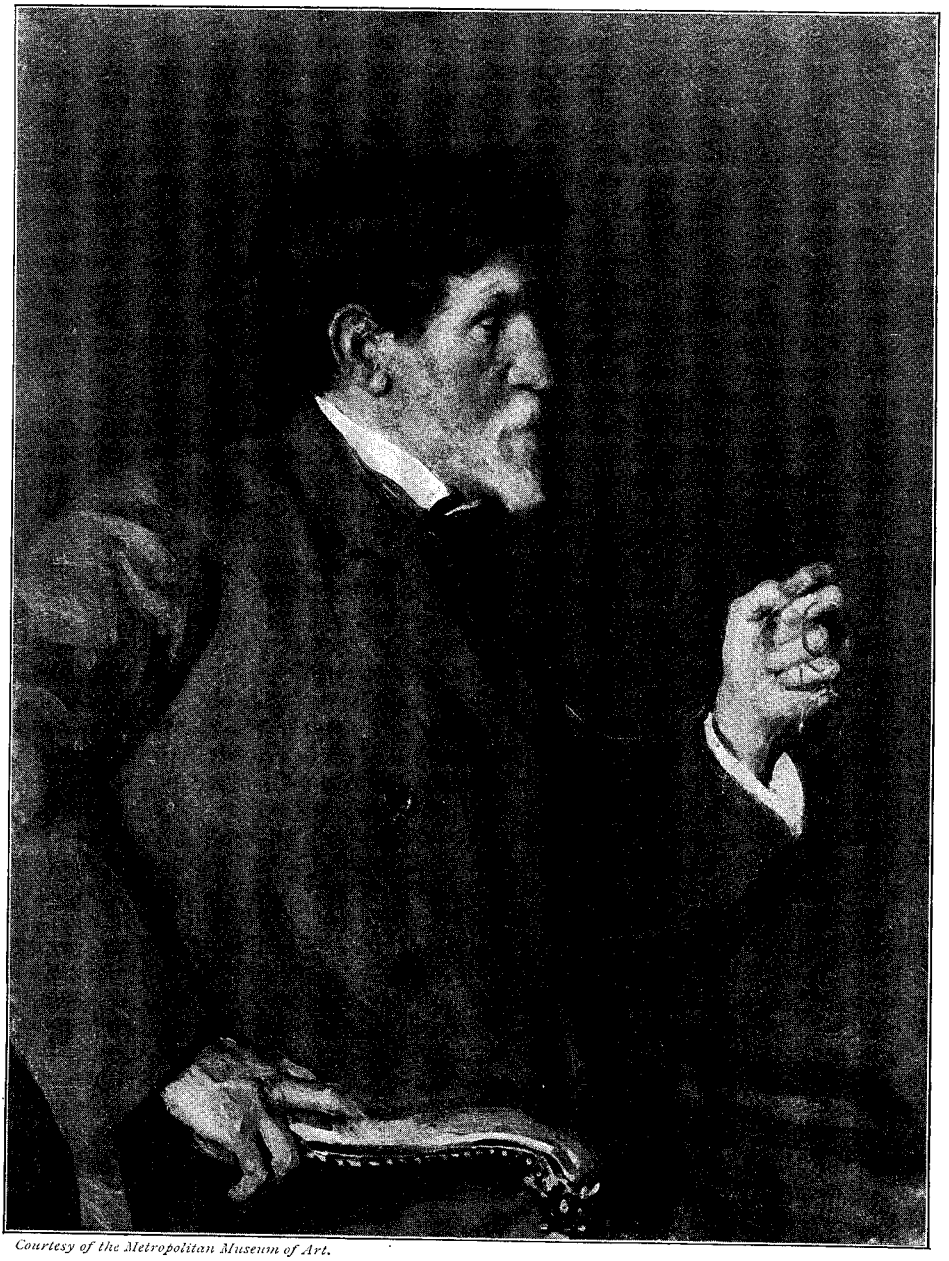
I HAVE many memories of Augustus Saint-Gaudens. In the mind's eye I see him in his New York studio, standing before the just finished Shaw Memorial—and tormenting himself with doubts as to whether he had made it quite what he wanted it to be. In the same place, now all swept and garnished, I see him gravely listening to one of Beethoven's quartets, in the concert annually held there in memory of our old friend, the architect Joseph M. Wells. Then the scene shifts to Paris and Saint-Gaudens walks to and fro before the big Stevenson relief for Edinburgh, watching an assistant occupied upon the very important lettering, or in London we stand together in the presence of Sargent's Three Graces, and he waxes fervid over the painting. I can hear him reciting a comic adventure and enriching the anecdote with the gestures and facial expression of a veritable actor. He comes back to me, in many places and in many moods, one of the most original and endearing personalities I have ever known, a great artist of invincible modesty, now absorbed in reverie, now filled with a childlike gayety, a man good to remember. But of all the environments in which I picture him the one which stays in the mind as most ideally belonging to him is that which he had amongst the hills of New Hampshire.

♣ ♣ ♣

IT was a curious turn of fate that brought him to settle at Cornish, in an ancient brick house that had once been "Huggin's Folly," a tavern. Saint-Gaudens was, in a sense, a sophisticated man, accustomed to urban, sophisticated backgrounds. Born in Dublin, in 1848, the son of a Frenchman and an Irishwoman, he was brought to this country as a child and grew up in New York City. He was in his teens when he went to Paris and entered the Ecole des Beaux-Arts to study under Jouffroy, and when the Franco-German War took him from that anchorage he proceeded to Rome. A tablet marks the studio where the *Scultore Americano* labored there from 1871 to 1875. He knew much of European travel and contacts, and, I may add, found high appreciation abroad. At Paris, in 1900, when he exhibited his Sherman in the Salon, they gave him the medal of honor, and I remember the gusto with which a French critic, the late Paul Leroi, told me then of his admiration for our artist. He was enthusiastic about the reliefs, especially the portrait of Bastien-Lepage, and rejoiced, indeed, in all that Saint-Gaudens had done. It was work possessing a beautiful integrity, he thought, well done, sincere, without a trace of trickery about it. All this is very characteristic of the sculptor, his cosmopolitanism, his busy, shining place in the world. He was most actively a part of our artistic Renaissance, the contemporary of La Farge, Whistler, McKim, Sargent, a figure in the forefront of things. Yet to-day, twenty years after his death, I visualize him as somehow detached from the very world with which he was so intimately allied, living almost aloof in a sylvan hermitage, and there bringing forth his designs out of long, long, deeply pondered thoughts. His house and his studio remain on the scene untouched. Under a marble altar and canopy in the grounds his ashes repose. At Aspet, as the place is called, replicas of his works are assembled in bronze or plaster. Here, in short, is the sanctuary of his genius, and if I dwell upon the subject now it is because that sanctuary has been made a permanent thing.

Mrs. Saint-Gaudens and her son Homer so envisaged it on the sculptor's death, and for a long time it was largely due to their generosity that the public was permitted to throng through the studios. In fact, without their self-sacrifice the Saint-Gaudens Memorial could never have existed. With their co-operation, however, it was duly incorporated under the laws

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

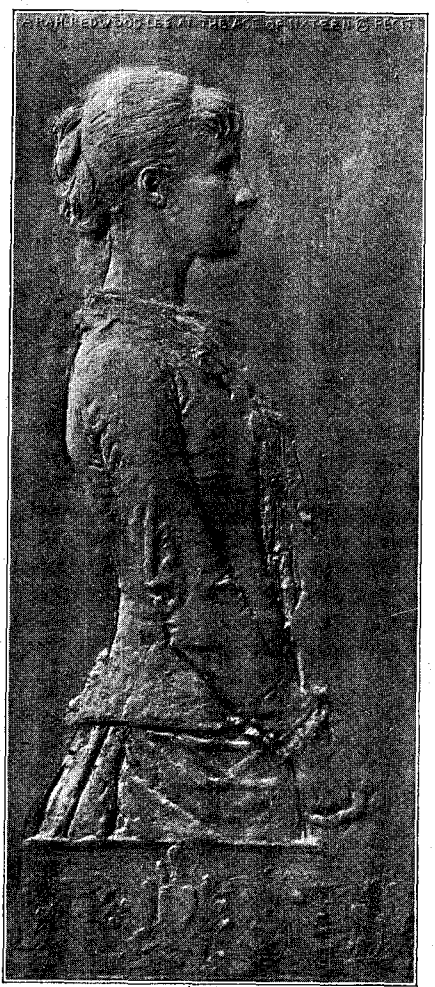


Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens.
From the portrait by Ellen Emmet Rand in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the State of New Hampshire, a Board of Trustees was formed, and with the aid of numerous friends an endowment fund of $100,000 was sought. The sum, unfortunately, was not completed when Mrs. Saint-Gaudens died, but the confidence with which she left her plan to be realized was soon thereafter confirmed. Late in December, 1926, at a meeting of the trustees, a conclusive drive was organized, and by the end of April this year it was reported that the fund had been raised. Arrangements were forthwith made for the deed to the memorial, previously in the hands of a trust company, to be delivered to the board, which decided to take formal possession of the property on May 1. Classes of membership were established, ranging from annual members contributing ten dollars to founders contributing not less than $5,000 and matters of administration were settled. Homer Saint-Gaudens undertook to compile a catalogue and to prepare an illustrated pamphlet. The Saint-Gaudens Memorial thus entered definitely into the company of American art museums.



From a photograph by De Witt Ward.

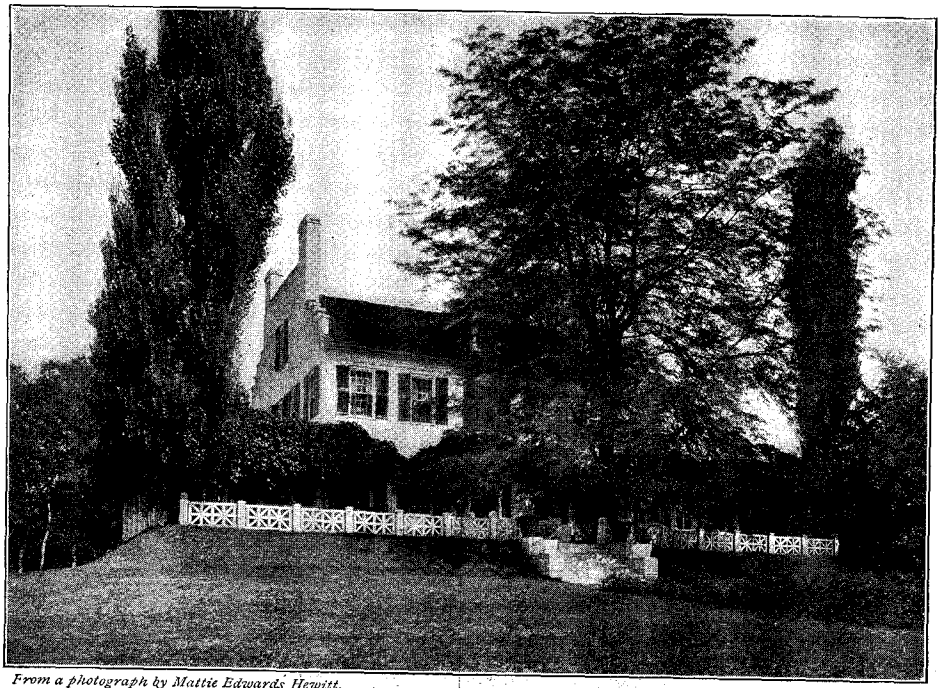
Miss Sarah Redwood Lee.
From the sculpture by Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

If the sculptor himself had ever dreamed that such a tribute might be offered to him he would have loved the thought of its being fixed upon just that spot. He cared for beauty above all else and Aspet is very beautiful. Trees and lawns, flowers and shrubs, make a scene that is as serene as it is lovely, and when Babb took the buildings in hand he added touches that in their classical simplicity leave the old New England air of the place intact. If the columns at the Studio of the Pergola are antique in style they do not jar with the raciness of the birches near by. The fountain by which Saint-Gaudens used to sit in reflection or in talk with his friends recalls, for a moment, the note of Italy but it remains "in the picture," which, from the groves in the foreground to Mt. Ascutney beyond, is pure New Hampshire. There are places in the world wholly saturated in the genius of this or that single artist. But I know of no master whose art has quite the setting given to the art of Saint-Gaudens. He was working on his first Lincoln when the late Charles C. Beaman discovered the region to him in the eighties, and one of its advantages for the sculptor, he said, was that he would find there "plenty of Lincoln-shaped men." I don't know whether Saint-Gaudens ever utilized them or not. But of one thing I am certain, that the place must have enormously stimulated his sense of beauty.

♣ ♣ ♣

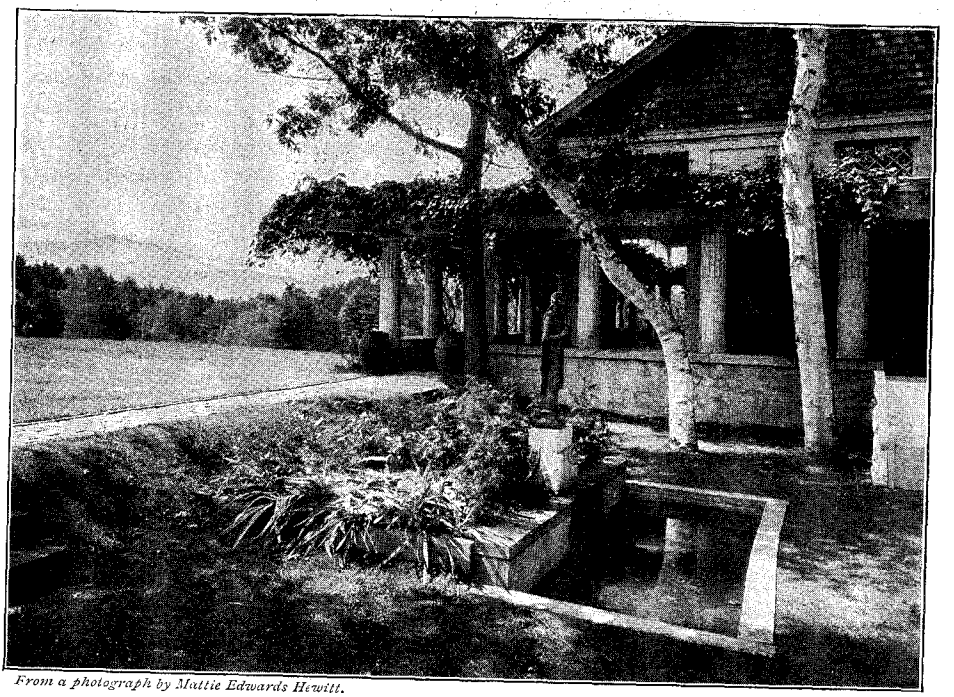
IT thus ministered to his essential faculty, which functioned, as I have indicated, in a singular isolation in regard to the schools and movements of his time. For some artists it is important to be *en*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph by Mattie Edwards Hewitt.

Aspet, the home of Augustus Saint-Gaudens.



From a photograph by Mattie Edwards Hewitt.

One of the studios at Aspet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph by De Witt Ward.

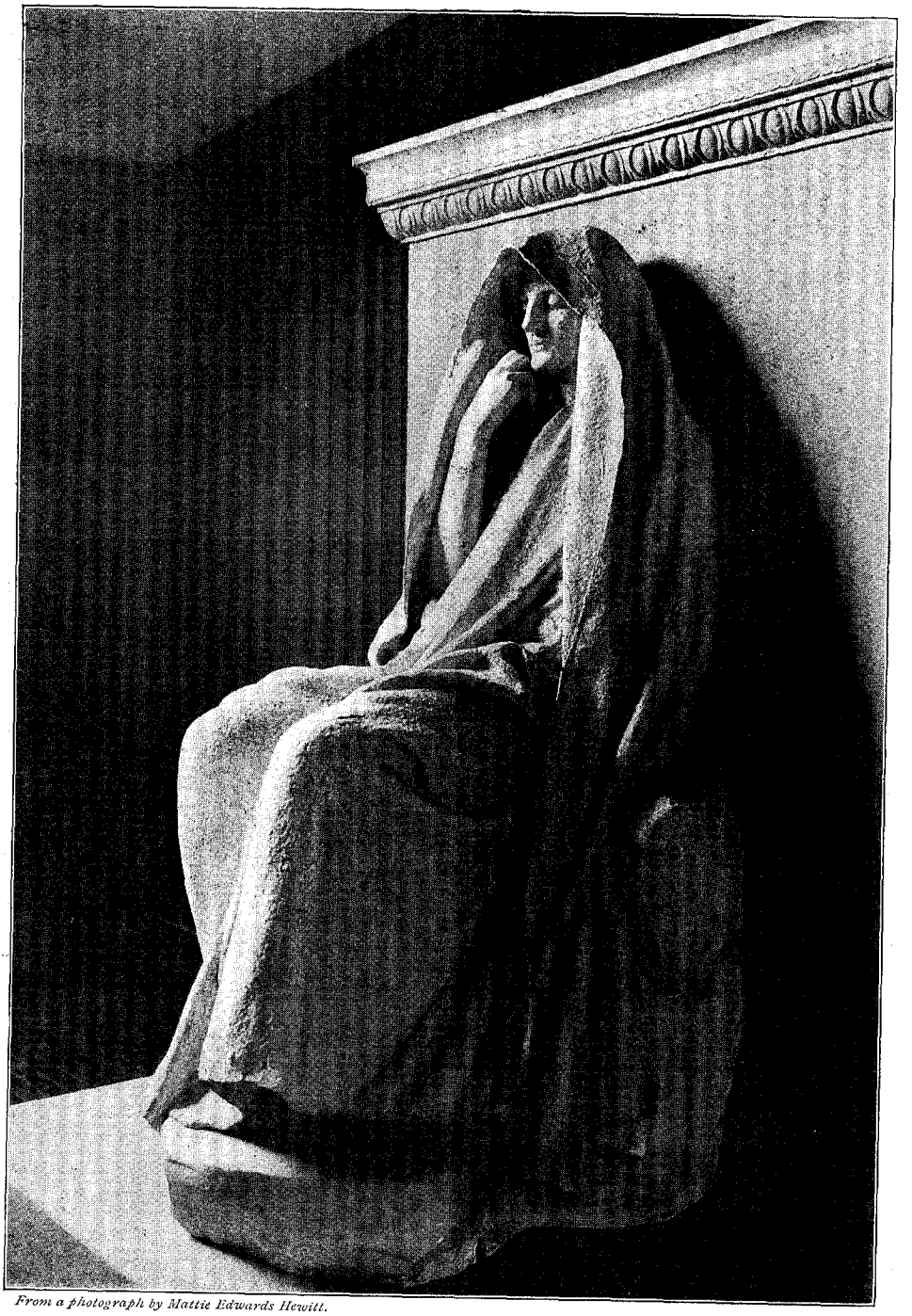
Amor Caritas.

From the sculpture by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, in the Luxembourg Museum.

rapport with what their contemporaries are doing. From the start Saint-Gaudens was his own man, and developed a method and a style extraordinarily free from external influences. A cursory glance at his early bust of William M. Evarts might lead one to surmise that he had had some traffic with the classical tradition to which we were so largely subject before his rise. As a matter of fact, he broke with that tradition in his youth. Jouffroy, at the Ecole, took care of that, an academic but in no wise pedantic type, and the reliefs which date from the American's earlier period are immeasurably away from anything like a hard conventionality. I know that Saint-Gaudens had a profound respect for certain types more austere than those which he might nominally have been expected to prefer. We would talk sympathetically together of Ingres and Chasseriau, among painters, and I have somewhere a letter, written to me at the time Paul Dubois died, expressing the warmest appreciation of that sculptor. But appreciation didn't necessarily spell emulation with Saint-Gaudens. It was his custom to hew close to his own line; and to observe his art at full length, as is made possible by the very full collection at the memorial, is to be impressed anew by the independence of his artistic character. We have never had a master more absolutely free from derivative traits.

To what, after all, save his innate quality, are you to refer the grace of such figures as the Amor Caritas in the Luxembourg, the figures for the Vanderbilt mantelpiece, now in the Metropolitan Museum, and those he made for the Morgan tomb at Hartford, ultimately destroyed by fire? The caryatides of the Erectheum may have given him a hint but hardly more than that. No, Saint-Gaudens was an original creative artist or nothing, a man who came to renew American sculpture through the operation of gifts intensely personal. He was the product of no school and he founded none. We have sculptors abundantly worthy of him, some of whom were trained in his studio, but no one has ever recaptured his peculiar distinction. He is to us what Alfred Stevens and Alfred Gilbert are to the English, what Rodin and Bourdelle are to the French. The thing that made him a renovating force was, of course, just this rich originality, but it wouldn't have been half so effective if he had not established a perfect equilibrium amongst his resources. He consulted life, he was an uncompromising realist, in the modelling of a statue, and he was, in an almost tragic sense of the phrase, a conscientious, disciplined craftsman. I say "tragic" because there was something very nearly deserv-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph by Mattie Edwards Hewitt.

The Adams monument.

From the sculpture by Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
in Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the epithet about the agony of solicitude which vibrated in Saint-Gaudens over the solution of a technical problem. He would keep a monument under his hand for years, throwing all thought of cost to the winds, before he would dismiss it as right—and even then I do not think he was thoroughly contented. I used to marvel at his sensitiveness to the criticism of some casual visitor. The opinion he asked for really interested him, and if he thought it even approximately just it made him anxious. His life was one long search after perfection.

From a photograph by De Witt Ward.

Robert Louis Stevenson.
From the sculpture by Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

⸸ ⸸ ⸸

PERHAPS, in the beginning, it had to do with technique rather than with the expression of ideas. The early reliefs to which I have alluded, portrait plaques and medallions, are enchanting just for their modelling alone, delicate, super-subtle modelling, in which he seems to revive the evanescent charm of the Tuscan Renaissance, the melting touch of Mino and the like. But he very soon came to grips with larger issues, and I wonder if it is generally realized that this light-handed virtuoso, this master of grace and decorative elegance, never rested satisfied with virtuosity alone but was, in the bulk of his work, one of the most powerful interpreters of character in the range of modern art. I have mentioned some of his leading contemporaries abroad. Is there one of them who has surpassed Saint-Gaudens in the celebration of national themes? I know. Dubois did his glorious Jeanne d'Arc. Rodin produced more than one impressive evocation before he was betrayed by his own facility, and indulged in modelling for its own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sake. There are many fine portraits in France, where every great man has his bronze or marble. But neither there nor in England has there appeared a sculptor who could quite match the record of Saint-Gaudens in this matter of embodying representative types in monuments. His Puritan, at Springfield, is an eloquent realization of one of our old stalwarts. In his own epoch he not only portrayed statesmen, divines, philanthropists, and others with unerring sympathy, so that his effigies have distinctive vitality, but with unique fulness and variety set his mark upon what I may call the plastic history of the Civil War. His two Lincolns, one seated and the other standing, are extraordinary performances, both as characterizations and as proofs that our prosaic costume need not stand in the way of sculpturesque beauty. The Farragut, the Sherman, and the Shaw honor the fighting services as memorably. It is an enkindling thought that this son of foreign-born parents should have struck such potential roots deep down into his own soil, that he should have made for the explication and enrichment of American annals some of their noblest monuments.

From a photograph by De Witt Ward.

The Puritan.
From the sculpture by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, in Springfield, Mass.

From a photograph by De Witt Ward.

Lincoln.
From the sculpture by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

♣ ♣ ♣

THEY sprang from the creative passion of the sculptor as such, from fingers that simply had to touch clay, from ceaseless, whole-hearted toil. They sprang also from a penetrating imagination. I have encountered, sometimes, observers who thought that they had exhausted appraisal of Saint-Gaudens when they had recognized his manual finesse in bronzes like the relief portraits, and had paid a certain meed of respect to the war memorials. But I've noticed that they have taken another tone when referred to the Adams monument, that majestic symbol of grief which defies analysis. Saint-Gaudens had his limitations, no doubt. He had next to nothing to do with the nude, and when he tackled it in the Diana that White

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persuaded him to make for the tower of Madison Square Garden, he produced a beguiling rather than a great piece. But in the Adams monument he soared superbly into the highest regions of the sculptor's art. To the feeling for life and thought which had moved him to true insight when he built up a Lincoln or a Sherman there was added the poetic divination which sets a noble spiritual conception free, and the great bronze at Washington came into existence, new, beautiful, and, as thousands have testified, indescribably thrilling. Saint-Gaudens was my friend and so, I suppose, I must temper what I have to say of this masterpiece. He was an American and one must be modest in alluding to a fellow countryman. What nonsense. The Adams monument *is* a masterpiece. The Memorial at Cornish *is* the shrine of a master. Let Americans make pilgrimage there and ask themselves if this is not true.

From a photograph by Mattie Edwards Hewitt.

General Sherman.

From the sculpture by Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
at the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park, New York City.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AU CAFÉ.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MANET.

—See "The Field of Art," page 761.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED